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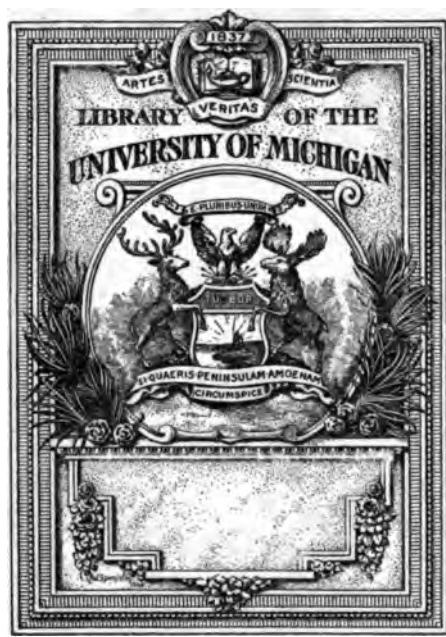
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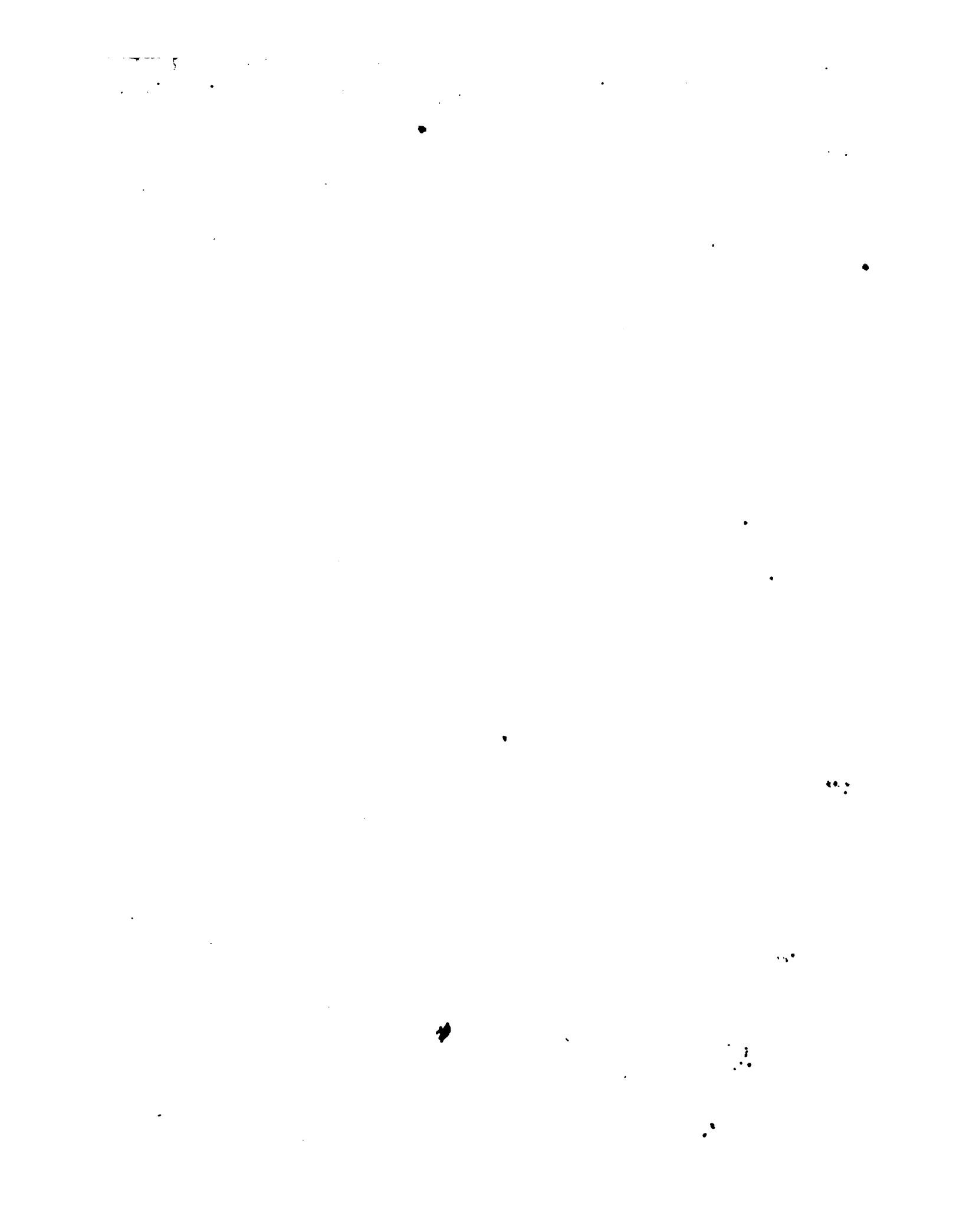


LE PELERINAGE DE L'HOMME COMPARED WITH  
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF  
JOHN BUNYAN



The Christian Pilgrimage is no phantasy, any more than the Gospel Promises. The one is contingent upon the other: the Promise makes the Pilgrim. A city to come has been held up to the affections and emulation of the world; a city that hath no need of sun, nor yet of moon to shine in it—whose walls are of *Jasper*, and foundations of precious stones laid by God; whose gates are pearls, and streets of shining gold. In the midst of it is a pure river of the water of Life, clear as crystal, and on either side the tree of Life, whose fruit is yielded every month. This is *the City* set in contrast to the *Camp* of this world, and this it is which makes the Pilgrim.

*The Tongue of Time, by the Rev. Wm. Harrison.*





4/2106

THE ANCIENT POEM OF  
**GUILLAUME DE GUILEVILLE**  
ENTITLED LE PELERINAGE  
DE L'HOMME  
COMPARED WITH THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF  
**JOHN BUNYAN**

EDITED FROM NOTES COLLECTED BY THE LATE MR. NATHANIEL HILL  
OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE WITH  
ILLUSTRATIONS AND AN APPENDIX



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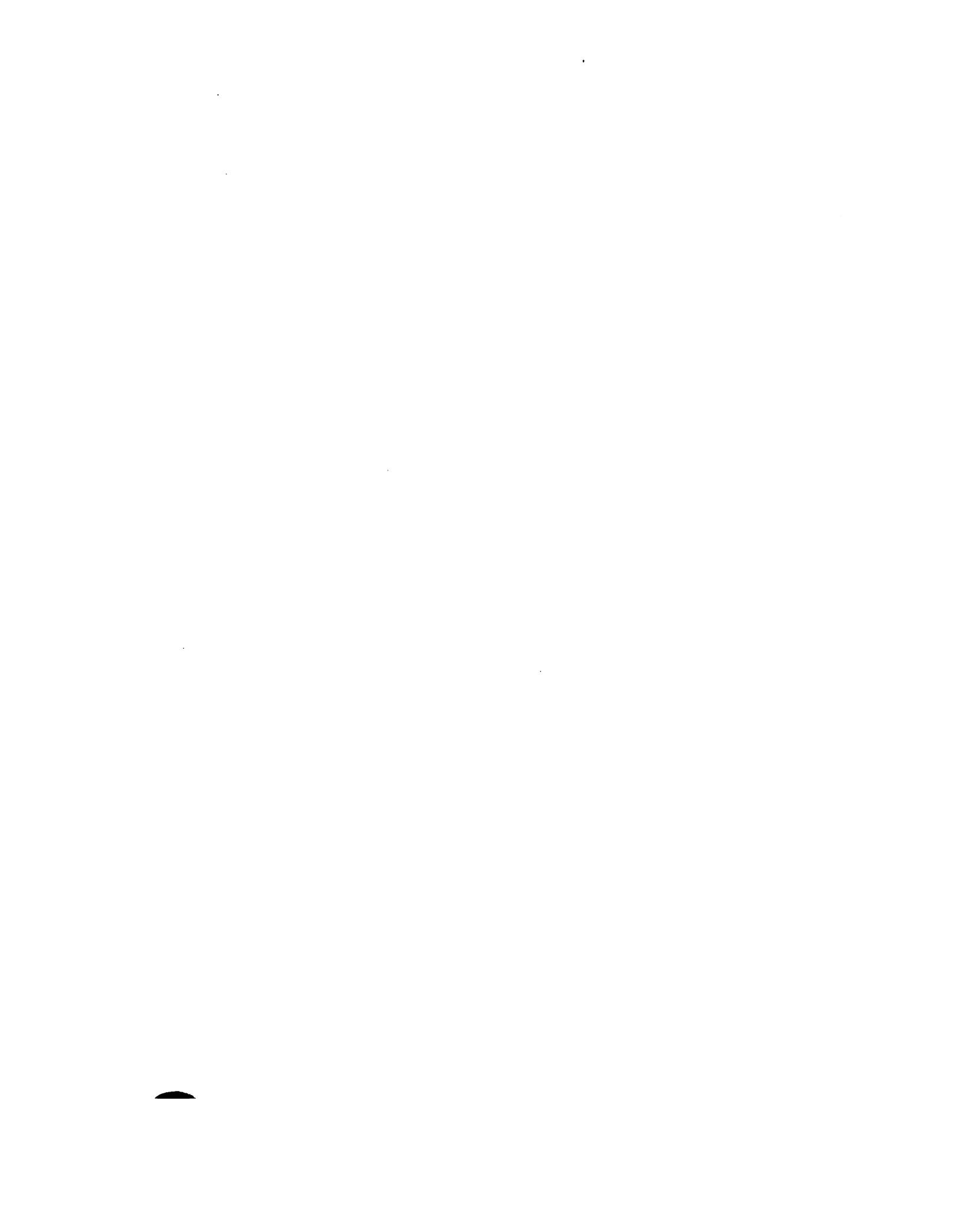
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**BY THE EDITORS.**





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## NOTICE TO THE READER.

HE English quotations given in the following pages are taken from two different translations of De Guileville which are not known to exist in print, but of which two MSS. are found in the British Museum. Curiously enough, one of these is imperfect at the end, while the other, which is imperfect at the beginning, supplies the portion required. The former, Vitellius, C. xiii. is supposed to be translated by Lydgate—no account of the Tiberius, A. vii. has been discovered. Both have suffered by fire in various places; and some of the asterisks occurring in the following quotations denote the passages which have either been destroyed or rendered illegible. In some places, again, asterisks have been inserted where the great diffuseness of the English version rendered it advisable to omit some of the less striking descriptions and insert the substance of them in a prose summary.

The woodcut on the cover of the Pilgrim, with staff and cockle-shell and a clasped volume in his left hand, is taken from a rare book in the library of Queen's College, Oxford, entitled "*The Booke of the Pylgrymage of Man.*"



## INTRODUCTION.



HE late Mr. Nathaniel Hill intended to have made the following Papers the groundwork of a larger publication on the "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" of BUNYAN, in which he proposed showing that Bunyan had been indebted, for many portions of his story, to some of the early Mediæval Romances.

The rough notes of Mr. Hill contain frequent allusions to the opinions forth by Southey and Montgomery in their respective editions of that singular writer. When, however, these materials came into the hands of the present Editors, they could not but feel that the question of Bunyan's pretended plagiarism was one not likely to possess much interest for the public at large. They have not therefore deemed it advisable to print these references in full length; at the same time, they have judged the curious manuscripts, which Mr. Hill's researches had directed their attention, well worthy of being brought before the public, on their own merits, apart from any influence which may perhaps have exercised on the composition of Bunyan's Work.

With this view, while noticing the "Pilgrim's Progress" only in a subordinate manner, they have devoted a considerable space to the Poem of *Desrville*, the more readily as it is on this that Mr. Hill's views were principally grounded. So little is, indeed, known of our ancestors' daily life during the fourteenth century, and so welcome is any glimpse of their mental occupations or of their means of literary recreation at that remote period, that work which enjoyed in its own day no little popularity may not, perhaps,

prove wholly unacceptable to readers of the present generation ; reflecting, as it does, considerable light on the ways of thought and the occupations of by-gone times.

Yet, though apparently so well known about the period in which he lived, the Editors have failed to discover anything that can be called a biography of this once popular writer.

The following brief sketch, preserved in the “ Biographie Universelle,” is all that they have been able to meet with.

It is as follows, (vol. xix. p. 168) :—

“ Guillaume de Guileville né à Paris vers 1295, prit l’habit de St. Bernard à l’abbaye royale de Chalis, en devient prieur, et y mourut vers 1360.

“ On a de lui : *Le Romaunt des trois pélerinages*, le premier est de l’homme durant qu’est en vie, le second de l’ame séparée du corps, et le troisième de *Notre Sauveur Jésus Christ*. Il avoue, dans le prologue, que c’est la lecture du *Roman de la Rose* qui lui a suggéré l’idée de son ouvrage. L’auteur suppose qu’ayant vu en songe la représentation de la Jerusalem Céleste il a conçu un vif desir de contempler en réalité une ville si remplie de merveilles.”

But though they have not found any fuller description of De Guileville, they have met with some notices of those who translated or profited by his work, which may not be uninteresting to their readers.

And first, of “ Dan John Lydgate,” (whose translation of the first “ Pele-rinage ” of De Guileville will be found in the Appendix to this volume,) there is a curious record in the Harl. MSS. 4826. i. to which allusion is made below, (see fol. 9.) This the Editors have thought it worth while to print *in extenso* as follows :—

“ John Lidgat, borne at Lidgat in Suffolke, was a Monk of ye order of St. Benet in ye famous Abbey of St. Edmundes Bury, so yt showeth Joseph Pamphilus was mistaken in his Cronicke, reckoning him among ye Augustin fryers. After hee had for a tyme frequented the Scooles of England and made a fayre Progresse in Learning, beeing desirous to acquaynt himself with ye manners and Language of strangers, he visited ye famous Universitey of Paris in France, and Padua in Italy, where he learned ye language of both nations, and studyed diligently in either Academy ; thus having well furnished himselfe with experience of ye worlde, umility, and learned discipline, he

returned into his Country, and opened a Schoole of Humanity for Noblemannes Children : and although he were most expert in neare all the sciences yet in the favour of youth and to instruct them in good artes, manners, and virtues hee spent his tyme wholly in those inferiour studyes. Hee was not only an excellent Poet and eloquent Rhetorician, but an expert Mathematician and subtil Philosopher, and a good Divine. Hee was a great ornament of ye English toung, imitating therein our Chaucer. To this end hee used to reade Dante ye Italian, Alan ye French Poet, and such like, which hee diligently translated into English—gleaning heer and there ye elegancys of other toungs and enriching these with his owne. He wrote both in English and Latin, as well Prose as Verse, sundry treatises, many in number, excellent for learning, and among them these present—hee dyed about ye 60 yeare of his age, Anno Dm. 1440, (for Pamphilus is decieved in prolonging his lyfe to the yeare 1482,) Henry the Sixt, then raigning king of England and France, unto whom hee dedicateh his books—hee was interred in ye church of ye monastery of Bury, (now defaced,) where it is reported this Epitaph to have been engraven on his monument:—

Mortuus seculo, superis superstes  
Hâc jacet Lidgat tumulatus urnâ  
Qui fecit quondam celebris Britannæ  
Fama Poësis.

Dead to ye worlde yet living in ye skyes  
The learned Lidgate heere entombed lyes  
Who whylom was assumed for to bee  
The honour of our Englishe Poefye."

With regard to the life and writings of John Bunyan, they are so well known as to require little explanation here—yet the Editors cannot refrain from quoting the following eloquent passages from Cheever's Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progres, which have, naturally, attracted much attention in the New World. They seem to echo back the sentiments of gratitude felt in America for the benefits of that Christian Liberty, the planting of which was in so great a measure due to the Pilgrim Fathers, one of whom expresses

## *Introduction.*

himself in the following words:—" As we cannot but account it an extraordinary blessing of God in directing our course for these parts, after we came out of our native country, for that we had the happiness to be possessed of the comforts we receive by the benefit of one of the most pleasant, most healthful, and most fruitful parts of the world."

" The education of Bunyan," says Dr. Cheever, " was an education for eternity, under the power of the Bible and the schooling of the Holy Spirit. This is all that the pilgrims in this world really need to make them good, great, powerful ; he has given an account of his own conversion, and life—especially of the workings of the grace of God, and the guidance of his Providence—in a little work entitled ' Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners.' It is powerfully written, though with extreme and studied plainness ; and almost all the material obtained and worked into various shapes by his various biographers was gained in that book. In it you see at every step the work of the Divine Artist on one of the most precious living stones that ever His wisdom and mercy selected in this world to shine in the glory of His living temple. Nay, to lay aside every figure but that employed by the Holy Spirit, you see the refiner's fire, and the crucible, and the gold in it ; and the Heavenly Refiner Himself fitting by it, and bending over it, and carefully removing the dross, and tempering the heat, and watching and waiting for His own perfect image. How beautiful, how sacred, how solemn, how interesting, how thrilling the process !

" You follow with intense interest the movements of Bunyan's soul. You seem to see a lonely bark driving across the ocean in a hurricane. By the flashes of the lightning you can just discern her through the darkness, plunging and labouring fearfully in the midnight tempest, and you think that all is lost ; but then again you behold her in the quiet sunshine ; or the moon and the stars look down upon her, as the wind breathes softly ; or in a fresh or favourable gale she flies across the fleeing waters. Now it is clouds, and rain, and hail, and rattling thunder-storms, coming down as sudden almost as the lightning ; and now again her white sails glitter in heaven's light, like an albatross in the spotless horizon. The last glimpse you catch of her, she is gloriously entering the harbour, the haven of eternal rest ; yea, you see her like a star that in the morning of eternity dies into the light of heaven. Can

re be anything more interesting than thus to follow the perilous course of immortal soul from danger to safety, from conflict to victory, from temptation to triumph, from suffering to blessedness, from the City of Destruction to City of God?"—CHEEVER'S *Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress*.

In conclusion, the Editors beg to express their sense of the kindness they received from many friends during the preparation of the present work. Among these, they wish to name especially, Edward Levien, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., of the British Museum, through whose valuable assistance the following selection and arrangement of Mr. Hill's MSS. have been made, and at whose suggestion the old English translations of De Guileville's Pelerinage have been added to this volume: they wish, likewise, to mention the names of W. R. Hamilton, M.A., F.S.A., J. M. Atkinson, Esq., H. Foss, Esq. and W. S. W. Vaux, M.A., F.S.A., Hon. Sec. of the Royal Society of Literature—and to express their best thanks to many other friends who have kindly supplied them with drawings and copies of woodcuts from old and rare works.

In laying Mr. Hill's collection of papers before their readers, the Editors could fain believe that the result of his many years' assiduous labour will not wholly throw away, but that some few ears of corn may be gleaned from them, according to the saying of Chaucer:—

" For out of the olde feldis as men saieth  
Cometh all this new corne fro yere to yere  
And out of olde bokis in gode faieth  
Comith all this newe science that men lere."



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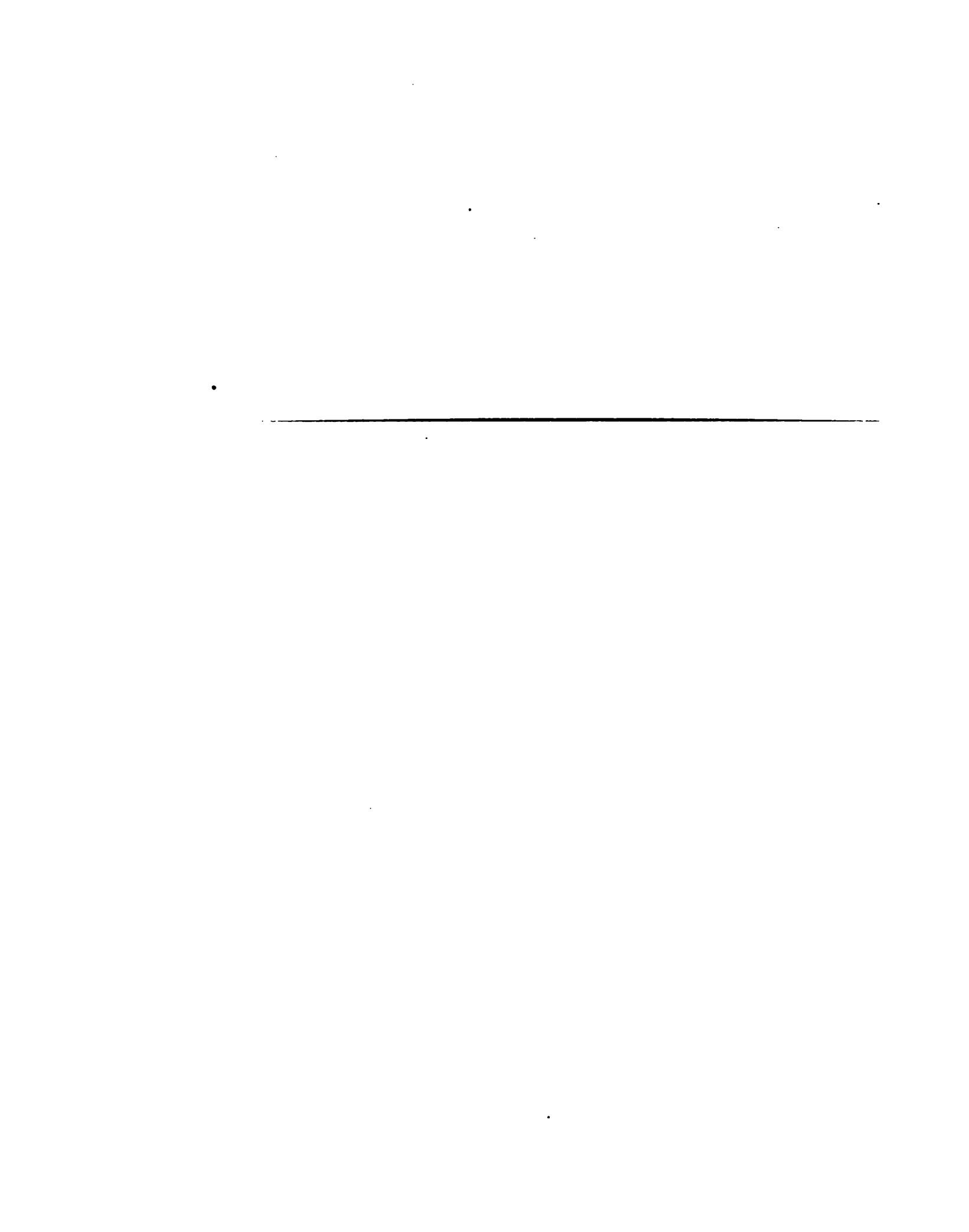
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## Le Pelerinage de l'Homme and the Pilgrim's Progress.

**F**OR the better understanding why Bunyan was led to choose the allegorical mode of writing, we should bear in mind that a taste for this kind of composition had prevailed for more than three centuries before he wrote, and that the most favourite literature of his own time appeared in the form of emblems and allegory. Early in the thirteenth century, before the time of Dante, the Norman “trou-s” had produced their Epics on “La Voie de Paradis”—“La Voie d’Humilité”—“Le Pelerinage de l’Homme”—“Le Songe d’Enfer,” (from which Dante’s “Inferno” evidently derived,) all written under the similitude of a dream; and in the fourteenth fifteenth centuries their admirers and imitators in this country made them familiar to the English reader through the medium of translations. This species of composition had its origin in the monasteries, and became the religious literature of the common people, in opposition to the chivalresque compositions of the troubadours, and was popular beyond conception.

De Guileville and Bunyan both drew and embellished their compositions from the same sources.

i. From the Scriptures, as appears from their numerous marginal references to them. The primary source of all the Dreams and Pilgrimages to the Celestial Jerusalem is to be found in the Vision of St. John in the Apocalypse:—

“And there came unto me one of the seven Angels. . . . . And he carried me in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal. . . . . And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of

## *Le Pelerinage de l'Homme*

God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it."—*Rev.* xxi. 10, 11, 23, 24.

Of this origin Guillaume de Guileville furnishes us with sufficient evidence by quoting this very chapter in his description of the holy city, calling the "jasper" a "carbuncle," and in the succeeding passage he places a precious carbuncle at the top of the pilgrim's staff, to enlighten him on his way, and says, "Le hault pommel est Jesu Christ."—*Pel. de l'Homme*, f. xxvii.

Philip, in his Life of Bunyan, mentions that "one Sabbath, whilst in prison, it was Bunyan's turn to expound the Scriptures, and he found himself empty, spiritless, and barren."

"Providentially, it so fell out at last," says he, "that I cast my eye upon the 11th verse of the 21st chapter of the Revelations; upon which, when I had considered a while, methought I perceived something of the jasper<sup>1</sup> in whose light you there find that this Holy City is said to come and descend."

2. From chivalrous literature;—witness the numerous adventures and combats with giants, dragons, goblins, sieges of castles, &c. De Guileville acknowledges that he founded his plan on the (dream) of the "Romance of the Rose;" and Bunyan knew, like his predecessors, the still lingering taste of the people for romantic history and adventure, and built his allegory on the plan of the Gothic romance,—a form so pleasing to our forefathers,—and thus introduced giants, lions, monsters, demons, and enchantments, into his edifice, which were familiar to him in the old chap-books. *Great-heart* was a perfect knight for the defence of the weak and feeble-minded.

3. From the traditional literature of the people. De Guileville intersperses his poem with popular expressions, to suit it to the taste of the public, such as "harengfor,"<sup>2</sup> &c.; and Bunyan's description of *Great-heart's* combat with the giants, *Despair*, *Grin*, *Maul*, and *Slaygood*, may evidently be traced to the chap-books,<sup>2</sup> the *Gestes of Guy of Warwick*, &c.

In his treatise on the Parable of Dives and Lazarus, Bunyan represents Dives as replying thus to Abraham:—"They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them.' This is the thing (to be short), My brethren are unbelievers, and do not regard the word of God. I knew it by myself, for when I was in the world it was so with me. The Scriptures, thought I then, what are they? A dead letter, a little ink and paper, of three or four shillings price. Alack! what is Scripture? Give me a ballad, a news book, *George on horseback*, or *Bevis of Southampton*. Give me some book that teaches curious Arts, that tells old Fables."—BUNYAN'S *Genius and Writings*, by the REV. ROBERT PHILIP.

The very mention of these ballads and chap-books of *George on horseback*, and

<sup>1</sup> Hampole, in his Poem entitled "The Prick of Conscience," describing the Holy City, calls it beryl.

<sup>2</sup> These were short story-books which were hawked about the country; the word "chap" being used in our modern word "chapman," and derived from the German *kaufen*, "to purchase."

Bevis of Southampton, and the habits of Bunyan's early life, prove how familiar this class of old literature was to him as well as to his readers.

But with regard to the originality of such works, it may be stated, as a general principle, that the faculty of *invention* is necessary to all who by means of their productions in art, science, or literature, would wish not only to inform, but to amuse those who come in contact with their works. *In what that faculty consists*, however, is a matter which is not perhaps so universally known as it should be.

"Invention has ever been esteemed the highest and most distinguishing attribute of man, as that in which 'human power shows likest to divine:' though not creative, but founded on previous acquisitions, it is *originative*, and seems to consist in the faculty of discovering and developing *novel combinations*, extending the boundaries of knowledge, and opening fresh sources of intellectual enjoyment. This is the true promise of *Genius*—the great privilege and characteristic of Bacon, Shakespeare, Newton, &c. (Milton, Bunyan, &c.) The painter must be indebted to the poet or the historian for his theme; but the *invention* of the picture, as a whole, must be as much his own as if it had altogether proceeded from his own conception."—*Lectures on Painting*, (Royal Academy.) Vide *Athenæum*, Feb. 25, 1843.

Mr. Eastlake, in speaking of those who imagine that the excellence of art or of writing in former ages depended for their excellence or originality on some technical advantages which have been lost, says, "Such persons forget that materials and processes are to the painter's art what notes are to the musician, or letters to the author. The secret lies in their combination; and it was that combination which made Handel, and Hayden, and Beethoven, and Mozart—as it made Shakespeare, or Milton, or Raphael, or Titian, or Rembrandt—superior to all others in their respective departments."

EASTLAKE on Oil Painting. *Athenæum*, Jan. 15, 1848.

"There n'is no newe guise that it n'as old."

*The Knight's Tale*, CHAUCER.

"For vnder a coloure, a truth may arise,  
As was the guise, in olde antiquyte,  
Of the poetes olde, a tale to surmisse  
To cloke the trouthe, of their infirmitye,  
Or yet on ioye to haue morality."

*Pastime of Pleasure*, HAWES.

"Les abeilles pillent de ça, et de là, les fleurs;  
Mais elles en font après le miel, qui est tout leur."

MONTAIGNE.

Dryden, in the preface to his Fables, says, "Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families." In like manner, Bunyan's pedigree may be traced, in numerous instances, to the olden religious poets of England, such as Hampole, Piers Plowman, Lydgate, and

## Le Peierinage de l'Homme

<sup>a</sup> "A dream or vision."

all the authors of Dreams and "Swevens,"<sup>a</sup> from the translations of De Guileville to Chaucer.

"Few things appear at first sight more easy, or upon trial are found more difficult, than the clear and orderly arrangement of many and varied particulars. To class them according to their several relations, so that they may follow each other in due subordination, would seem rather an exercise of patience than of intellect; to require industry, rather than a depth of thought, or an enlarged comprehension of the subject. But we soon learn how much easier it is to collect materials than to form them into a consistent whole."—GUEST's *Englysh Rhythms*, vol. ii. p. 1.

"L'étude littéraire donne un résultat donc bien des gens s'étonneront: c'est que *le génie n'invente pas*. Collier, muni de toutes ses preuves eruditess, vous attestera que Shakespeare n'est qu'un sublime et délicat metteur en œuvre. Comme Molière et Corneille, il ne s'est jamais fait scrupule de prendre ses sujets et ses personnages partout, dans un roman, un conte, un drame, une ballade, une mauvaise comédie, une chronique rimée ou une chronique sans rimes. Les admirateurs de Shakespeare n'estiment en lui que les qualités qu'il n'a pas: c'est, disent-ils, *le créateur de Lear, le créateur de Hamlet, le créateur d'Othello*;—il n'a rien créé de tout cela.

"*L'invention*, vous dit-on de toutes parts, c'est la grande qualité, c'est le génie! Voyons donc. Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Bacon, Molière, Corneille, le Tasse, l'Arioste, Cervantes;—parmi les anciens Eschyle, Sophocle, Homère; ces noms semblent-ils assez grands? Et s'ils ne sont pas inventeurs, qui osera l'être? Qui marchera le front plus haut que ces hommes, proclamés par la voix populaire, par le cri des siècles et la vénération de tous, maîtres de la pensée, guides du troupeau humain, qu'ils éclairent en marchant sur les hauteurs?

"Qu'ont-ils créé? Commençons par Dante. De son temps, une tradition vulgaire à cours, moule commun, formule épique, aussi triviale que l'est aujourd'hui un vaudeville à tiroir; c'est une vision chrétienne, vue générale et mystique du triple royaume:—ici les damnés; là les bienheureux; plus loin les âmes qui expient leurs crimes dans le Purgatoire. *Tout le monde s'est servi de cette forme*. Le peuple ne connaît qu'elle, tant elle est usée et rebattue. Un moine, après bien d'autres moines, a décrit à son tour l'Enfer, le Paradis, et le Purgatoire. Un frère Alberic du Mont-Cassin a rimé sa vision qu'il a disposée en triple entonnoir, et traitée grossièrement, lourdement et sans génie. *Toute la charpente de la Comedia divina, est littéralement dans l'œuvre du frère Alberic*. Dante n'a fait qu'une seule dépense, celle du génie; dans la pierre brute il a trouvé l'or.

"Ainsi des autres créateurs; Eschyle et Sophocle sont dans Homère, qui lui-même est accusé d'avoir recoufus des chants plus anciens. L'ouvrage capital de Cervantes n'est qu'une parodie, par conséquent une imitation. Milton traduit de longs fragments de *la Sarcothèque de Masenius*. (This assertion is taken from Lauder, R. H.) Molière doit ses meilleures scènes, non seulement à Plaute et aux Italiens, mais à Cyrana de Bergerac.

"Qu'estimez-vous dans Shakespeare? Est ce *le Roi Lear*? Shakespeare a emprunté le roi Lear à une vieille tragédie publiée en 1594, jouée sur plusieurs théâtres: *The Pitiful Chronicle of King Lear*. Le fou, le roi, les deux filles, l'abdication du monarque, tout

rouve dans ce vieux drame. Ce grand homme retravaillant de mauvais drames nnés, les a rajeunis de sa verve et ranimés de sa touche puissante.

“ Les faits constitutifs du roman et du drame sont un fond *matériel* et commun dans tel tout le monde va puiser. Le génie arrange et imite, étudie et approfondit, *il vente JAMAIS.*

“ Le génie consiste à mieux *comprendre*, à mieux pénétrer, à environner de plus de ière ce que chacun fait superficiellement ou comprend à demi. Un des singuliers ictères de Shakespeare, c'est sa souveraine indifférence quant au sujet qu'il doit traiter. *'y regarde pas*: l'excellent ouvrier fait tirer parti de tout. Il prend au hasard une re, un morceau de bois, un bloc de granit, un bloc de marbre. *Peu lui importe que* *prédecesseur ait fait agir et parler* sur la scène un vieux roi déshérité par ses filles; t un fait comme un autre, qui ne vaut ni plus ni moins. Shakespeare va trouver ce qu'il y a de larmes et de puissance dans *l'âme* de ce viellard.

“ On court après *l'invention* aujourd'hui que l'originalité intime manque ; elle réside *l'artiste*, non dans *les matériaux* qu'il emploie. A tous les grands hommes c'est la *lition*, c'est le peuple, c'est l'héritage commun des idées et des usages qui ont légué *matériaux*. Ils les ont reçus tels quels ; puis ils les ont *fondus, transformés, immor*-*és.*

“ Si ce que l'on nomme *invention*, n'était pas une qualité illusoire, il faudrait estimer en plus haut prix que *Dante le premier moine oisif* qui écrivit en style de carrefour ision de Paradis et de l'Enfer ; les grossiers auteurs des canevas Italiens l'emportent sur Molière ; les écrivains inconnus de quelques chroniques, divisées en actes, seraient Shakespeare.

“ Dans les *décadences littéraires* on prend pour *inventeurs* ceux qui, poussés par un ain ardeur de sang et une certaine fougue de *paroles* déplacent les mots et les images, roient avoir fait voyager les idées. Ces gens se proclament *créateurs*. Montaigne, kespeare et Molière ne s'attribuaient d'autre mérite que celui d'étudier la nature, mme et le monde.

“ Le propre du génie, c'est de féconder.”—*Etudes sur W. Shakespeare, &c. par Laréte Chasles, 1851*, p. 88.

#### *Evidences of the popularity of de Guileville's Dream in England.*

*The use made of it by Chaucer.* Chaucer's “ *A, B, C,*”—also entitled, “ *La Priere ostre Dame;*” made, as some say, “ at the request of Blanch, Duchess of Lancaster, praier for her private use, being a woman in her religion very devout,”<sup>1</sup>—has usually considered his own composition. It is, however, a translation from *De Guileville's Prayer to the Virgin*, published in 1330, of which the first three stanzas are given specimen. Each stanza, it will be observed, begins with a letter of the alphabet, this alphabetical order is preserved throughout.

<sup>1</sup> Brit. Mus. MS.

## *Le Pelerinage de l'Homme*

*De Guileville.*

 TOY du monde le refuy  
Vierge glorieuse men fuy  
Tout confus car ne puis mieulx  
faire

A toy me tiens a toy mapuy  
Relieue moy abatu fuy  
Et vaincu par mon aduersaire  
Et puis qua toy ont tous repaire  
Bien ie me doy vers toy retraire  
Auant que plus seuffre dennuy  
La luite nest pas necessaire  
A moy se tu tresdebonnaire  
Ne me secours comme autruy

 IEN croy que par toy conforte  
Sera mon cuer desconforte  
Car tu es de salut la porte  
Si ie me suis tres mal porte  
Par sept larrons pechez morte  
Et foruoye par la voye torte  
Esperance me reconforte  
Qui a toy ennuyt me raporte  
A ce que ie soye deporte  
Ma dolente ame a toy iaporte  
Sauue la ne vault plus que morte  
En luy tout bien est avorte

 ONTRE moy font grant action  
Ma vergoigne et confusion  
Que deuant toy ne doy venir  
Pour ma trop grant transgression  
Raison de desperation  
Contre moy veulent maintenir  
Mais pource que veulx plait finir  
Deuant toy les faiz conuenir  
En faisant replication  
Cest que ie dis appartenir  
A toy du tout et conuenir  
Pitie et miseration

*Chaucer.*

 LMIGHTIE and all-merciful  
quene  
To whom all this world fleith  
for succour

To have relese of sinne of so'row oftene  
Glorious Virgine of all flouris flour  
To the I fle confoundid in errour  
Help and releve almighty debonaire  
Have mercy of mine perillous languor  
Venquist me hath my cruill aduersaire

 OUNTIE so fixe bath in my  
hert his tent  
That well I wote thou will my  
succour be

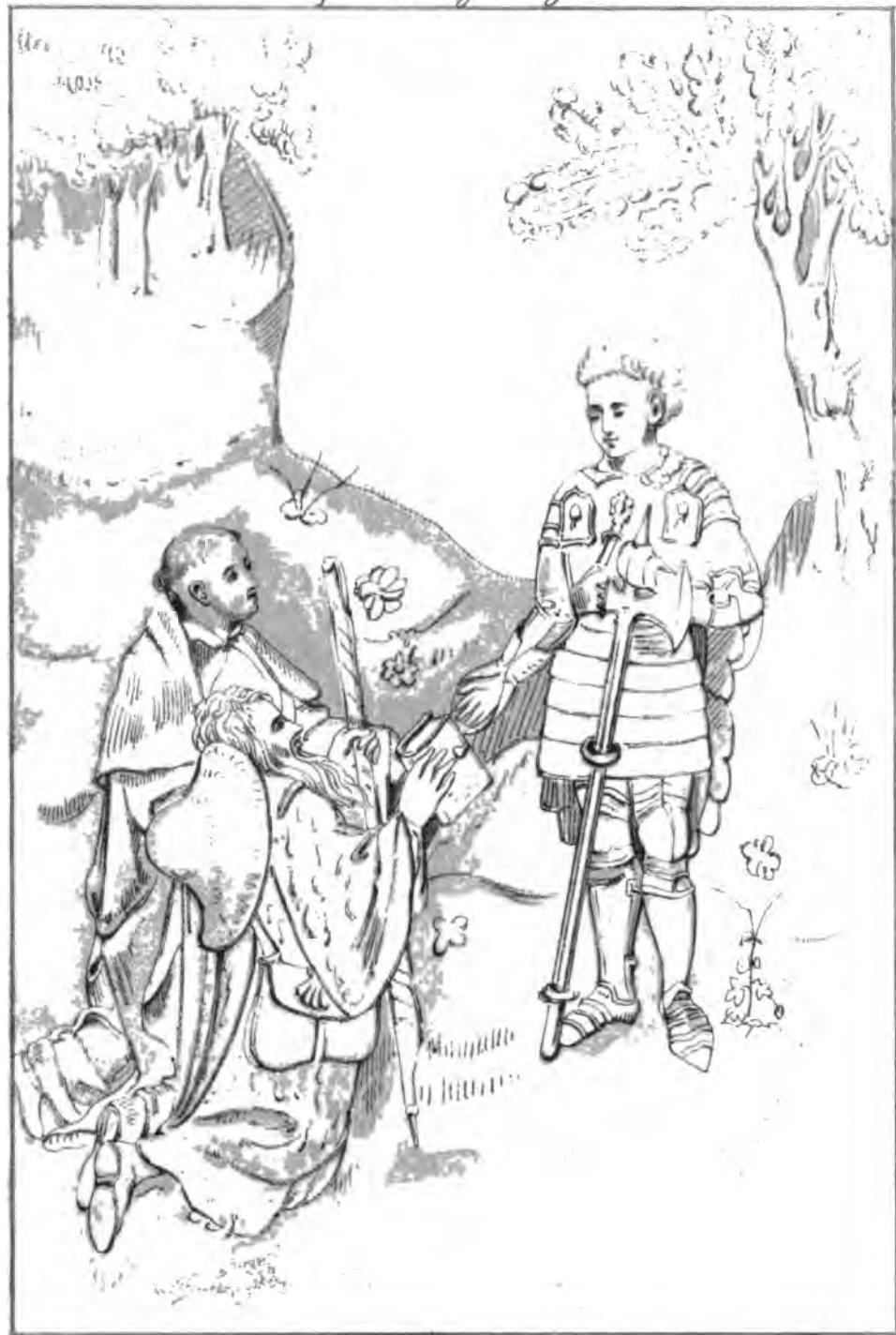
Thou canst not warnin that with gode  
entent  
Axith thine helpe thine hert is aye so fre  
Thou art largesse of plaine felicite  
Having and refute of quiete and rest  
So how that Thevis sevin chasing me  
Helpe ladie bright or that mine ship to  
breft

 OMFORTE is none but in you,  
Lady dere !  
For lo ! mine sinne and mine  
confusioun,

Which ought not in thin presence for to'  
apere,  
Han taken on me a grievous actioun,  
Of veray right and desperatioun,  
And as by right they mighten well sustene  
That I were worthy mine damnatioun,  
Ne were it of thy mercy, blisfull Quene !



Lydgate presenting his booke called y<sup>e</sup> Pilgrime, unto y<sup>e</sup> Earle  
of Calisbury.



Thomas Montacute Earle of Calisburye

2. Chaucer's evident imitation, at the end of his dream called "The Book of the Duchess," of De Guileville's description of being awoke by the convent-bell.

*De Guileville.*

Ce me sembla en ce moment  
Si que de lesouement  
Esueille et desdormy fu  
Et me trouuay si esperdu  
Quauiser ie ne me pouoie  
Si ia mort ou en vie iestoie  
Jusqua tant que iouy sonner  
Lorloge de nuyt pour leuer  
Et aussi lors chantoient les cocqs  
Pour quoy leuer me cuidoy lors  
Mais ne peu car fuy retenu  
De la grant pensee ou ie fu  
Pour le myen adventureux songe  
Ou quel se quelque vne mensonge  
Estoit meslee ou conteneue  
Ou qui fust de peu de value

*Chaucer.*

Right thus me mett, as I you tell,  
That in the castle there was a bell,  
As it had smitten houres twelve,  
And therewith I awoke my selve,  
And found me lying in my bed,  
And the book which I had read  
Of Alcyone and Ceyx the King,  
And of the goddess of Sleeping,  
I found it in my hand full even ;  
Thought I, this is so quaint a sweven,  
That I would, by proces of time,  
Fond (strive) to put this sweven in rhyme  
As I can best, and that anon :  
This was my sweven, now it's done.

3. To these may be added the different English translations of De Guileville, both in prose and verse, which are still existing, printed and in manuscript.

The most important of the metrical translations is that by the "venerable monk Dan John Lydgate," mentioned above as being now in the British Museum Collection of MSS., and numbered Vitellius, C. xiii. It is, however, but little known ; and, curiously enough, not even a single passage of it has been quoted by Warton. Stowe, the only writer who has alluded to it, casually mentions it, and has stated correctly the date of its translation. It was made, as Lydgate himself informs us, in 1426, by the command of [Thomas de Montacute] the Earl of Salisbury, "being bound," as he says, "to be his man."

I mene the book, "Pilgrymage de Monde,"  
Morall of vertu, of materys ful profonde,  
Maad and compyled in the Frenche tonge,  
Full notable to be rad and songe.  
To every pylgreme vertuous of lyff,  
The mater ys so contemplatyff  
In all the book ys not lost a word,  
Thys confydred full wyfly of my lord  
Of Salysbury, the noble manly knyght  
Wych in fraunce, for the kynges ryght  
In the werre hath many day contunyd.

*Le Pelerinage de l'Homme*

And of the tyme playnly, and of the date,  
 When I began thys book to translacate,  
 Yt was a thousand by computacion  
 After Cryste's incarnacion  
 Ffour hundryd and nouther far nor nere,  
 The surplus over fyxe and twenty yere ;  
 My lord that tyme being in Parys,  
 Wych gaff me charge by his dyscrete avys,  
 As I seyd erst to settle myn entent  
 Upon thys booke to be dillygent, &c.

The following passage is curious, in a literary point of view, for the conclusive evidence it contains of the poem, quoted above, entitled “A, B, C, or a Prayer to the Virgin,” having been previously translated by “hys mayster, Chaucer,” which Lydg: says “he will ympen after hys translacion (as he is bounde of dette), in order that may enlumine :”—

“ Thys lytyl book, rude of making  
 With some clause of hys wryting.”

He then proceeds as follows :—

And touchynge the translacion  
 Off thys noble oryson,  
 Whylom, yff I shal nat feyne<sup>a</sup>  
 The noble poete of Breteyne,  
 My mayster Chaucer in hys tyme,  
 Affter the ffrenche he dyde yt tyme,  
 Word by word, as in substance,  
 Ryght as yt ys ymad in France,  
 Ffull devoutly in sentence,  
 In worschepe and in reverence  
 Off that noble heavenly quene,  
 Bothe moder and a mayde clene,  
 And sythe he dyde yt undertake  
 Ffor to translate it ffor hyr sake  
 I pray this, that ys the beste  
 Ffor to bring hys soule at reste  
 That he may through hyr<sup>1</sup> — prayer  
 Above the starys bright —  
 Of hyr mercy and hyr grace,  
 Apere afory hyr sonys face

<sup>a</sup> “ Not flatter.”

<sup>1</sup> The missing words are quite illegible, from the MS. having been partially destroyed by fire.

With seyntys ever for a memorye,  
Eternally to regene in glorye,  
And ffor memorye of that poete,  
Wyth al hys rethorykes swete,  
That was the ffyrste in any age  
That amendede our langage ;  
Therefore, as I am bounde off dette  
In thy book I wyl hym sette,  
And ympen thys oryson  
After hys transflacion,  
My purpose to determyne  
That yt shal enlumyne  
Thys lytyl book rud off makynge  
Wyth some clause off hys wryting,  
And as he made this oryson,  
Off ffull devout entencion,  
And by maner of a prayere  
Ryght so I wyl yt settē here,  
That men may know and pleynly se  
Off our ladye the A, B, C.

In the MS. Vitellius, C. xiii., there is a blank left for the insertion of the above-named "A, B, C," or oraifon to the Virgin; but it is bound up with a volume of ate's Poems, which belonged to Humphrey Wanley, and now in the Grammar school of Coventry, under the title of "A Preiour to our Ladye, made by Geffreie cer, after the order of the 'A, B, C.'"—*Vide* Bernard's Cat. Tom. ii. p. 23.

In the official catalogue of the Cotton MS., in folio, this MS. of "The Pilgrim," dated from De Guileville by Lydgate, is described as "A Poem in old English verse, containing Directions for a Pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It appears to have been written in French, by a monk of Calais (for Chaliz), and translated into English about the year 1400." Thus the compiler of the catalogue leaves others in the same ignorance of the name of both author and translator as that in which he himself was, although the introduction to the translation contains three distinct proofs of its being the production of ate. 1. The mention of his mayster Chaucer as the "poete of Breteyne;" giving the same title he had already used in the thirty-fourth chapter of his "Life of the Virgin Mary," where he calls him "poete of Breteyne, who used to amende and correct the wronge traces of my rude penne." 2. His testimony that Chaucer translated "The Hymn to the Virgin." And 3. That he was commanded to translate "The Pilgrim" by the Earl of Salisbury, which is confirmed by an ancient illuminated drawing probably coeval—with Lydgate presenting this poem, called "The Pilgrim," to the Earl.

See Harl. MS. 4826.  
Notwithstanding all this, and though Warton quotes Stowe's words, where he

## *Le Pelerinage de l'Homme*

speaks of "Lydgate's 'Pilgrimage of the World'" (the very title given to it by Lydgate), written "by the commaundement of the Earle of Salisburie, 1426," it is surprising that both he and Sharon Turner should have been so utterly unconscious of its existence as never to have quoted a line! At the head of it are the following verses:—

" Qui peregrinaris hunc per librum docearis,  
Quæ bona vel dubia sit fugienda via."

" O worldly folk avyse yow be tymes,  
Wych in thys lyff ben but a pylgrymage,  
Lyk straungerys far fro yowr contre,  
Unfranchysed and voyde of libertie."

The popularity of De Guileville's works is further proved by the numerous English translations, both in verse and prose, still contained in our public libraries, which it has cost great pains to discover, as the catalogues are almost universally mute upon the subject. These translations influenced our literature down to the time of the Great Rebellion, which formed, as it were, a chasm between our ancient and modern literature.

A list of these, both in print and MS., is herewith given, in the hope that it may prove interesting to those who are disposed to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with De Guileville and his works.

### *MSS.*

Among the Cecil MSS. at Hatfield is "Ye Dreme of the 'Pilgrimage of ye Soule,' translated out of Frensch into Englisch, with some addicions, ye yere of our Lord M iiii. 'and prittene.' (1413). This is a folio MS. on vellum, adorned with many humorously designed illuminations."—W. READER, *Gent. Mag.* Nov. 1843. p. 488.

Cod. MSS. of Samuel Pepys.—*The Pilgrim, Moral Discourse*, illustrated with drawings, and written originally about the year 1330, fol.—Vide Bernard's Cat. Lib. MSS. Angliae et Hiberniae. Folio, Oxford, 1697, V. 2. p 209, No. 6797, Art. 78.

Cod. MSS. penes R. P. Joannem Morum, Ep. Norvicensem.—" *The Pilgrim*, or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World;" wherein the author sets forth the wretchedness of Man's Life without Grace. Written 1331.—Vide ibid. p. 390, Art 64.

In the British Museum.—" *Grace Dieu*, or a dreme of the pilgrimage of the Soule." On vellum. Written in 1413. Egerton, No. 615.—" *The Pilgrimage to Jerusalem*, on vellum, *imperfect at the beginning*; xv. Cent. Cotton Coll. Vitellius, C. xiii.—" *The Pilgrim*, on vellum, *imperfect*; xiv. Cent. Cotton Coll. Tiberius, A. vii.

At Oxford.—" *The Pilgrimage of the Sowle*," in the library of University Coll.—" *The Dream of the pilgrymage of the soul*, translated out of French into English," in the library of Corpus Christi Coll.

At Cambridge.—At Caius College, " *The Dreame of the Pilgrimage of the Soul* translated out of French, 1414."

In the Public Library.—" *The romaunce of the monk of Chailis, of the pilgrymag*

M 70 U

e lyfe of the manhode, which ys maad for good pylgryme that in this world swich wole holde that he go to good havene, and that he have of hevene the joye ; taken the 'Romaunce of the Rose,' wherinne the art of love is al enclosed." *Imperfect.* Bellum. xv. Cent. This copy has the following Colophon :—

'Here endeth the Romaunce by the Monk of the Cisteaux, in France ; of the pilage of the lyffe of the manhood, which is made for good pilgrymes yt<sup>a</sup> in this world waye wol holde that w<sup>d</sup> goo to good haven, and that they have hevens Ioye, jined after the manner of the Romans of the Roos,<sup>b</sup> which al parte of love doth e, translated oute of frenshe in to Englifhe by oon that cleped him *Johan the* 'e, preyeth for the maker, the translatour, the wryter, the reders hereof and thys goon or in wille to goo."<sup>c</sup>—*Vide* J. O. Halliwell's MS. Rarities of the University ambridge, 1841, p. 166.

<sup>a</sup> That.

<sup>b</sup> Romance of the Rose.

<sup>c</sup> Either go this way or wish to go.

*Printed Books.*

'The Pylgremage of the Sowle: translated oute of Frenſhe in to Englyshe." ed by W. Caxton, at Westminster, 1483. *An imperfect copy.* This edition is in brary of Lord Spencer, at Althorp Hall, Northamptonshire.—*Vide* Dibdin's "Bib- ca Spenceriana," vol. iv. p. 263.

A fine copy (but wanting last leaf) was purchased at the sale of White Knight's library for £152 5s. by Mr. Evans.

According to Herbert, (the Antiquary,) copies were apparently in the libraries of Ians Sloane, Mr. Brandon, and his own.

*Vide* for specimens, &c., Dibdin's Edition of "Herbert's Ames' Typographical An- iies." (London, 1810.)

'The Peregrination of Mannes Lyfe," by Guillaume de Guileville, appears from following lines of Skelton—

" Off mannes lyfe the perigrinacion  
He dyde translate, interprete, and disclose"—

We been translated by him. John Skelton was poet laureate to Henry VIII., but translation referred to above has not come down to us. Warton, however, men- it in his History of English Poetry, vol. ii. f. 489, in (Ed. 1844.)

The following French Editions may also be mentioned as existing in the Brit. Mus.:—  
*Le Romant des trois Pelerinaiges*, 4to. Goth. Bartholde et Jehan Petit, Paris. *Sans date.*

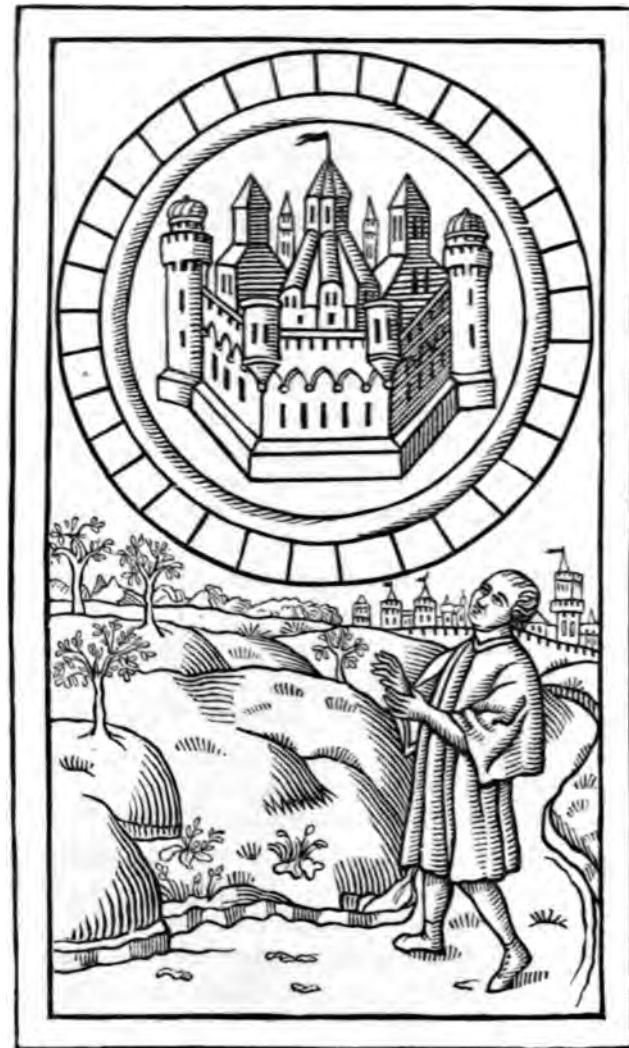
*Le Pelerinage de l'homme—avec des figures en bois.* Fol. Goth. Anthoine Verard.  
*Sans date.*

' *Le premier de l'homme durant quest en vie."*

' *Le second de lame separée du corps."*

' *Le tiers de notre Seigneur Jesus Christ en forme de monotesseron."*

The following are examples of the illustrations contained in the Delft and Harlem ms.:—



Facsimile of the engraving representing the Pilgrim turning his back on the *City of Destruction*,  
and looking up towards the *Celestial City*, as reflected in a mirror.

*Delft Edition.*



Facsimile of the engraving representing the meeting of the Pilgrim with the Celestial Lady.



Facsimile of the engraving representing the passage of the Pilgrim to the castle of the Celestial Lady, through water.

## Le Pelerinage de l'Homme

The Royal Library at the Hague contains a manuscript on vellum, of about the end of the XIVth century; it is adorned with twenty-three miniatures. In the Prologue it is entitled, “*die pelgrimage von der menschlicher creaturen;*” and it is said there that it was translated from the *Walschen* in the *vlaemschen tale*; which was composed by a holy monk in a monastery called *Chaalie*.

In the first dialogue of *gracie gods* with the *Pilgrim* it is said that *gracie* founded her house over XIII. en XXX. (1330) iuer; and in that part of the 1st Book where *redene* (reason) reads her commission to *rude verftanneſſe*, this commission has been given in the year M. CCC. en XXXI.

The Dutch Edition is an extract from the MS. translation in prose; it was never printed *in extenso*.

The celestial lady who appears to the *Pilgrim* is, through the whole edition, called *gracie gods*.

In none of the woodcuts is the *Pilgrim* represented in armour or *fighting with drawn sword*; in one only he occurs in *armour*, which directly after he pulls off, not being able to bear it any longer. In the before-named woodcut the *Pilgrim* has no sword at all, and he is not in presence of any enemy. He is leaning on the *Palster*;\* only *gracie gods* is with him.

In the Royal Library at the Hague exists another edition of this story. It is in folio size, printed in double columns. Except some very little difference in spelling, the Delft edition has been faithfully copied in the Haerlem edition. One little part only is omitted in the edition of 1498; in the last chapter of the Haerlem edition the *Pilgrim* having breathed his last, the author awakes from his dream; this part is left out in the Delft edition. The woodcuts are the same in both editions.

The following attempt to translate a portion, C. I., of the “*Boeck van den Pelgrim*,” printed at Delft, in Holland, in 1498, was made by the *King's Interpreter*; imperfect as it is, it will be sufficient to show that the Dutch translator took it from De Guileville's Poem of the “*Pélerinage de l'homme durant quest en Vie, ou le Pélerinage de la Vie humaine*,” which was afterwards done into prose by S. Gallopez, and printed at Lyons by Math. Husy in 1485.

“ Then she took a pourpoint or doublet made in a wonderful manner : \* \* \* \* \* Will you know how it is called ? Men call it Patience, which is made to bear pains and to begin great strides without murmurings or Anger, but to be therefore more thankful.

“ The king Jesus had this pourpoint on, for thy sake, as he hung on the Crofs, and was covered with this Doublet which is Patience, for he suffered all patiently.

“ Thus it is well to remark that it is good, since that the great King had it on, thus should ye strive. Then take it, and put it on I advise, for of all arms it behoves first to know how to put it on, whoever will arm himself rightly.”

In order, however, still further to show the concurrence—at least of ideas, if not of diction—between De Guileville and Bunyan, the following passages may be quoted from amongst many others of a similar nature :—

\* A Pilgrim's staff.

DE GUILEVILLE. 1330.

Pour qui a bon sens cōprendre  
Tout ce que ce livre contient  
*Moralement* le fault entendre  
Et *non pas litteralement*  
Car l'acteur la fait cointement  
*Tenant forme parabolique*  
Pour aguifer l'entendement  
A tout chascun scientifique.  
*Prologue, Ed. de B. et J. Petit, imp.*  
*par Berth. Runboldt, s. d.*

une foiz  
Lan mil trois cēs dix p trois foiz  
Ung songe vy bien merveilleux  
Lequel ainsi com sommeilleux  
Jescripz a mon reveillement.

*Description of the Holy City.*

Il nest nulle cite si belle<sup>a</sup>  
Ne qui de rien lui soit pareille  
Masson en fut seulement dieu  
Nul autre ne feroit tel lieu  
Car les chemins et les alees  
*Dor fin* estoient toutes pauees  
En hault assis son fundement<sup>b</sup>  
Estoit et son masfonnement

BUNYAN. 1678.

I have used similitudes.—*Hof. xii. 10.*  
*Motto in title-page.*

The Prophets used much by Metaphor  
To set forth Truth: Yea, who so considers  
Christ, his Apostles too, shall plainly see  
That Truth to this day in such Mantles be.  
\* \* \* \* \* Holy Writ  
Is every where so full of all these things  
Dark figures, allegories yet there springs  
From that same book, that lustre and those  
rays

Of Light, that turns our darkest nights to  
days

BUNYAN'S *Apology for his book.*

Nay, I have leave,  
(*Examples* too, and that from them who  
have  
God better pleased by their words and ways  
Than any man that breatheth now-a-days)  
Thus to expres my mind, thus to declare  
Things unto thee that excellenteſt are.

*Ibid.*

As I walked through the wildernes of  
this world, I alighted on a certain place  
where was a den, and laid me down in  
that place to sleep: and as I slept, I  
dreamed a dream.

*Christian's description of the Holy City  
to Pliable.*

“ There is an endleſs kingdom to be  
inhabited, and everlasting life to be given  
us, that we may inhabit that kingdom for  
ever.

“ There are crowns of glory to be given  
us, and garments that will make us shine  
like the sun in the firmament of heaven.

“ There shall be *no more crying nor*

<sup>a</sup> Heb. xi. 10.

<sup>b</sup> Rev. xi. 12,  
18, 19.

*Le Pelerinage de l'Homme*

DE GUILEVILLE. 1330.

• John xiv. 2.

• Gen. iii. 24.

• Acts xiv. 22.

De vives pierres fait estoit  
 Et hault mur entour la clooit  
 Dessus lequelz anges estoient  
 Qui tous temps le guet y faisoient  
 Et gardoient tresbien que lentre  
 Nullement fust abandonnee  
 Fors aux pelerins feullement  
 Qui y venoient deuotement<sup>a</sup>  
 Leans auoit moult de mansions  
 De lieux et habitacions  
 Illec estoit toute lieffe  
 Et toute joye sans tristesse  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Cherubin portier en estoit<sup>b</sup>  
 Qui ung glaive forby tenoit  
 Bien emolu a deux taillans  
 Tout versatile et tournoyans  
 Dont il se scauoit bien aider  
 Nest aucun tant se sceust targer  
 Qui par la porte passer peult  
 Que occis ou naure<sup>1</sup> ne fust  
 Mesmement car executeurs<sup>c</sup>  
 Y auoit et tirans crueulx  
 Qui tres durs tourmens pourpensoint  
 Et tous les plus griefz quilz pouoient  
 Moult y eut grant occision  
 De pelerins de grant renom

BUNYAN. 1678.

sorrow, for *He* that is owner of the places  
 will wipe away all tears from our eyes.

“ There we shall be with *Cherubim* and *Seraphim*, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them. There, also, you shall meet with thousands and tens of thousands that have gone before us to that place. In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns ; there we shall see the *Holy Virgins* with their golden harps ; there we shall see men that by the world were *cut in pieces, burned in flames*, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love that they bare to the Lord of the place, clothed with immortality as a garment.”

<sup>1</sup> *Worldly-wise-man* tempts *Christian* not to go up to the *Wicket-gate*, because of the dangers of the way, assuring him he is like to meet with *wearisomenes, painfulnes, hunger, perils, nakednes, sword lions, dragons, darkness*, and, in a word, *death*, and what not !

*Christian* arrived at the *Wicket-gate* (which he had left to follow *Worldly-wise-man's* counsel) saw written over it, “ Knock, and it shall be opened unto you ;” he knocked, therefore, more than once or twice. At last there came a grave person to the gate, named *Good-will*, who asked who was there and whence he came ? and what he would have ?

*Christian*. “ Here is a poor hardened sinner ; I come from the *City of Destruction*, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would therefore, Sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are *willing* to let me in.”

“ I am *willing* with all my heart,” said he ; and with that he opened the gate.

So when *Christian* was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said *Christian*, “ What mean that ? ” The other told him, “ A little distance from this gate there is erected a strong castle, of which *Beelzebub* is the Captain ; from thence both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at them that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they enter in.” Then said *Christian*, “ I rejoice and tremble.”

\* \* \* \*  
vne grant merueille vy  
grans maistres et prelaz qui  
crenaulx tout en hault estoient  
istrans semblant quilz enseignoient  
ieurs des pelerins daual  
a grant peine et grant trauail  
n ce quapris ilz estoient  
s pour voler leur faisoient  
eles de bon exemplaire  
es comme ilz les deuoient faire  
ces grans maistres leur monstroient  
istrant que moult chier les auoient

\* \* \* \*  
uis vy en vng autre coste<sup>a</sup>  
us les murs de la cite  
lans hommes auctorizables  
quant a moy peu congoiffables  
\* \* \* \*  
e lesquelz aduis me fu  
fainct benoist y recongneu  
\* \* \* \*  
.a endroit fainct francoys aussi  
\* \* \* \*  
ilt dautres ie vy sur les murs  
\* \* \* \*  
tant dire vueil briefuement  
nul nentroit en la cite<sup>b</sup>  
quelque part quaye compte  
de hors les murs ne laissast  
harpe ou bourdon que portast  
mple lors estoit leur veage  
ait tout leur pelerinaige

\* \* \* \*  
“ Now, upon the bank of the river, on  
the other side, they saw the two shining  
men again, who there waited for them.

“ Now, you must note that the city  
stood *upon a mighty hill*; but the pilgrims  
went up that hill with ease, because they  
had these two men *to lift them up by the  
arms, &c.*

“ Then I saw in my dream that the  
shining men bid me call at the gate, the  
which, when they did, some one from  
above *looked over the gate*: to wit, *Enoch*,  
*Moses*, and *Elijah*, to whom it was said,  
These pilgrims are come from the city of  
*Destruction* for the love that they bare to  
the King of this place; and then the pil-  
grims gave in unto them each man his  
*Certificate*,<sup>1</sup> which they had received in  
the beginning.”

<sup>a</sup> Rev. vii. 9.

<sup>b</sup> Rev. xxii. 14.

Before we proceed to give an analysis of, and to trace a parallel between, the two books of Bunyan and De Guileville, we must premise that the allegory, which becomes in the hands of the former a fascinating narrative, full of vitality and Christian doctrine, is the work of the latter only a cold and lifeless dialogue between abstract and unembodied qualities.

“ Lecharpe et le bourdon” represent the Certificate of pilgrimage. The latter is thus explained by Dictionnaire de l'Académie Françoise, “ Sorte de long bâton qui est fait au tour, avec un ornement au haut, une pomme, et que les Pèlerins portent ordinairement dans leurs voyages.”

*Le Pelerinage de l'Homme*

<sup>a</sup> Rev. xxi. 2—  
9.<sup>b</sup>  
Heb. xi. 10, 33  
—39.

<sup>b</sup> Matt. xi. 12;  
xix. 24; v. 3.  
Eccles. v. 15.

<sup>c</sup> f. 3, b. Appendix, f. iv. “And I roos vp.”

<sup>d</sup> Eccluf. xlv. 8.  
Baruch v. 2.

The poem of De Guileville opens by informing his readers that, in the year 1330, being then a monk in the monastery of Chaliz, he had a dream, in which he saw afar off, as if reflected in a mirror, similar to the “shining light” of *Evangelist*,<sup>1</sup> the celestial city of Jerusalem, and felt himself excited to go thither on a pilgrimage.<sup>a</sup> He dwells on the wondrous beauty of its construction, on the elegance of its mansions, on the character of its inhabitants, and their happiness and blessedness after their trials and sufferings (even such a description as *Christian* gives to his unstable friend *Pliable* on their setting out); and particularly points out the little wicket-gate, which he recognizes for the one described by our Lord, as being so strait, that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter in thereat.<sup>b</sup> “*Homme vestu n'y pouoit passer.*” He then bethinks himself that a *staff* and a *scrip* will be necessary for his journey, like those in the hands of the pilgrims he sees before him on his way. Anxious to supply himself with them, he *rushes out of his house, weeping and lamenting* to know how he shall obtain them in the manner *Christian* is described as doing, when he left home and made as if he would run. “I dreamed,” says Bunyan, “and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, &c. I looked, and saw him open the book and read therein; and as he read he wept and trembled, &c.” His prototype thus introduces his pilgrim:—<sup>c</sup>

Lors men yssy de ma maison <sup>d</sup>  
 \*       \*       \*       \*  
*Bourdon commanday a querir*  
*Et escharpe qui necessaire*  
*Mestoit a ce quauoye a faire*  
 ¶ Ainsi comment querant aloye  
*Et en pleurant me guermentoye*  
*Ou ce bourdon peusse trouuer*  
*Et celle escarpe pour porter<sup>3</sup>*  
*Une dame de grant beaulte*  
*Et de tresgrant nobilite<sup>4</sup>*  
*Je rencontray droit en ma voye*  
*De qui au cuer me vint grant ioye*  
*Fille sembloit dun empereur*  
*Dun roy ou dun tresgrant seigneur*  
*Vestement auoir dor batu*  
*Et cincte estoit dun verd tissu*  
*Qui tout au long ce me sembloit*

<sup>1</sup> In Bunyan.

<sup>2</sup> The texts referred to in the margin are those given by De Guileville in his marginal reference Extracts from the MSS. descriptive of the Holy City, &c. will be found in the Appendix.

<sup>3</sup> See Woodcut I.

<sup>4</sup> *Christian* describes *Evangelist* as “a man that appeared to me to be a very great and honourable person.”



I



Le parrain du pelerin

III



IV

2

De charboucles feme estoit  
Sur le fein auoit ung fermail  
Dor fin et dessus vng esmail  
Sur lequel vng estoille auoit  
Qui grant clarte par tout rendoit  
Ung coulon lui yffoit du sain  
Quelle applanoit sur sa main  
Son chef dor couronne estoit <sup>a</sup>  
Et tout en entour lenuironnoit  
Grant foison destoilles luisans  
Moult fut certes cil bien puissans  
Qui telle lui auoit donnee  
Et qui ainsi lauoit paree  
Moult courtoise et de doufce chere <sup>b</sup>  
Me fut grandement car premiere  
Me faulua en demandant  
Pourquoy nauoie meilleur semblant<sup>1</sup>  
*Et pour quel cause ie pleuroye*  
*Et saucune defaulte auoie*

Adonc ie fuz comme surpris  
Pource que pas nauoye apis  
Que dame de si grant atour  
Daignast vers moy faire vng seul tour <sup>c</sup>  
Fors et seullement pour autant  
Que cil qui a bonte plus grant  
Plus a en soy dhumilite  
Grant doulceur et benignite  
Car plus a le pommier de pommes  
Plus bas sencline vers les hommes  
Et ne scay signe de bonte  
Si grant comme est humilite  
Qui ne porte ceste baniere  
Na vertu ne bonte entiere

The same gracious salutation is made by *Evangelist* to *Christian* whilst he is weeping. I looked then," says Bunyan, " and saw a man named *Evangelist* coming to him, o asked, ' Wherefore dost thou cry ? ' ' Because I fear,' replies *Christian*, ' that this 'den that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into 'phet.' "

A similar reply is made by De Guileville's pilgrim (taken by De Guileville from

<sup>a</sup> Ezek. xvi. 12.

<sup>b</sup> Song of Sol. iv.  
3.

<sup>c</sup> Ecclus. iii. 18.

<sup>1</sup> Being, like *Christian*, in a bad plight.

## Le Pelerinage de l'Homme

Ephesians iv. 17—24; for he, like Bunyan, built his poem on the Scriptures; quoted his texts in the margin), who complains to *Gracedieu* when he feels that burden of his sins and the weight of his body prevent him from rising to the skies:—

<sup>a</sup> f. 39, b. Appendix, f. v.  
"Certys quoth I."

<sup>b</sup> Eph. iv. 17—  
24.

<sup>c</sup> f. 4, Appendix,  
f. vi. "To pyl-  
gymes."  
John i. 9.  
<sup>d</sup> Sam. xxii. 7.  
Titus ii. 11.

A larmoyer et a plorer<sup>a</sup>  
Commencay et a soupirer  
A dire helas . . . .  
Adonc me dist grace quas tu  
Pourquoy te desconfortes tu  
Certes dis je pource je pleure  
Car de present en moins dune heure  
Jay perdu trestoute ma joye

\* \* \* \*

Ainsi comme ung cinge acroche  
A ung bloqueau et atache  
Lequel en hault ne peut monter  
Que tost ne faille reualer  
Ainsi mest ung bloquel pesant<sup>1</sup>  
Le corps et ung retenail grant  
Il me rabat quant vueil voler  
Et retire quant vueil monter<sup>b</sup>

\* \* \* \*

Le corps corrumpu et pesant  
Griefue lame et opprime tant  
Que la tient en chetiuoisson  
Et luy fait perdre sa faison  
Par quoy merueille ce nest pas  
Sen plorant je dy dieux helas  
*Desconforte moult grandement*  
*Je suis et doy estre dolent*

The Pilgrim having said to *Gracedieu* that he is in search of the heavenly city, w<sup>t</sup> he had had a sight of in a glass, but that his grief was he had no means of gett<sup>t</sup> thither, she replies, if his search be sincere, she will be his guide; having been into that country by the Lord of the way to guide halt and lame, but willing pilgr in the way of salvation, to relieve the fallen, to support the lame, to strengthen doubtful, and to open the eyes of the blind. *Gracedieu* then proceeds to warn him t he is going to travel through a country beset with difficulties, trials, enemies, adversities; and, as he will doubtless often be in trouble and stand in need of help, must always call upon her.

Je suis celle que tu dois querre<sup>c</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This *bloquel pesant* is the burden on the back of *Christian*.

Quant tu vas en estrange terre  
Jenlumine les non voyans  
Et donne force aux recreans  
Je relieue les trebuchiez  
Et radrece les foruoyez  
Je suis grace dieu appelle  
Par le coulon blanc designee

bids him keep in view the straight and only entrance,<sup>1</sup> that wicket-gate, which  
ever entered till they had put off their own clothing<sup>2</sup>—that is, *mortality*; and then  
her grace and favour.

The Pilgrim humbly thanks her, and prays that she will guide and support him on  
his way. *Gracedieu* then kindly leads him towards her house—a magnificent building,  
had been founded 1330 years ago.

Lors elle me prist en celle heure<sup>a</sup>  
Et tost me mena sans demeure  
Vers une maison quelle auoit  
Qui sienne estoit comme disoit  
Et la me dist que trouueroie  
Tout ce de quoy mestier auroie  
Laquel maison auoit fundee  
Selon son dit et massonnee  
Treize cens et trente ans auoit  
Comme bien lui en souuenoit  
¶ Ceste maison voulentiers vy  
Et a la veoir fuz esbay  
Car toute en hault en lair pendoit  
Et entre terre et ciel estoit  
Tout ainsi que sel fust venue  
Du ciel haultain est descendue  
Il y auoit clochiers et tours  
Et moult estoient beauxx ses atours  
Ainsi comme fust vng lieu royal  
Et sur tous autres principal<sup>b</sup>  
Deuant vne riuiere auoit  
Ou passaige ne nef nauoit

<sup>a</sup> “ Tho hyr  
lyft.”  
Appendix, f. vi.  
Psalm cxii. 3.

<sup>b</sup> Eccl. xxvi.  
16.

s is the *church* of Christ, for the expounding of the Scriptures; it is, in fact, the

*Evangelist* says to *Christian*, “Keep that light in your eye.”  
*John* says, “They had left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they  
left them, they came out without them.”

## Le Pelerinage de l'Homme

*Interpreter's house* of Bunyan. But the Pilgrim is alarmed at finding himself stop by a stream without bridge or ferry, and *desponds*.<sup>1</sup>

“ Dolent en fu et fort pleuroie.”

This stream, in De Guileville's dream, represents the water of baptism<sup>2</sup> at the entrance to the church, but is transformed by Bunyan (agreeably to his views) into the Slough Despond, the duration of which he gives as ‘above these sixteen hundred years’—age of the Christian church in *his* time.

*Gracedieu* expostulates with the Pilgrim on his want of firmness before so small an obstacle, when he has so many greater waters to pass through before arriving at celestial city. He then inquires why it should be necessary to bathe in this water? which she replies, that, as sin came into the world, it is necessary to be cleansed from it—that water is an emblem of purification, and that a King has passed through Jordan. Then a person appears who helps him out to the other side,<sup>3</sup> and, being purified, he is admitted into the house of Grace. Here a number of pilgrims assembled, and Moses—or the Law, the Legality of Bunyan—in despite of *Gracedieu* who reproves him, offers them many things for their relief on the journey—such ointments for curing their wounds after their conflicts with their enemies.

Moses is succeeded by personifications<sup>4</sup> of Reason or Prudence, and Nature, responding to *Worldly-wise-man* in Bunyan, who is ‘obstinate’<sup>5</sup> and railing. These followed by Sapience or Discretion, by Repentance or Piety, and by Charity<sup>6</sup> or Love, the latter presenting to her auditory the last Will and Testament of Him who, for mankind, died upon the Cross; which runs thus:—

“ I, who am the way, the truth, and the life, make this my last testament, voluntarily bequeath my soul to my Father, to be in his safe keeping, whilst I descend into hell to release those who love me. My body I bequeath to be interred in sepulchre Joseph has made, and to the pilgrims who keep in the right way, in order they may be nourished by it, and helped on their way. My heart I leave to those who love and keep my commandments. To John I leave the care of my mother, and blood I leave for the salvation of all those who had compassion on me.”

A cross is here represented with the letters *PAX*, at the angles.

Ces trois lettres font assauoir <sup>b</sup>  
 Qua trois choses doit auoir paix  
 Icelluy a qui est laisse  
 Ce beau ioyel et octroye

<sup>1</sup> *Christian* also *desponds* at the sight of the lions, and thought of going back, till *Watchful porter*, cried unto him, saying, “ Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained.”

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcuts II. and III.; and cf. the account of *Baptism*, Appendix, f. vii.

<sup>3</sup> As *Help* comes to the assistance of *Christian* at the Slough of Despond.

<sup>4</sup> “ Law and Grace ” is a favourite work of Bunyan's.

<sup>5</sup> See Woodcuts V. VI. VII. and VIII.; Appendix, f. xi—xx.

<sup>6</sup> *Obstinate* accompanies *Christian* and *Pliable* over the plains, and rails at them both.

<sup>7</sup> *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Prudence*, and *Charity* inhabit the palace called Beautiful, and entertain *Chr*





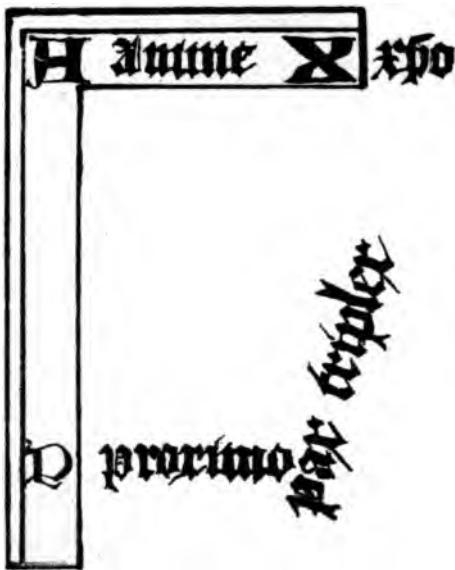
V



VI



VII



VIII



Cest que premierement en hault  
Du X est mis en eschauffaut  
Par qui ie suis signifie  
Briefuement et en sobriete  
Il doit auoir parfaicte paix <sup>a</sup>  
En tel maniere que tous faiz  
Commis et faiz oultre mon gre  
Si soient restraints et amende  
Apres en langlet bas assis  
Du A est colloque et mis  
Par qui lame de foy entent  
Doit auoir paix entierement <sup>b</sup>  
A celle fin que point ny morde  
Sinderesis ne ne remorde  
Apres encor a son prochain  
Qui par le P mis primerain  
Est entendu doit paix auoir  
A quoy le doit moult esmouuoir  
Le mesme degre ou il est  
Car point plus hault ne plus pas nest  
Tous deux en vng degre les mis <sup>c</sup>  
Quant au commencement les fis  
Tous sont mortelz et lun et lautre  
Vers et fiens est lun si est lautre  
Rien ny vault cuer felon ne fier  
Ne riens orgueil ne riens danger  
Tous passeront par *vng pertuis* <sup>d</sup>  
Groz et menuz grans et petis  
Or facent tant que ce ioyel <sup>e</sup>  
Ne perdent pas par leur orgueil  
A son prouchain chascun ait paix  
Si sera le patron parfaiz  
Tel que doit estre par raison  
Cest vng *seing* de tabellion <sup>f</sup>  
Duquel douuent estre signez  
*Tous bons testamens* et marquez  
Et de ce *seing* publicquement  
Ay ie ce present testament  
*Signe et tabellionne*  
Puis que lent escript charite  
*Paix ay donne a toute gent*  
Or la garde chascun deuement

<sup>a</sup> Rom. xiv. 17.

<sup>b</sup> Psalm lv. 18.

<sup>c</sup> Heb. xii. 14.

<sup>d</sup> Strait gate.

<sup>e</sup> Rom. xii. 18.

<sup>f</sup> Seal or engross-  
ment.

## Le Pelerinage de l'Homme

“ Now I saw in my dream,” says Bunyan, “ that the highway, up which *Christian* was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called *Salvation*. Up this way did burdened *Christian* run till he came to a place on which stood *a crois*, and a little below, in the bottom, *a sepulchre*; and, just as he came up with the crois, his burden loosed from his shoulders, and fell from his back into the mouth of the sepulchre. Then was *Christian* glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, ‘ He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death.’ ”

And it is here that *Christian* sees the ‘ three shining ones,’ who saluted him with “ *Peace* be to thee;” and the first said to him, “ Thy sins be *forgiven* thee” (here is *peace* and *pardon*); the second stripped him of his rags; and the third set *a mark* on his forehead, and gave him *a roll* (the above *testament*) with *a seal* upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at *the celestial gate*.

In the dream of De Guileville, as soon as *Charity* had made an end of her oration, many of the pilgrims appeared very desirous of accepting her proffered conditions, and addressed themselves first to her, and afterwards to *Repentance*. But he also perceived many unfortunate ones amongst them, who, secretly concealing themselves from the eye of *Charity*, and eluding the observation of *Repentance*, addressed themselves exclusively to *Moses* for relief, to whom he granted it without exception. But it happened ill for them; for, as soon as they had left him, they looked as if they had come out of *a miry slough*,

“ Yffys du bourbier ou dun noir sac a charbonnier; ”

like *Pliable*, ‘ bedaubed with dirt,’ or had been ‘ dipped into a sack of charcoal.’ They were black, filthy, vile, says De Guileville—*enbordiz et encore tous familleux*; but when they were tired of this relief they returned trembling, and begging to accompany the other pilgrims. So *Christian*, after having ‘ turned out of his way, to go to *Mr. Legality*’s house for help,’ from his brethren, stands trembling before *Evangelist*; and Bunyan, from his familiar knowledge and love of Scripture, from the resources of his genius, and his acquaintance with the human heart, has wrought out a striking picture of the insufficiency of the law to take off the burden of sin. Hence, when *Evangelist* meets *Christian*, and shows him that no man can be justified by the deeds of the Law, that *Mr. Legality* was a cheat, &c. *Christian*, like the trembling pilgrims, falls down at *Evangelist*’s feet as dead, and prays to be put again into the right way.

The monk of Chaliz afterwards introduces a long allegorical description of the Eucharist, and the Pilgrim expresses a wish to be furnished with some of this spiritual provision, to support him on his journey, and eagerly desires to proceed. *Gracedieu* replies, that she has everything necessary for him, and for his journey, in her palace;<sup>1</sup> but that he must wait, before he sets out, until she has shown him the curiosities contained therein, or, as Bunyan has it, ‘ the rarities of the place;’ and that afterwards he shall receive a staff and a scrip, with provisions to put into the latter. She then leads him into a cabinet, where she points out to him a great collection of precious jewels;

<sup>1</sup> The Church, or House of the Interpreter.





IX



X



XI



XII

Sainte Bunyan must have revelled in allegory to his heart's content, for every article described with the same mystic and symbolic precision as in Durand's "Rationale of the ch.") The first things shown to him are the scrip and staff, which *Gracedieu* takes from a casket of curious workmanship. The scrip, or scarf, is made of green silk, fringe of the same colour sprinkled with scarlet spots, like gouts of blood.

"These,"<sup>a</sup> said *Gracedieu*, "are things necessary for thy journey: look well to them, for thou wilt stand in need of them. The name of the scrip is *faith*, and in it thou wilt carry thy provisions; and if thou wouldst know more of its virtues, consult the prophet Habakkuk, and St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chap. x. where thou wilt see that the just indeed *live by faith*."<sup>1</sup>

¶ Voy cy lescharpe et le bourdon  
Que promis tay ie ten foiz don  
Mestier tauront en ce voyage  
Garde les si feras que faige  
Lescharpe si est foy nommee  
Sans laquelle nulle iournee  
Tu ne feras ia qui rien vaille  
Car tout ton pain et ta vitaille  
Doys en tous temps dedans auoir<sup>b</sup>  
Et se tu veulx cecy fauoir  
Par autre dit que par le myen  
Sainct paul ten informera bien  
Qui racompte quil est escript  
Que iuste de lescharpe vit<sup>c</sup>  
Lequel mot en abacuh prist  
Qui ou second chapitel gift  
\* \* \* \*  
Le sang esmeut et achoisonne<sup>d</sup>  
De prendre cuer et faire ainsi<sup>e</sup>  
Que les glorieulx martirs qui  
Trop mieux amerent a respendre  
Leur sang pour leur foy fort deffendre<sup>f</sup>  
Quaucunement leur feust ostee  
Pour sa vertu quaaouient goustee

<sup>a</sup> f. 23, b. App.  
f. xxi. "Thys  
lady goodly."

<sup>b</sup> Rom. x. 4—6.

<sup>c</sup> Hab. ii. 4.  
Rom. i. 17.

<sup>d</sup> f. xxiii. b.

<sup>e</sup> Heb. xi. 33.

<sup>f</sup> Eph. ii. 8.

See Woodcut IX.

*Gracedieu* further enlarges on the *scrip* by saying, "It is true that in olden time these scrips were bold and simple in their form, and without these emblems; for then it sufficed that faith should be pure only. But since many errors and heresies have crept in, and each foolishly would believe of his own opinion, (some being *Arians*, some *Pelagians*, and others such as I will not name,) it became necessary to establish a unity of belief, and these twelve clochettes will serve to keep thy faith awake." Bunyan tells us that the shepherds, from the top of *Mount Error*, showed the pilgrims the bodies of *Urnus* and *Philetus* dashed to pieces at the foot of the hill.

Cest pour te donner exemplaire  
 Que se tu trouues qui soustraire  
 La te vueille point ne oster  
 Auant occire et decouper  
 Te laisses plus tost que ten voyes  
 Descharpey car trop y perdroies

This allocution of *Gracedieu* to the Pilgrim, with an allusion to the ‘glori martyrs,’ as an example for him to follow, corresponds with the exhortation of *Evangeliſt* to *Christian* and *Faithful*, before they arrive at the town of *Vanity* :—

“ My sons, you have heard, in the words of the truth of the gospel, ‘ that you must through many tribulations, enter into the kingdom of heaven ; ’ and again, that ‘ every city bonds and afflictions abide you : ’ and, therefore, you cannot expect that you should go long on your pilgrimage without them, in some sort or other. You have found something of the truth of these testimonies upon you already, and more immediately follow ; for now, as you see, you are almost out of this wilderness, and therefore, you will soon come to a town, that you will, by-and-by, see before you ; in that town you will be hardly beset with enemies, who will strain hard that they may kill you : and be you sure, that one or both of you must seal the testimony, which you hold, *with blood* : but ‘ be you faithful unto death, and the King will give you a crown of life.’ He that shall die there, although his death will be unnatural, *and his pain perhaps, great*, he will yet have the better of his fellow ; not only because he will arrive at the Celestial City soonest, but because he will escape many miseries that others will meet with on his journey. But when you are come to the town, and I find fulfilled what I have here related, then remember your friend, and ‘ quit yourself like men ! ’ ”<sup>1</sup> The same counsel is given by *Gracedieu* in the above passage to

<sup>1</sup> Ridley thus addresses Latimer at the stake :—

“ Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen to abide it.”

“ And now the chariot of fire, which was to transport the martyrs to glory, began to be illumined. A blazing faggot was placed at Ridley’s feet, upon which Latimer addressed him, with a degree of composure which passes all understanding, in those memorable words of almost prophetic import :— ‘ Of good comfort, Master Ridley, *and play the man* ; we shall this day light such a candle in England as I trust shall never be put out.’ ”— *Lives of Eminent Christians* by the Rev. R. B. HONE.

Similarly, in a stanza under the woodcut of the trial of *Faithful* in the 33rd edition, (see plate 33), Bunyan writes :—

“ Now Faithful, *play the Man*, speak for thy God ;  
 Fear not the wicked’s malice, nor their rod :  
 Speak boldly, man, the truth is on thy side,  
 Die for it, and to life in triumph ride.”

Again, Bp. Ridley says to Latimer in prison :—

“ Hitherto, you see, good father, how I have, in words only, made (as it were) a flourish before the fight which I shortly look after ; and how I have begun to prepare certain kinds of weapons to be used against the adversaries of Christ ; and to muse with myself how the darts of the old enemy may be beaten off.”

rim, and she says that he is to serve as an example, and to suffer himself rather to be l and cut in pieces, than lose his scrip, or his faith. And this counsel is followed by fellow-traveller of *Christian*, when he is condemned, in the town of *Vanity*, “to be to the most cruel death that could be invented. They, therefore, brought him out with him according to their law: and first they scourged him, then they buffeted , then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that they stoned him with stones, then led him with their swords; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake !” is came *Faithful* to his end.

“ Now,” continues Bunyan, “ I saw in my dream that *Christian* went not forth n the town of *Vanity*) alone; for there was one whose name was *Hopeful*, who ed himself unto him; and entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would is companion. Thus one died to make testimony to the truth, and another rises of his ashes to be a companion with *Christian*.”

In like manner, the second companion of De Guileville's *Pélerin*, given to him by cedieu, is the Pilgrim's staff, whose name is *Hope*; on which she bids him lean with dence, telling him it will sustain him in all slippery places.

This staff is light, strong, and straight, and is made of Shittim wood, which is erishable; and on the top is reflected the whole country, as far as the Celestial City —the whole illuminated by a brilliant carbuncle.

Or entens bien de ce bourdon \*  
Qui est bon en toute faison  
Car trebucher ne peut celluy  
Qui fermement sappuye a lui  
A lui appuyer te deuras  
A tous maulx pas ou tu iras  
*Esperance* le dois nommer

\* \* \* \* \*  
Le hault pommel est *Jesu Crist* <sup>b</sup>  
Qui est comme la lectre dit  
Ung miroer du tout sans taiche  
La ou chascun peut voir sa face  
Ou tout le monde se mirer  
Doit toujours . . . .

\* f. 27. App. f.  
xxii. “ But ffyrst  
tak.”  
Gen. xxxii. 10.  
Prov. xxiii. 17,  
18.

<sup>b</sup> John xii. 16.  
Wisdom vii. 26.

The Pilgrim now proposes to proceed on his journey; but he is told by *Gracedieu* he must first be armed at all points, in order that he may be proof against the many

nd after what fort I may smite him again with the sword of the Spirit. I learn also hereby to be e with armour, and to essay how I can go armed.”

This language may be compared with *Christian's* fight with *Apollyon*, and many of the expressions ese two martyrs remind us of *Christian* and *Faithful* in the “ Pilgrim's Progres,” and show us how intimate Bunyan was with Fox's “ Book of Martyrs.”

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<sup>a</sup> Isaiah xi. 5.  
Luke xii. 35.

dangers which he will meet with by the way. She puts on him the girdle of *Righteousness*,<sup>a</sup> to keep him in the path of rectitude and temperance; and also furnishes him with a writing, or scroll,<sup>1</sup> (containing the *credo* written in Latin rhymes,) which she enjoins him to consult to take the film from his eyes.

We now come to the prototype of the armoury contained in the 'stately palace called *Beautiful*,' which Bunyan thus describes:—"The next day they had him into the armoury, where they showed him all manner of furniture, which the Lord had provided for pilgrims—as sword, shield, helmet, breast-plate, all-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here enough of this to baffle out as many men, for the service of their Lord, as there be stars in the heaven for multitude." Armour<sup>b</sup> of precisely the same description is earnestly recommended by *Gracedieu* to the Pilgrim.

<sup>b</sup> f. 30, b. App.  
f. xxiii. "Come  
ner."

1 Kings xxii. 30.  
Numbers xxxii.

<sup>29</sup>  
Zech. viii. 9.

<sup>c</sup> Rom. vi. 13;  
viii. 18.  
Heb. x. 36; xi.  
34.

Rev. ii. 11; xiii.  
10.

<sup>d</sup> f. 31.

<sup>e</sup> Isaiah liii. 7.

<sup>f</sup> Psalm cxxix. 3.

Or regarde dist-elle hault<sup>b</sup>  
A ceste perche fil te fault  
Pour chercher armes loing aller  
Affez en voys pour bien tarmer  
La sont heaulmes et gambefons  
Gorgerettes et haubergeons  
Targes et quanque faillir peut  
*A cil quil defendre se veult*

She first presents to him a 'gambeson' or coat of mail called *Patience*, saying, "This was wrought by the great armourer above, who, without tools, created the sun and starry host; it is of such excellent temper that it will be proof against all kinds of adversity and tribulation, and will withstand to the death. It was worn by our Lord on the Cross—by holy martyrs since—and will resist, like an anvil, all the strokes of thine enemies."<sup>c</sup>

Ce gambezou vestit iesus<sup>d</sup>  
Quant pour toy fut en croix pendus  
Sur luy fut poinctoye et poinct  
Et mesurey a son droict poinct  
Tout souffrit et tout endura<sup>e</sup>  
Nul mot ne dist ne ne sonna  
Enclume se monstra et fu  
A chascun coup dont fut'feru  
Et lors fut sur luy monnoyer  
Ta rançon batue et forgee  
Desus son doz la monnoyerent<sup>f</sup>  
Les crueulx feures et forgerent  
Par quoy tu doys bien supposer  
Puis que le roy sen voulut armer

<sup>1</sup> Christian's roll, which he loses in the arbour.

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcut X.

Quil est bon et bien esprouue  
Et grant loz est den estre arme

And now put on this helmet, which is *Temperance*, to defend the eyes from folly  
unity, the ears from murmurings and detraction, and the heart from evil imaginings.  
he helmet called, by St. Paul, the helmet of *Salvation*.<sup>a</sup>"

¶ Le heaulme comme dois fauoir<sup>a</sup>  
Est atemperance de veoir  
Descouter aussi de odorer  
Choses qui te puissent greuer  
Car sicomme cœuure et restraint  
Le heaulme tes sens et restraint  
Tout ainssi atrempance fert  
*De garder loeil que trop ouuert*  
Ne soit ne trop abandonne  
*A folye et a vanite*  
Car se loeilliere assez nestoit  
Estroicte entrer dedans pourroit  
Telle sagete<sup>b</sup> qui occire  
Pourroit (the arrows of Satan.)

<sup>a</sup> f. 32. App. f.  
xxiii. "Thys  
helm."  
Isaiah lix. 17.  
Eph. vi. 14—17.  
Prov. iv. 23.  
Psalms xxxv. 2;  
cxix. 37.  
Job xl. 24.

<sup>b</sup> Dart.

" This 'gorgette' is called *Sobriety*,<sup>c</sup> which is akin to *Temperance*, and is to prevent  
ony. These gauntlets<sup>d</sup> are the third part of *Temperance*, and their name is *Con-*  
*ce*: therefore, take example of St. Bernard. So be sure to arm thyself carefully,  
id formerly *Saint Guillaume*, Abbot of Chaliz, who knew how to fast even at a  
. .<sup>1</sup>

" But the best weapon of all is this sword, for if thou hadst no other armour this  
ld suffice.<sup>e</sup> Its name is *Justice*, (Righteousness,) and a better blade was never forged  
irded on the loins—and it far exceeds those of an Ogier, a Rowland, or an Oliver."

Par son nom *iustice* elle est dicte<sup>f</sup>  
Entre les autres plus eslite  
Et la meilleur quonques ceignist  
Roi ne conte ne ne tenist  
Ducquee ne fut lespee *ogier*  
Celle de *roland noliuier*  
Si vertueuse ne puissant  
Si noble ne si excellent

<sup>c</sup> 1 Pet. v. 8.  
Wisdom ix. 11.  
<sup>d</sup> Psal. cxliv. 1.  
James iv. 8.

<sup>e</sup> Ezek. xxxviii.  
<sup>f</sup> Psalm xxxv. 27.  
Prov. x. 2.  
1 Mac. iii. 3,  
58.  
Eccl. xiii. 13.

" This sword thou must wear to defend thyself against those who attack thee,  
against thy hidden enemies in particular—for there is nothing worse, or more  
lous, than a concealed soe. And here, also, is the scabbard, the true name of

De Guileville's object in adding this last paragraph seems to be to introduce the names of St. Ber-  
and St. Guillaume, the former as the founder of his monastery, the latter, probably, as his ancestor.

<sup>a</sup> John xviii. 11.  
Pl. cxxxvi. 23,  
24.  
Luke xviii. 10.

<sup>b</sup> Prov. xxxi. 17.  
Joshua xiv. 11.  
Song of Sol. iv.  
4.

<sup>c</sup> 1 Kings iv. 29;  
xi. 4.  
Prov. ix. 6.

<sup>d</sup> 2 Cor. vi. 7.  
Hab. iii. 19.  
<sup>1</sup> Pet. ii. 5; iv.  
12.  
Rom. xii. 16.  
Gen. viii. 21.

<sup>e</sup> 1 Sam. xvii.  
38—50.

which is *Humility*, for it must conceal thy *justice* or *vengeance*.<sup>a</sup> Remember the Publican and the Pharisee. The name of the girdle is *Perseverance*, and of the buckle, *Constancy*, &c. But forget not the shield<sup>b</sup>—for without this no one can defend himself well—it serves to protect both the warrior and his arms. The name of this is ‘*Prudence*,’ (Wisdom or Understanding,) and it was once worn by King Solomon; but when he lost it he lost his honour along with it, and, in comparison with it, all his other golden shields<sup>c</sup> were not worth a red herring:—

(Toutes ses autres targes dor  
Et ses escus ung baren for  
Des onques puis ne luy valurent.)

“And now,” continues *Gracedieu*, “it is time to arm.” So the Pilgrim proceeds to accoutre himself; but when he is panoplied<sup>d</sup> he complains that the armour is too heavy for him, pleads his ignorance of the use of arms, and implores her to allow him to follow the example of David, who found himself obliged to put off the armour he had essayed to wear before going to combat the Philistine. She consents: but warns him that he has not, like David, the courage to encounter the enemy armed only with his staff and five stones in a scrip.<sup>e</sup>

*Gracedieu* then leaves the Pilgrim, and, in her absence, he sorely laments his having refused her good counsel. During his lamentations she returns, and, severely rebuking him for his want of energy, when there is no enemy to combat, she presents him with the identical pebbles that *David had in his scrip when he fought against Goliath*.<sup>1</sup>

In Bunyan’s narrative, the damsels of the Palace called *Beautiful* “showed *Christian* some of the engines with which some of the Lord’s servants had done wonderful things. They showed him Moses’ rod; the hammer and nails with which Jael slew Sisera; the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps, too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian. Then they showed him the ox’s goad, wherewith Shamgar slew six hundred men. They showed him also the jaw-bone with which Samson did such mighty feats. They showed him, moreover, the sling and stone with which *David slew Goliath of Gath*.”

Bunyan shows these treasures to *Christian*, but wisely prefers sending him on his pilgrimage armed at all points. De Guileville allows his pilgrim to go forth armed merely, like David, with a shepherd’s sling; and then, by a less happy allegory, furnishes him with an attendant, (called *Memory*,)<sup>2</sup> who is to carry and produce the armour which he had refused to wear, whenever he found himself in the presence of an enemy.

Having thus provided him with the necessary means of defence, she tells him it is now time to apply himself to his journey, as soon as he has stored his scrip with a

<sup>1</sup> The 1st stone, called “Memoire de la mort Jesu,” is “un Rubiz.”

2nd. “Remembrance de la Dame, une pierre blanche, La Blancheur.”

3rd. “Saincte eternelle Gloire, un Saphir azure.”

4th. “Memoire du feu d’Enfer, Abeston, couleur de fer.”

5th. “La Saincte Escripture, qui en soi a telle verdure. Cest une esmeraud moult fine.”

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcut XI. Appendix, f. xxiii.

upply of the *bread* (of life) necessary for his support during his long journey, and then accompanies him on the way, giving him good counsel on the best mode of defence against his enemies, and bids him be of good courage.

*Gracedieu* also exhorts the Pilgrim to be vigilant, and constantly on his guard against an enemy of which he seems to be the least aware, though he carries that enemy about with him—that is, his own carnal desires. She also explains to him the conflict, which never ends, between the flesh and the spirit—shows him the best means of combatting the carnal will by fasting and prayer, and counsels him, with the Apostle, to take upon himself the whole armour of God, that he may be able to withstand in the evil day. Thus she exhorts him to *perseverance* in the great struggle; and to impress this more powerfully on his mind, she calls his attention to an ant-hill which lies in their path, and shows him (as the *Interpreter* does in the Pilgrim's Progres) that, like the persevering ant, which rolls, again and again, down the slippery sand-hill, but, ultimately, attains her object, so he, by struggling against temptations, will conquer, if he will only persevere: whilst, to the indolent, the wise man says, “Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and learn wisdom.”<sup>1</sup>

Bunyan says:—“Then *Christian* began to go forward; but *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Charity*, and *Prudence*, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. Then said *Christian*, ‘As it was difficult coming up, so, so far as I can see, it is dangerous going down.’ ‘Yes,’ said *Prudence*, ‘so it is; for it is a hard thing for a man to go down into the valley of *Humiliation*, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore, aid they, ‘are we come out to accompany thee down the hill.’ So he began to go down, but very warily, yet he caught a slip or two.

“Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when *Christian* was gone down to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

“But now (in this valley of *Humiliation*) poor *Christian* was hard put to it, for he had gone but a little way before he espied a *foul fiend* coming over the field to meet him; his name is *Apollyon*. . . . Then *Apollyon* said, Prepare thyself to die; for I swear, by my infernal den (he speaks as the fiend of hell of Wicliff), thou shalt go no further; ere will I spill thy soul; and with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but *Christian* aught it on his shield. Then did *Christian* draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him, that is, to assail the enemy, as Wicliff says;) and *Apollyon* as fast made at him, throwing arts as thick as hail!”

Wicliff, who, doubtless, was a favourite author of Bunyan's, has also left us, in a tract entitled “The Lantern of Light,” a description of an armoury, the phraseology of which seems likely to have suggested many of the peculiar expressions which occur in the description of *Christian's* battle with *Apollyon*.

“Peace-makers in Christ's Church move men to the rest that Christ promised to his

<sup>1</sup> “Whilst *Christian*,” says Bunyan, “was sleeping in the arbour, one comes and awakes him, saying, ‘Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise.’”

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disciples when He was here among them, John xi. 4. Christ hath left among us peace, that we should love together, hating sin and loving virtue ; for thus He loved us. For there is no charity unless sin be hated and plucked up by the roots, in us and all others.

“ These *peace-makers* stand armed at all pieces, for dread of their enemies, in the armour of Jesus Christ, that Paul teaches, Eph. vi. Six armours, the Apostle rehearses, that arm the soul, five to defend, the sixth to *affail*. 1. A girdle of chastity, (truth.) Take up this girdle, that ye may stand perfect in the peace of your soul, against all fleshly stirrings. 2. An habergeon of righteousness that is thickly mailed, for falsehood should not enter to grieve God or man, or disturb this true peace. 3. Leg-harnes, (*gambiere*,) or shewing of affections in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and then they are disposed to make peace among men. Not as the world asketh, but that they stand perfectly in all adversity, with Christ and his Gospel to the death-day. 4. A shield of faith. In this they shall quench *all the fiend's burning darts*, that are his temptations. Then may no deadly blow steal upon that man who hath the shield of true belief hanging on his heart. 5. A helm of health, (or helmet of salvation,) which is called trusty hope ; for it bears off *the strokes the fiend throws at man's soul*, with pitiless *gins*; the one is obstination, or hardness of heart ; the other is desperation, or *wanhope*. But whoso hath the helm of hope, though strokes light on him, they shall in no wise burst his head-piece, or sink into his soul. Therefore, he liveth peaceably in hope of God's mercy. 6. Is the sword of the spirit, that is God's word. With this sword Jesus Christ *affailed the fiend of hell*, when Christ said, ‘ Go, Sathan ;’ and he fled *away*. For this sword is full sharp, and biteth on both sides ; it parteth, at a stroke, the soul from the body ; and it parteth, in this life, virtue from sin ; and it shall part at doomsday the good from the evil. God give us grace to take this sword, for all that take up this sword, and stand in this armour, Christ, our Captain, blesseth them, and calleth them his children, Matt. v.: ‘ Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the sons of God.’ And Christ saith, ‘ Love ye your enemies, do ye well to them that hate you, and pray for your pursuers and your slanderers. That ye may be the sons of your Father that is in heaven.’ ”

It may be observed that Wicliff's sixth arm is one of *offence* ; and it is with this “ *two-edged sword* ” that *Christian* (who had previously acted only on the *defensive*) *affails*, wounds, and makes *Apollyon spread forth his dragon wings, and speed himself away*.

Spenser also, in the exposition of his “ Faerie Queene,” refers to the same Epistle as Wicliff :—

“ A faire lady (*Una*) in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, beseeches the Faery Queene to affign her a knight for the deliverance of her parents ; a person desires the adventure ; but the lady tells him, unless the armour she has brought would serve him, (that is, the armour of a *Christian* man, specified by St. Paul, Eph. vi.,) that he could not succeed in the enterprise.”

From this text, and the vision of St. John in the Apocalypse, are derived all the allegories of De Guileville, Wicliff, Spenser, &c.—down to Bunyan ; and this slight



*Superest quod supraest.*



**A**DVE deceiptfull worlde, thy pleasures I detest;  
Nowe, others with thy shewes delude, my hope in heaven doth rest.

Peregrinus  
Christianus  
Loquitur

Inlarged as followeth.

**E**VEN as a flower, or like vnto the graffe,  
Which now dothe stande, and straight with fithe dothe fall,  
So is our state: now here, now hence wee passe,  
For, time attendes with shredding fithe for all.  
And deathe at lengthe, both oulde, and yonge dothe strike:  
And into dust dothe turne vs all alike.

Iacob 1.  
Exodus 4.  
IIaia 40

Yet, if wee marke how swiffe our race dothe ronne,  
And waighe the cause, why wee created bee,  
Then shall wee knowe, when that this life is donne,  
Wee shall bee sure our countrie right to see  
For here wee are but stravngers, that must flitte:  
The nearer home, the nearer to the pitte.

2 Corinth. 5.

O happie they, that pondering this arighte  
Before that here their pilgrimage bee past  
Resigne this worlde: and marche with all their myghte  
Within that pathe, that leades where ioyes shall last.  
And whilst they maye, there, treasure up their store,  
Where, without rust, it lastes for evermore.

Via veritas  
vita  
Iohn. 14.

Matth. 6.  
Apocal. 6.  
Apocal. 21.

This worlde must chaunge: That worlde shall still indure  
Here, pleasures fade: There, shall they endlesse bee;  
Here, man dothe sinne. And there, hee shall bee pure,  
Here, deathe hee tastes: And there, shall never die.

I Corinth. 15.

Here, hathe he grieve: And there shall ioyes possesse,  
As none hathe seene, nor anie harte can gesse.

Apocal. 21.  
I Corinth. 2.

Introductory exposition of De Guileville's allegory will show that it contains sufficient *subject-matter*, as well as *personages*, to have suggested to Bunyan the outline, at least, of his own.

Mr. Montgomery (in his Introductory Essay to the Pilgrim's Progress) has suggested that a print in Geoffrey Whitney's book of Emblems, published in 1586, representing a Christian pilgrim spurning the world, may have given Bunyan his first idea of his Christian pilgrim.

We cannot doubt that the popular book of emblems were great favourites of his, and we here insert the facsimile of one, (with three small prints taken from an old edition of the Pilgrim's Progress,) which is sufficient of itself, to his inventive imagination and natural love of allegory, to have excited him to write the appalling details of the Christian's progress through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But a parallel still stronger may be found where perhaps it would be least expected, and that is in the "Valley Perilous" of Sir John Mandeville.—See his "*Voyage and Travaille to Hierusalem*," chap. 28.

"SPIRITALE XIANI MILITIS CERTAMEN."

The engraving of the Christian Warrior is one of those emblematic prints so constantly issued by the artists of the Low Countries at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. They were spread very generally over Europe by the book and printellers of Holland and Germany; and it was no unusual thing for the English bookellers to employ these copperplates or woodcuts to illustrate the works they published. Jerome Wierix, the designer of the present engraving, was born in 1548, and passed an industrious life in the production of a large number of engravings, remarkable as well for vigour of design as for extreme elaboration of finish. His Christian Warrior is here armed in accordance with the words of St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, (chap. 6,) and is surrounded by the various dangers and temptations which hinder his progress to the New Jerusalem, seen dimly in the distance. The Spirit of God hovers over him,<sup>1</sup> and he treads under foot the sins of the flesh;<sup>2</sup> beside his right arm, Christ, is the "corner-stone," has crushed the head of the Serpent. The World, arrayed in attractive garb, appears before him, holding in one hand a money-bag, in the other a

<sup>1</sup> The dove, the token of the Holy Spirit, hovers over the head of the *Christian*. So, in De Guileville, this token of love is often sent to relieve the "pelerin" by *Grace Dieu*—like the key *Christian* finds in his bosom to open the gate of *Doubting Castle*.

<sup>2</sup> Bunyan says, "One of the wicked ones got behind him, and, whispering, suggested grievous blasphemies to him."

*Diabolus* assaults him with flaming darts at his breast; but *Christian* had a shield in his hand with which he caught them. "Then," says Bunyan, "did *Christian* draw—for he saw it was time to bestir him."

The *World* is Madame *Bubble*, so truly described by *Standfast*. (2nd Pt. p. 165.)

The *Flesh* is Madame *Wanton*, (Bunyan, p. 82;) *Death* denotes the valley itself.

In these and other features of the Engraving there are many points of resemblance to Bunyan.

## *Le Pelerinage de l'Homme*

drinking-cup, whilst cards and dice are at her feet. Behind him the Devil aims his arrow and in front Death prepares his scythe for the inevitable blow. In the background, and advance of his path to the city of rest, Sin awaits to obstruct him, and remorselessly thurst forth "the worm of conscience"<sup>1</sup> to his view. Between the different figures in the Plate are a great number of texts of Scripture taken from the Vulgate.

It has been already suggested<sup>2</sup> that, independently of De Guileville's writings, it works also of the author of "Piers Plowman's Vision,"<sup>3</sup> "Hampole's Prick Conscience," and similar old English poems, furnished to John Bunyan his idea of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is indeed natural to suppose that this was the case, not only from the method in which the latter author treats his subject generally, as, for instance in the personification of the vices, &c. but also from the particular way in which he introduces it to the reader, under the similitude of a dream.

In order, however, to show how close this similitude is, it will perhaps be best to quote such passages from those earlier writings which bear most closely upon the point and the reader will thus be enabled to judge for himself as to the extent to which Bunyan was indebted to his predecessors both for the "plot" and treatment of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The *Vision of Piers Plowman*, then, contains a series of visions, which the author imagines himself to have seen, while he was sleeping, after a long ramble on the Malvern hills in Worcestershire.

Than gan I to meten a marvelouse sweuen  
That I was in wilderness wylt I never where  
As I beheld into the ast<sup>a</sup> on highe to the sonne  
I saw a tower on a toft rychlych ymaked  
A *depe dale* beneth a dungeon therin  
With *depe* diches a darcke and dreadful of fyght

\* \* \* \* \*

And thus I wente wide wher walkyng myn one<sup>b</sup>  
By *wilde wildernes* and by a *wodes syde*  
Blisse of the briddes<sup>c</sup> broughtte me a slepe  
And undir a lynde upon a launde<sup>d</sup> lened I a stounde  
To lythe the layes the lovely fowles made

<sup>1</sup> But why must they be thought to 'scape that feel  
Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel,  
Which *conscience* shakes?—*Creech's Juvenilia*.

<sup>2</sup> See *supra*, p. 3.

<sup>3</sup> There has been some dispute as to who the author of *Piers Plowman's Vision* really was. (the whole, however, it appears almost certain that it was written by Robert Langland or Longland, secular priest, who was born at Cledbury Mortimer, (co. Shropshire,) and was a fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. According to Bale he finished his book in 1369; and Wood says of him, "Robertus Langland, Johannes Malvernus nonnullis appellatur; fertur autem inter sui saeculi poetas maxime facetos excusuisse."—*Wood's Hist. and Antiq. Univ. Oxon.* l. 11, p. 107.)

<sup>a</sup> East.

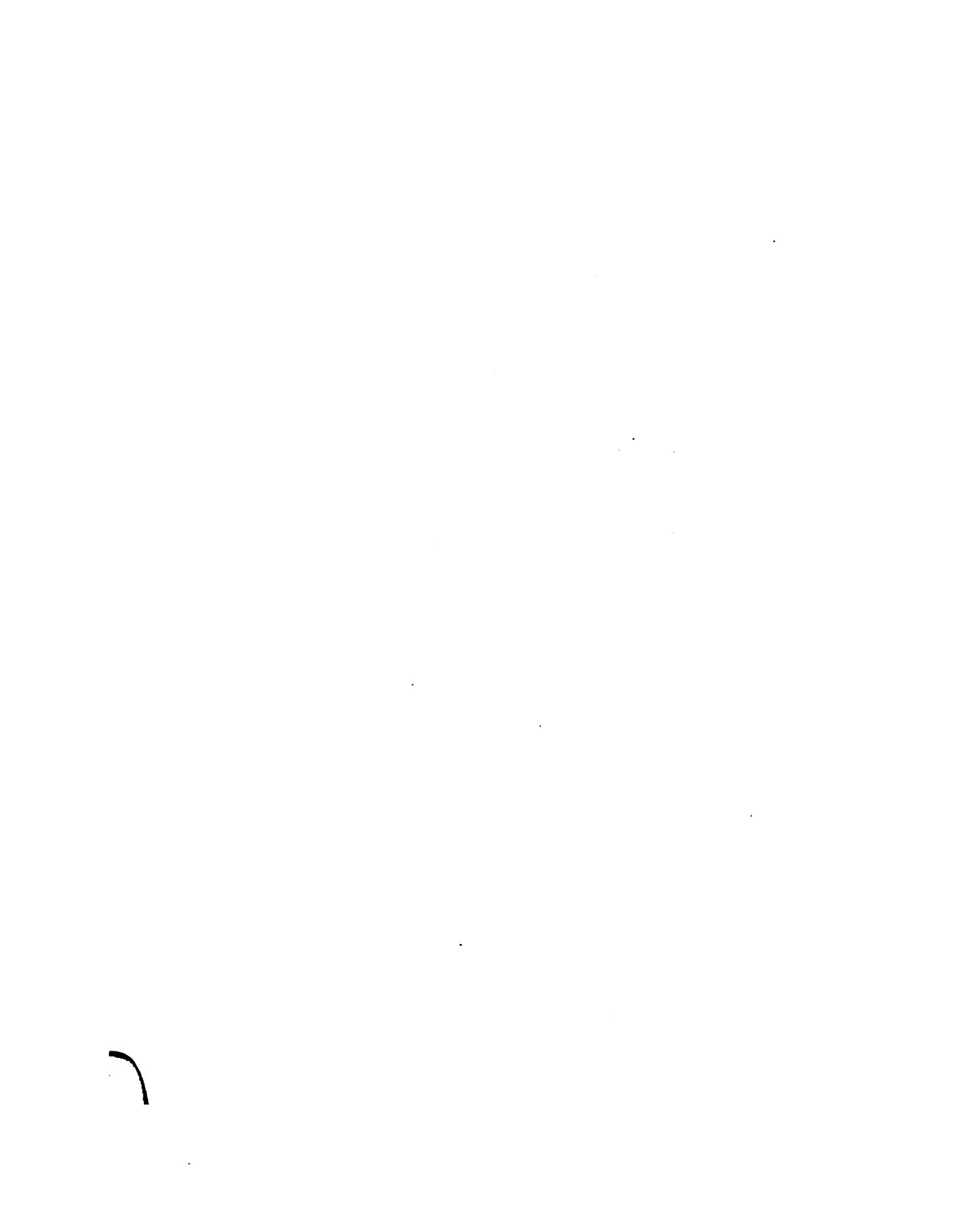
<sup>b</sup> Mine own self.

<sup>c</sup> Happy melody uttered by the birds.

<sup>d</sup> Reclining on an open plot of ground under a lime-tree.



THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.



Mirthe of ire mouthes made me ther to slepe  
The merveilous metets<sup>a</sup> me mette than  
That ever dremyd wyghtte in world as I wene  
A much<sup>b</sup> man as me thoughte and lik to my silve  
Com and callid me be my kinde name  
What art thou coth I tho that thou my name knowest  
That thou wost wel coth he and no wyghtte bettre  
Wot I what thou art *Thoughtte* seide he thanne  
I have swid<sup>c</sup> thee this sevene yere sey thou me no rather

<sup>a</sup> Dreams.

<sup>b</sup> Humble.

<sup>c</sup> Sought.

ilarly, in the 2nd Part of Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan sleeps and dreams *in a wood* ie fancies *an aged gentleman* comes and enters into conversation with him, whose : *Sagacity*.

lter Mapes, who flourished in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I., in his satire misused learning and corrupt state of the church, entitled "Apocalypsis Golias i," (Harl. Lib. No. 978,) fancies in his vision, that, as he is *lying in a grove*, he form of Pythagoras standing before him. In like manner, Dante sees *Virgil*,— Guileville's Pilgrim sees *Ovid*.

uin,—a translation of Walter Mapes's *Apoc. Golias*, written about the year 1623, in a similar manner to that of "Piers Plowman."

When as the funnes hot lamp out of the *Bull*  
Darted his burning beames unto the full  
I tooke the way to a woodes shady grove  
The gentle west winds favour for to prove  
Just at the middle of a summers day  
Under Joves tree as all along I lay  
*Pythagoras* his forme I saw stand by &c.

imilar exordium precedes a poem which was exceedingly popular throughout the Ages, from the tenth century downwards, entitled, "Debate of the Body and Soul."

Als I lay in a winteris nyt  
In a dronkening before the day  
Vor south I sau a selly syt  
A lady on a bere lay

nay be remarked also, by the way, that a decided similarity occurs between the tale of Lydgate's *Temple of Glas* and Dante's *Inferno*.

*Me dyd oppresse a sodayne dedely slepe*  
Within the whiche methought that I was  
Ravyshed in spyrite into a Temple of Glas  
I ne wyft howe, ful ferre in wyldernessee  
That founded was all by lyyclynnesse

*Le Pelerinage de l'Homme*

Not upon stile but on a craggy roche  
 Lyke yse yfroze  
 Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
 Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura

\* \* \* \* \*

*I non so ben ridir, com' io' v'entrai  
 Tant'era pien di sonno, &c. (Dante, Inferno.)*

In the midway of this our life below,  
 I found myself within a gloomy wood,—

\* \* \* \* \*

*How first I enter'd it is hard to say,  
 In such deep slumber were my senses bound. (Wright's Trans.)*

The mention of Dante's *Inferno* will call to the recollection of the lovers of ancient English poetry the names of three of our northern middle-age poets, who have, in their *Dreams*, had similar *Visions*. The first of these was Richard Hampole, a doctor of divinity, better known as "the hermit of Hampole," who, about the year 1349, wrote his poem called "*The Pryce of Conscience*," divided into seven parts—the number of Limbes in Dante's *Inferno*, and of the deadly sins—in which he treats of *Death*, *Judgment*, of the torments of *Hell*, and of the joys of *Heaven*; subjects often treated by both poets and painters under the title of the *Four Last Things*; or, as the Italians call the celebrated frescoes of *Orcagna*, in the Campo Santa of Pisa, the four *Novissimi* or *Ultimamenti*.

Hampole, in his *Inferno*, gives a shuddering description of the torment of those who calls "the syn-folke," in that monkish legendary hell of fire and ice, described by Dante in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, and since adopted by our two greatest poets, Shakespeare and Milton. Thus Hampole's description is:—

The syn-folke schulleth as I haue afore y-told  
 Ffele outrageous hete and afterwards to much colde  
 Ffor now he schulleth freoze and now brenne  
 And so be ybyn that non schal other kenne  
 And also be ybyte with dragonnes felle and kene  
 The whuche schulleth hem destrye outrigte and clene  
 And with other vermyng and bestes felle  
 The whuche beothe nougt but fendes of helle &c.

"One of the torments of the damned, in Dante's *Inferno*," says Warton, "is the punishment of being eternally confined in lakes of ice:

*'Eran l'ombre dolenti nell ghiaccia  
 Mettendo i denti in nota di cicogna.'*

"The ice is described to be like that of the Danube or Tanais. This species

infernal torment, which has been adopted both by Shakespeare and Milton, has its origin in the legendary hell of the monks. The hint seems to have been taken from an obscure text in the book of Job, (xxiv. 19,) dilated upon by St. Jerome, and the early commentators. The torments of hell, in which the punishment by cold is painted at large, had formed a visionary romance, under the name of St. Patrick's Purgatory or Cave, long before Dante wrote."—*Warton's Hist. Eng. Poet.* v. 3, p. 208.

In Act III. Sc. 3, of "Measure for Measure," Shakespeare makes Claudio exclaim :—

Aye, but to die, and go we know not where !  
— and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in *fiery floods*, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of *thick-ribbed ice*, &c.

And Milton thus describes that "dismal world":—

The parching air  
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.  
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd  
At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
From beds of raging fire, to starve in *ice*  
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

*Par. Lost*, B. II. l. 600.

Sir David Lyndesay of the Mount is another of our northern dreamers who has left us descriptions of the infernal and purgatorial regions, and the exordium to his poem called "*The Dreme*," produced in 1528, is modelled upon those of his predecessors.

The poet ascends the cliffs on the sea-shore, and *entering a cavern, high in the crags*, sits down to *register in rhyme some mery matter of antiquitie*. He compares the fluctuation of the sea with the instability of human affairs ; and, at length, being comfortably shrouded from the falling sleet by the closeness of his cavern, *is lulled asleep* by the whistling of the winds among the rocks, and the beating of the tide. He then has the following vision.

He sees a *lady of great beauty*, and benignity of aspect, who says she comes to soothe his melancholy by showing him some new sights. Her name is *Remembrance*. Instantaneously she carries him into the centre of the earth. Hell is here laid open—which is filled with popes, cardinals, abbots, &c. and a long satire on the clergy ensues. She then gives the poet a view of *Purgatory* :—

A lytill above that dolorous dungeoun  
We enterit in ane cuntrie full of cair

*Le Pelerinage de l'Homme*

<sup>a</sup> Weeping and howling.

<sup>b</sup> Many an unhappy fore, or trouble.

Quhare that we saw money ane legioun  
Greitand<sup>a</sup> and gowland with money ruthfull fair<sup>b</sup>  
Qhat place is this quod I of blis so bair

But the most extraordinary production of all that have appeared under the similitude of a *Dream* is that of William Dunbar, a native of East Lothian, about the year 1470; who, under the title of "Dunbar's Daunce," has given us a picture of the *Inferno*, in burlesque style, in which he exhibits groups of figures worthy of Callot's pencil. But we must have taken him as his model.

The poet in his *Dreme* sees a display of hell, and Mahomet or the Devil commands a dance to be performed by a select party of fiends: immediately the seven deadly sins appear, and present a mask or mummery.

The method which they take to introduce their allegory to the reader was so strictly adhered to by the ancient *Dreamers*, that we are naturally led to suppose it must have been founded on some conventional plan. The following passages from De Guileville's *Pilgrim*, and Chaucer's *Dream*, called the "Book of the Ducheſſ," form a curious parallel in support of such an inference. Chaucer dreams, whilst he is in his bed, in the same manner as De Guileville describes himself to have done—and the illuminated M of his poem represents him as sleeping on his bed in the cell of his convent. Chaucer is also aroused from his dream by the turret-clock of the castle, as De Guileville is awoken by the sound of the matin-bell:—

**P**OURTANT le dy car vne foiz  
Lan mil trois cens dix par trois fois  
Ung songe vy bien merueilleux  
Lequel ainsi com sommeilleux  
Jescripz a mon reueillement

Thus also Chaucer:—

So when I saw I might not sleepe  
Now of late this other night  
Upon my bed I late upright  
And bade one reachen me a booke  
A *Romaunce* and it me tooke  
To rede and drive the night away

After the reading of the Romance he falls asleep; and, according to his usual custom, dreams:—

<sup>c</sup> Dreamed.

Methoughten thus that it was May  
And in the dawning where I lay  
Me met<sup>c</sup> &c.

De Guileville thus describes his “*reveillement*:”—

Ce me sembla en ce moment  
Si que de lesponusement  
Esueille et desdormy fu  
Et me trouuay si esperdu  
Quauiser ne me pouoie  
Se ia mort ou en vie iestooie  
Jusqua tant que iouy sonner  
*Lorologe de nuyt* pour leuer  
Et aussi lors chantoient les cocqs  
Pour quoy leuer me cuiday lors  
Mais ne peu car fuz retenu  
De la grant pensee ou ie fu  
Pour le myen aduentureux songe  
Ou quel se quelque vne mensonge  
Estoit meslee ou contenue  
Ou qui fust de peu de value

And Chaucer follows in a similar strain :—

Right thus me mette as I you tell  
That in the castell there was *a bell*  
As it had smitten houres twelve  
And therewith I awoke myselve  
And found me lying in my bed  
And the book which I had read

He adds :—

Thought I this is so quaint a sweven  
That I would by *proces of time*  
Fond to put this sweven in rhyme  
As I con best and that anon

But this is only an echo to what De Guileville says at the opening of his poem :—

**S**OOUENTEFFOYS il aduient bien  
Quant on a songe quelque rien  
Quon y pense sur lesueiller  
Et fil ne souuient au premier  
De tout le fonge proprement  
Bien aduient que son y entent  
Quapres a plain il en souuient  
Et tout a memoire reuient  
Au leuer on est sommeilleux

## *Le Pelerinage de l'Homme*

Et font les fens si pareceux  
 Que son songe point on nentent  
 Si non *en groz* sommierement  
 Mais quant on fest bien aduise  
 Et on ya apres pense  
 Lors en souuient il plus a plain  
 Mais *quon naſtende au lendemain*  
 Car trop astendre *le feroit*  
*Oblier et nen souuientroit*

There is, moreover, a similarity between the “*Envoye*,” or “way of sending & their books,” of Bunyan and De Guileville, which appears to be sufficiently deserving of a passing remark: though it must, of course, be regarded as a circumstance perfectly fortuitous. De Guileville informs us that the first rough sketch of his *Pilgrim* had been stolen from him, and numerous copies circulated by the culprit—of which he complains:—

Afin que ie ne lobliaſſe  
 Et quapres le *recorrigeaſſe*  
 Quant mieulx esueille ie feroye  
 Et que pense plus y auroie  
*Ce que ie cuidoie moult bien faire*  
 Se ie neufſe eu en *ce contraire*  
 Car fans mon ſceu et volente  
 Tout mon eſcript me fut *oſte*  
*Par tout diuulge*

Not being able to root out the copies of his original sketch, he resolves on publishing an amended edition of his dream, and sending it forth with an “*Envoye*” tied round neck!

*Tout entour le col luy pendray*  
*Pource quenuoyer le vouldray*  
*Par tous les lieux ou a este*  
*Sans mon voloir et fans mon gre*

And he thus addresses his book:—

¶ Doncques songe *tu ten yras*  
*Par tous les lieux ou eſte as*  
 A tous tes *prouains\** ie tenuoie  
*Pource que bien y ſcez la voye*  
*De par moy va les tous tailler*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
*Va doncques toſt ou ie tenuoye*  
*Car mieulx y ſcez que moy la voye*

In like manner, Bunyan sends forth HIS *Second Part*, with an “*Envoye*” round

\* The *offets*, or copies of his 1st MS.

to "every place in which his *first* pilgrim had already shewn his face," and thus incites the numerous counterfeits of it in circulation.

*Bunyan.* "Go now, my little Book, to every place  
Where my *first* Pilgrim has but shewn his face :  
Call at their doors, &c."

*Book.* "But how, if they will not believe of me,  
• That I am truly thine—'cause some there be  
That *counterfeit* the Pilgrim, and his name ;  
Seek, by *disguise*, to seem the very same,<sup>1</sup>  
And by that means have wrought themselves into  
The hands and houses of I know not who."

*Bunyan.* "'Tis true, some have of LATE, to counterfeit  
*My Pilgrim*, to their own, my Title set ;  
Yea, others, half my name and title too,  
Have stitched to their books to make them do ;  
But yet, they, by their features, do declare  
Themselves not mine to be, whose e'er they are."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Wherefore, my Book, let no discouragement  
Hinder thy travels ; behold, thou art sent  
To Friends, not Foes—to Friends that will give Place  
To thee, thy Pilgrim's, and thy word embrace.  
—Go then, my little Book, and shew to all  
That entertain and bid thee Welcome shall,  
What thou shalt keep close shut up from the rest,  
And wish what thou shalt shew them may be blest  
To them for Good, and make them chuse to be  
Pilgrims, by better far than thee and me."

'his close similarity in the mode adopted by the early poets and dreamers, whether French or foreign, of " sending forth " their books, amounting almost to an identity of fashion, can by no means be regarded as accidental. Though the subjects of their poems differed essentially, they were all formed in the same mould. From Jean de Meung, Rutebeuf, and De Guileville, down to Piers Plowman, Chaucer, Lydgate, and Lawes—they all followed in each other's wake ; and Bunyan, in admiration of his models, constructed and launched his unrivalled *argofy*, saying :—

O, let my little bark attendant fail,  
Enjoy the triumph and partake the gale.

This may refer to the publication of a pretended "Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress," published by Thomas Malthus, a year before Bunyan published his own. *Vide* Southey's Life of Bunyan, ii. and Offer's edit. of the Pilgrim's Progress, p. cxxiv.

*Le Pelerinage de l'Homme and the Pilgrim's Progress.*

Stephen Hawes, in his "Pastime of Pleasure," published in 1506, which he entitles "The Course of Man's Life in this World," thus addresses his book, in what he calls "Excusation of the Author," a title much like the preamble to the 1st part of Pilgrim Progress, which Bunyan calls "The Author's Apology for his Book."

Go, little boke ! I praye God thee save  
From misse metryng by wrong impression,  
And whō that ever list thee for to have,  
That he perceyve well thyne intencion,  
For to be grounded without presumption,  
As for to eschewe the fynne of ydlenes ;  
To make such bokes I apply my busines.  
Beseeching God for to give me grace,  
Bokes to compyle of moral vertue.

The following is from Lydgate's Poem in honour of St. Edmond, the patron of monastery at Bury St. Edmond's :—

Go, littel boke, be ferfull, quaak for drede,  
For to appere in so hyhe presence.

And Chaucer thus addresses his Book, at the close of his poem of "The Flow and the Leaf":—

O little book ! thou art so unconning,  
How dar'st thou put thyself in pres<sup>a</sup> for dread ?  
It is wonder that thou waxest not red,  
Sith that thou wot'st full lite<sup>b</sup> who shall behold  
Thy rude language, full boistously unfold.<sup>c</sup>

These passages are not only sufficient indications of the sources from which Bunyan drew his description, at the opening of his allegory, of the place in which he chose to dream, (a den or valley,) and the mode he adopted of "sending forth" his book, the form of the ancient "Envoye," but also good evidence of his taste for, and attachment to, our old vernacular literature.

<sup>a</sup> In public, or in the crowd.

<sup>b</sup> Little.

<sup>c</sup> Roughly displayed or unfolded.



**A P P E N D I X.**





## Appendix.

ntaining the Description of the Holy City, &c. and Explanation of the  
lcuts from Vitellius C. xiii., also Translations of the original French quoted  
? Analysis.

*The Woodcuts are copied from "Le Pelerinage de l'Homme," imprime en  
par Anthoine Verard, fol. Paris, 1511.*

### DESCRIPTION OF THE HOLY CITY.

HE seyde yer ho lyft take kep<sup>a</sup>  
I was avyfed in my slep  
Excyted eke and that a noon  
To Jerusalem for to goon  
meved in my corage  
do my pylgrymage  
ier to steryd inwardly  
tell the cause why  
or me thouht I hadde a syght  
inne a merour large and bryght  
at hevenely ffayr cyte  
representede vnto me  
of holy the manere  
inne the glas ful bryht and cler  
verrayly as yt so thouhte me  
ellyde off bewete<sup>b</sup>  
er in comparyson  
od hym sylff was the masown<sup>c</sup>  
mad yt ffayr at ys devys<sup>d</sup>  
verkman was there noon so wys

Yt to conceyve in hys entent  
Ffor al the weyes and paament  
Was ypavyd all off gold  
And in the sawter<sup>e</sup> yt ys told  
How the ffyrst ffundacyon  
On hylls off devocyon  
The masounry wrouht ful clene  
Off quyke stony bryht and schene  
Wyth a closour rounde a bowte  
Off enemyes ther was no dowte  
Ffor awngell the wach ykepte  
The wych day nor nyht ne slepte  
Kepyng so strongly the entre  
That no wyht kam in that cyte  
But pylgrymes day nor nyht  
That thyder wentyn evene ryht  
And ther were many manfyouns  
Placys and habytacyouns  
And ther was also al gladnesse  
Joye with ovten hewynesse  
And pleynly who that hadde grace

<sup>a</sup> The said year  
(let whoever list-  
eth give heed.)

<sup>b</sup> Beauty.

<sup>c</sup> Mason.

<sup>d</sup> After his own  
plan.

<sup>e</sup> Pfalter.

*Appendix.*<sup>a</sup> Slain.

Ffor to entre in that place  
 Ffond on to hys plesaunce  
 Off joye al maner suffyaunce  
 That any hert kan devyse  
 And yet the entre in swych wyse  
 Was strongly kepte ffor komyng in  
 Ffor the awngel cherubin  
 Off the gate was cheff porter  
 Hauing a swerd flawmyng as cler  
 As any ffyr evene at the gate  
 And who that wold erly or late  
 Passen the wal he was yslawe<sup>a</sup>  
 There ne was noon other lawe  
 Ne bet helpe ne bet refut<sup>b</sup>  
 The vengeance ay was execute  
 In the passage thyder ward  
 The weye was so streiht and hard  
 Ffor giauntyts with ther felonye  
 And with ther mortel tormentye  
 Devyseden on ther entent  
 Fful many wonderful torment  
 Lyggyng awayt fro day to day  
 To flan pylgrymes in ther way

<sup>b</sup> Better refuge.<sup>c</sup> Slaughter.<sup>d</sup> Together.<sup>e</sup> Affected with.<sup>f</sup> He who heeds  
these things is c-  
teemed wise.<sup>g</sup> Follow.<sup>h</sup> Banners.

Makynge ful grete occyfion<sup>c</sup>  
 Off pylgrymes of grete renoun  
 Off men and wommen both ysere<sup>d</sup>  
 Whos martyrdom as ye shaal here  
 Was ful grevous to endure  
 Ffor somme of hem I yow ensure  
 Wern out of ther skynnes flawe  
 And somme by ful mortel lawe  
 Were hew as bokys kan remembre  
 Asonder partyd every membre  
 Cruceyed of blood al red  
 And many other lost hys hed  
 Off somme the bowelys wer out rent  
 And somme on hote colys brent  
 Ffretyng salt cast in among  
 Ffor to make ther peynys strong  
 Myd the ffyry flawmys reed  
 Somme boyled in oylle and led  
 And sore bete that yt was wonder  
 Somme sawyd evene asonder  
 Nerff and bon asonder rent  
 And ther entraylles aforn hem brent

The fellouns wern on hem so felle  
 That yt ys pyte for to telle  
 And ther ys no man now a lyve  
 That kan the penys halff defcryve  
 Nor a sermon ther off make  
 That they suffrede ffor the sake  
 Off crift ihū vnto the deth  
 Ffor love tyl they yald vp the breth  
 Myd ther mortal peynes smerte  
 Ffor ther ys noon so hard on hert  
 So despitous nor so ffelon  
 That he wold ha compassyon  
 Ben agryfed<sup>e</sup> off pyte  
 And spesyal y for to se  
 That they suffrede for no synne  
 But only off entent to wynne  
 The love off cryst and ffor hys sake  
 All they han up on hem take  
 Seyng how full long aforn  
 Cryft to suffre was yborn  
 And fforbar not to be ded  
 And sythen he that was her hed  
 Suffrede paynys deth and woo  
 The membrys wolde endure also  
 And ffollowe ther hed in al thyng  
 As seyn Gregori in his wretynge  
 Recordeth pleynly who taketh hed  
 Of al those wyse ys had<sup>f</sup>  
 For wyt the membrys as was due  
 After ther hed lyft to sue<sup>g</sup>  
 Wych by example went afore  
 To whom thentre was not forbore  
 Ffor swych as deyde ffor hys love  
 By wyketys entrede in above  
 Vp the gate hih a loffte  
 Thogh there was passage was not foffte  
 The porter lyft hem nat to lette  
 And ther pencillys<sup>h</sup> vp they sette  
 On cornerys wher them thouhte good  
 All steyned with ther oune blood  
 And whan that I perceyved yt  
 I conceyved yn my wyt  
 That who schold ther with inne  
 Entre by fforce he most yt wynne  
 By manhood only and by vertu  
 For by record of seyn Mathew

The hevene as by hys sentence  
 Wonnen ys by vvolence  
 Crysoftom recordeth ek also  
 Who lyfste taken hede ther to  
 That gret vvolence and myght  
 Yt ys who that loke aright  
 A man be born in erth her downe  
 And ravishe lyk a champion  
 The noble hih hevenely place  
 By vertu only and by grace  
 Ffor vertu doth to a man assure  
 Thyngs denied by nature  
 Thys to seyne who lyft lere  
 That vertu makyth a man conquere  
 The hih hevene in many wylle  
 To wych kynde may not suffyse  
 To cleyme ther poession  
 But she be guyded by reson  
 Wych to vertu ys maystresse  
 To lede hyr also and to dresse  
 In hyr Pylgrymage ryght  
 Above the sterrys cler and bryght  
 Ffor other weye koude I not se  
 To entre by in that cyte  
 Ffor cherubyn erly and late  
 Ay awaytynge at the gate  
 Was redy euer and ther stood  
 Whos swerd was bloodyd with the blood  
 Off crystys holy passyon  
 Whan he made our Redemption  
 Mankynge to restore agayn  
 The wych wey whan I hadde seyn  
 I was astonyd in my syght  
 But I was comforted anoon right  
 Whan I sawh the swerd mad blont  
 Off cherubin the wych was wont  
 To brenne as any flawnbe bryht  
 But now the sharpnesse and lyht  
 Was queynte<sup>a</sup> to do no more vengaunce  
 By vertu off crystys gret suffraunce  
 Wych shal no more for man be whet

\* \* \* \*

Affterward yt ys no ffayle  
 Me thouhte I sawh a gret mervayle  
 Vp on tours dyuers citatys  
 Off doctours and prelatys

Shewyng as by contenaunce  
 By speche and by dallyaunce  
 Techyng pylgrymes to knowe  
 That wer yn the vale lowe  
 How with travaylle and peyne  
 And how also they sholde atteyne  
 To make hem wynges ffor to fle  
 Hih aloffe to that cyte  
 By wynges of example good  
 Yiff they ther lernyng vnderstood  
 Wych they tauhth hem in ther lyff  
 By doctrine contemplatyff  
 Outward shewyng as by cher<sup>b</sup>  
 Ther love was to hem ful enter  
 Ffowndyd vpon charyte  
 Amongys wych I dede se  
 Gret nombre of thys Jacobins  
 Off chanouns and of Awstynys<sup>c</sup>  
 Folkys ful diuers of maner  
 Both temporal and seculer  
 Off clerkys and relygyous  
 And other ordrys vertuous  
 Mendykantys ful nedys  
 That day and nyht werrych besy  
 To gedre ffetterys bryht and shene  
 And make hem wynges ffor to ffeen  
 And gan a noon withal ther myght  
 To foren up and take her flyght  
 Hih in to that ffayr cyte  
 And hiler vp they dyde ffe  
 Above Cherubin that aungel cler  
 For they wer out of hys daunger  
 By the techyng and the doctrine  
 And by examples ek dyvyne  
 Wych these maystres hadde hem tauht  
 Wherby they han the hevene kauht  
 And ffonde ther in gret avauntage  
 To fforthre hem in ther pylgrymage  
 And how hem sylff they sholde guyde  
 And vp on the tother syde  
 Vnder the wal of the cyte  
 I sawh off gret autorite  
 Ffolkys wych dyde entende  
 To helpe her ffrendys to ascende  
 By ful gret subtylyte  
 To make hem entre the cyte

<sup>a</sup> Quenched so as to do.

<sup>b</sup> By their countenance or gesiture.

<sup>c</sup> Austin friars.

## Appendix.

<sup>a</sup> Ladders.

And ther to dyde her bysy cure  
By scalys<sup>a</sup> thorgh the strong cloſure  
And as me thouhte a mong echon<sup>b</sup>  
That faint benet<sup>c</sup> in soth was on

<sup>b</sup> Each one.

Wych as I rehers shal

<sup>c</sup> St. Benedict.

Ffor to scale that hih wal  
That was so myhty and so strong

<sup>d</sup> I knew not.

With hym brought a ladder long

<sup>e</sup> Get again.

In the wych men myhte fe

<sup>f</sup> Affirm.

<sup>1</sup>XII grees off humlyte

<sup>g</sup> For ever his  
scarf and staff,  
i. e. faith and  
hope.

By wych thorgh deuocyon  
Ffolk off hys relygyon  
Ascendys vp gre by gre  
With oute lette to that cyte  
And the ryht weye han take  
Monkys greye whyte and blake  
Ascending vp with oute ffer  
And seyn ffaunceys I sawh ek ther  
And many another I beheld  
Off dyuers ffolkys that vp ran  
Off whom the namys I not kan<sup>d</sup>

<sup>h</sup> Owe.

Nor how they dyde hem sylff affuro  
Over the wallys to recure<sup>e</sup>

<sup>i</sup> Reason.

On eche party rounde aboute  
Ffor I in soth that stood withoute

<sup>k</sup> Moved.

Myghe not be holden al the paas  
But on the party that I was

<sup>l</sup> I cared for no  
other joy.

Wych was to me gret dyspleſavnce  
But I dar seyn<sup>f</sup> in substaunce

<sup>m</sup> See as in a vi-  
ſion.

That ther was noon off no degré  
Wych entre myhte the cyte

<sup>n</sup> Better.

But lefft withoute lowe don  
Ffor al hys sherpe and bordoon<sup>g</sup>

<sup>o</sup> Before.

But thentent off hys vyage  
And ffyn ek off hys pylgrymäge

Wer set of herte fynally  
Ther whyde perpetuelly

With seyth hope and charyte  
To lyve at rest in that cyte

Ffor other thyng in hert and thouht  
To her defyre they wolde nouht

Ffor as the physosfre seyth

To whom men mosten eyven<sup>b</sup> freyh  
That al ffolk whoso they wende  
What they do ys for som ende  
And for that skyle<sup>i</sup> more and more  
I was steryd<sup>k</sup> wonder fore  
Ffor to take my journee  
Lyke a pylgryme to that cyte  
Off more joye I nat kepte<sup>l</sup>  
And me thouht ek as I slepte  
And in my dreem did ek mete<sup>m</sup>  
That ellys I myghte ha no quyete  
And thus feel pensyff in my guyse  
A noon I gan me to a vyse  
And thouht in my avyſion  
I ffailde a sherpe and bordon  
Wych al pylgrymes ouhte to have  
In the wey hem sylff to save  
And so the pylgrymes hadde echon  
In ther vyage but I allone  
They wer echon by ffore purveyd  
Bet<sup>n</sup> in ther wey to be conveyed

And I roos vp and that anoon  
And fro my hous gan out gon  
\* \* \* \* \*

Off entente forth to procede  
But than at erſt I gan take hede  
That to myn entencion  
I myghte fynden a bordoun  
And a sherpe wyche off usage  
Ffolk han that gon on pylgrymage  
Nedful to me and neceſſarye  
Ffor wych cause I dyde tarye  
Or I myghte gynne my journee  
To holde my wey to that cyte  
Ffor wych I went complaynyng  
Oute off my sylff tryſt and wepyng  
Cerchyng toſorn<sup>o</sup> and ek behynde  
Sherpe and bordon for to fynde  
And whil I dyde my besynesse  
<sup>2</sup>A lady of ful gret ffayrnesſe  
And gret nobleſſe soth to say

<sup>1</sup> This is an allusion to the foundation of twelve monasteries by St. Benedict, and his restriction of the n monks in each to twelve brethren and no more.

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcut I.

## Appendix.

V

te vpon the waye  
 vold I you behete.<sup>a</sup>  
 I sholde hyr mete  
 for my owne prowh<sup>b</sup>  
     hadde joye ynowh  
     ert gret gladnesse  
     by lyklynnesse  
     ter of som Emperour  
     ighty kyng or govenour  
     : lord that guyeth al  
     of power most royal  
     lady gracyous  
     nayre and vertuous  
     by gret delyht  
     te al of whyt  
     ys su gyrt off grene  
     ng ful bryht and shene  
     e a charboucle ston  
     d abowte hyr body shon  
     so reche as I was war  
     yr breft a nouche<sup>c</sup> s she bar  
     at nowher was no bet  
     e awmaylle<sup>d</sup> ther was sette  
     a reche sterre  
     t cast hys bemys ferre  
     bowte al the place  
     swych habondaunce off grace  
     ios bosom mylde ynowh  
     a dowe whyt as snewgh  
     wynge splayng<sup>e</sup> oute  
     round hyr honde aboute  
     of whom I han told  
     hyr hed a crowne of gold  
     f sterrys shene and bryht  
     aboute a ful cler lyht  
     il myghty who taketh hede  
     yt ferst upon hyr hed  
     : yt ffyrst by gret avys  
     tichesfie and gret prys  
     that I spak of here  
     ys and of noble chere  
     derly of gret vertu  
     she gan me to salue  
     wyse axynge of me

What maner thyng yt myght be  
 Or cause why I shold hyr lere<sup>f</sup>  
 That I made so hevy chere  
 Or why that I was ay wepyng  
 For lak of eny maner thyng  
 Wher of when I gan take hede  
 I ffyl ynto a maner drede  
 Ffor unkonyng and leudnesse<sup>g</sup>  
 That sche of so gret noblesse  
 Dysdenede not in hyr degre  
 To speke to on so pore as me  
 But yiff yt were so as I gesse  
 Al only of hyr gentyllenesse  
 For gladly wher ys most beute  
 Ther ys gretteſt humylyte  
 And that ys verrayly the sygne  
 Swych ar most goodly and benygne  
 An apple tre with frut most lade  
 To folk that stonden in the shade  
 Mor lowly doth hys branches loute<sup>h</sup>  
 Thon a nother tre withoute  
 Wher haboundeth most goodnes  
 Ther ys ay most of meknesse  
 None fo greet token of bewte  
 As ys parfyti humylyte  
 Who wanteth hyr in hys banere  
 Hath not vertu hool and entere<sup>i</sup>

\* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> And then I gan to wepe anoon<sup>k</sup>  
 Sihe and forowe and seyn allas  
 What shal I don now in thys cas  
 Or to what party in certeyne  
 Shal I drawen off thys tweyne

### GRACE DIEU.

Quoth Grace Dieu what may thys be  
 Why wepyſt thou what eyleth the  
 So thyfylve to dyſconforte

\* \* \* \*

### The PYLRIM.

Certys quoth I I may wel wepe  
 For yiff ye lyſt to take kepe

<sup>a</sup> Assure you that it was God's will that I should soon meet her.

<sup>b</sup> Profit.

<sup>c</sup> Necklace.

<sup>d</sup> Enamel.

<sup>e</sup> Spreading.

<sup>f</sup> Inform.

<sup>g</sup> Ignorance and surprise.

<sup>h</sup> Bend down.

<sup>i</sup> Whole and entire.

<sup>k</sup> ("A larmoyer," &c. f. 39, b.  
Vitell. C. xiii. f. 154, b.)

<sup>1</sup> The French references are to Verard's Edition.

## Appendix.

<sup>a</sup> Let down or abased.

<sup>b</sup> Follow or remain closely attached to.

<sup>c</sup> Vitell. C. XIII.  
<sup>d</sup> f. 14.  
“Je suis celle.”

<sup>e</sup> Regard or respect.

<sup>f</sup> Dove.

<sup>g</sup> Since.

<sup>h</sup> Make known.

<sup>i</sup> “Lors elle me  
pris en celle  
heure.” f. 4.

<sup>j</sup> Astonished.

My joye my myrthe and my plesaunce  
Myn elthe and al my suffysaunce  
Bodeynly me han forfake  
I may compleyn and sorowe make  
For whilom above the skye  
I was wont to fle ful hyhe  
And hadde also ful glad repaire  
With bryddis fleying in the hayr  
In my most lusty fresh sefon  
But now I am avalyd don <sup>a</sup>  
And fynde by gret adverfyte  
Al that ys contrayre unto me

\* \* \* \*

Cheyned ryht as ys an ape  
On to a clog and must yt sue <sup>b</sup>  
And fro thenys may nat remue  
For my body gret and large  
Ys the clog that me doth charge  
And letteth with hys grete wheyhte  
That I may nat flen an hyhte  
For ever with hys mortal lawe  
Don to th erthe he doth me drawe

\* \* \* \*

A body corrupt yt ys no nay  
Greveth the body [spirit?] nyht and day  
Kepeth hym in captyvyte  
Yt may not gon at lyberte  
Nouther wakyng nor a slepe  
For wych certys I may wel wepe  
And seyn allas and sory be  
Off my gret adverfyte

. . . . <sup>c</sup> To pylgrymes day and nyght  
I enlumine and give lyht  
To al pylgrymes in ther way  
As wel in dyrknesse as be day  
So they lyfte rewarde <sup>d</sup> me  
And lyfte that I her guyde be  
And yiff they erryn in her weye  
Ageyn I han hem wel conveye  
I wyl hem helpen and redresse  
Ffor I am she in sothfaftnesse  
Whom thow owest seke of ryght

In straunge lond with al thy myght  
I zive lyht to folk echon  
That out of hyr waye gon  
And releue hem on and alle  
Lefft vp folkys that be falle  
Ffrom al myscheff and from al blame  
And *Grace dieu* that ys my name  
Fful nedful in ech contre  
And by thys dowe <sup>e</sup> wych thow doft <sup>f</sup>  
Wych I bere with wynges fayre  
Humble benygne and debonayre  
I am tokeynyd who lyft seke  
With hyr goodly eyen meke  
And so thow shalt me calle in dede  
Whan thow haft on to me nede  
And that shal be ful offte sythe <sup>g</sup>  
That I may my power kythe <sup>g</sup>  
Telpe the in thy pylgrymage  
Ffor fynally in thy vyage  
As thow goft to that cyte  
Thow shalt haue offte aduersyte  
Gret mescheff and encombraunce  
Empechementys and dystribaunce  
Wych thow mayst nat in no degré  
Passe nor endure withoute me  
Nor that cyte never atteyne  
Thogh thow ever do thy peyne  
Withoute that I thy guyde be

<sup>1</sup> Tho hyr lyft no lenger byde  
But took me in the same tyde <sup>h</sup>  
And made me wt hyr for to gon  
To an hous of hers anoon  
Wher I sholde fynde indede  
Al thyng that I hadde of nede  
She was hyr sylff yn sothnesse  
Off thylk hous cheff founderesse  
Ffor on hyr word yt was fyrst ground  
And by hyr wyldom bylt and foundyc  
The yerys of the masownry  
Thyrtene hundred and thyrtty  
And ffor the ffayrnesse and bewte  
I hadde gret wyl that hous to se  
Abayshed <sup>i</sup> for yt was so fayr

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut II.

Ffor yt heng hih up in the hayr  
 Twen hevene and erthe stod the place  
 As yt hadde only by grace  
 Ffrom the hevene descendyd doun  
 So stod that hevenly mancyon  
 With steplys and with toures hihe  
 Freshely arrayed to the eye  
 As a place most royal  
 Above al other princypal  
 Wych stood vp on a ffayr River  
 The water ther of holsom and cler  
 But ther nas passage in that place  
 Nor shepe wherby men myhte passe

BAPTISM.<sup>1</sup>

\* The pilgrim having been exhorted by Gracedieu to enter her house by the waters of Baptism, he thus replies:—

## THE PYLGRYME.

Ffor wych to gracedieu I sayde  
 And to hyr thus I abrayde<sup>b</sup>  
 Madame me semeth in my thouht  
 That iue ben in perel brought  
 Ffor I kan sey no passage  
 To passe by nor avaantage

\* \* \* \* \*  
 I kan nat swymmen yt stondeth so  
 Wherfor I not what I may do  
 And yiff I entre I am in doute  
 How euer I schold komen oute  
 Ffor wych tentre I stonde in drede  
 I haue of helpe so gret nede

## GRACEDIEU argueth.

What menyth thys what may thys be  
 That thow art now as semeth me  
 So sore a dred of thys Ryver  
 Wych ys but lyte smothe and cler  
 Why artow ferful of thys stream  
 And art toward Jerufaleem  
 And mustest off necessyte  
 Paffen ferst the gret see

Or thow kome ther to her ys al  
 And dreyf now thys Ryver smal  
 And most kouth<sup>c</sup> ys thys passage  
 To chyldre that be yong of age  
 And offter han thys ryver wonne  
 Than folk that ben on age ronne

\* \* \* \* \*  
 For other weye ys ther noon  
 To Jerufaleem for to goon  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 And ek I wyl the telle a thyng  
 Ther passede onys her a kyng  
 Ffyrst assuryng the passage  
 Unto euery maner age

\* \* \* \* \*  
 To washen hym yt was no nede  
 But that hym lyft off lowly hede  
 Schewe example by hys grace  
 How other folkys sholde passe  
 Wher by the same went  
 Wherfore tel me thyn entent  
 Yiff thow thys ryver lyft atteyne  
 And I shal anon ordeyne  
 A sergaunt of myn inspecial  
 Wych offycer the helpe shal  
 For to passe the water cler  
 And wardeyn ys of the Ryver  
 He shal the wafshe he shal the bathe  
 And make the passe the more rathe  
 And to put the out of doute  
 He shal crosse the round aboute  
 Make the sur as thow shalt se  
 From al tempestys of the se  
 Tescape the wawe of euery stream  
 And make the wynne Jerufaleem  
 By conquest and fynally  
 That thow shalt drede non enmy

The Pilgrim inquires the necessity of this washing.

In answer to this inquiry Gracedieu thus speaks—

\* “ When God had created Adam and Eve, your first parents, He bestowed such favour up-

<sup>a</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
 f. 15, b.

<sup>b</sup> Upbraid.

<sup>c</sup> Well known.

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut III.

<sup>2</sup> A summary of her answer is given in prose.

<sup>a</sup> Psal. xviii. 20.<sup>b</sup> Prov. xiii. 6.<sup>c</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 22.<sup>d</sup> Gal. v. 17.<sup>e</sup> Gen. ii. 8.<sup>f</sup> John i. 17.<sup>g</sup> Rom. v. 19.<sup>h</sup> Deut. vi. 5.  
Lev. xix. 18.  
Matt. xxii. 37—  
39.  
Mark xii. 30.  
Luke x. 27.<sup>i</sup> John xiv. 21.  
<sup>j</sup> Pet. i. 22.<sup>k</sup> James i. 14.<sup>l</sup> Titus iii. 5.<sup>m</sup> Chaff.<sup>n</sup> Remains.<sup>o</sup> Mark iv. 28.

## Appendix.

on them as enabled them to live without infirmity, and without necessity of death. He granted them uprightness, and power to keep that uprightness in freedom of will,<sup>a</sup> so that the body then obeyed the soul,<sup>b</sup> tendering it subjection as it ought in reason to do.

“ God intended this Righteousness as an inheritance to their posterity; but Adam and Eve forfeited it by their disobedience. Then death became their portion;<sup>c</sup> and as they no longer obeyed God they lost the command over themselves;<sup>d</sup> for he who will not render subjection to a higher authority can no longer claim obedience.

“ Adam was placed in Paradise, to dress it and to keep it;<sup>e</sup> its felicity did not consist alone in delicious fruits and cooling waters, but in the uprightness which caused Adam and Eve to love their Creator better than themselves,<sup>f</sup> and each other as themselves.

“ But since human nature received so great a wound by their disobedience,<sup>g</sup> that this Righteousness became effaced from it, the good God renewed it when He commanded Moses,<sup>h</sup> saying, ‘ Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength,’ and thy neighbour as thyself.

“ Adam possessed this love by nature, the performance of it was therefore easy to him; but after his disobedience it became very difficult to his posterity, so that without my assistance it is impossible for you to do right; but if you make an effort to direct your course to the right haven

‘ de tirer tousiours a bon port’  
and to recover the power of loving<sup>i</sup> with a pure heart, your gracious Redeemer will ac-

cept your service as a duty done unto Himself and will pardon that which is wanting; an though the flesh will still tempt you to evil you must battle strongly against this sinful inclination;<sup>k</sup> you will always find resistance necessary, but I will be with you to enable you to withstand against your enemy, that it shall not overcome you,<sup>l</sup> which I cannot do unless you will submit to the washing” (of Baptism

The Pilgrim does not acknowledge this necessity, saying, that if his parents had been cleansed from original sin, he must also have inherited their cleansing.

GRACEDIEU replies:

<sup>1</sup> Than quod she to me agayn  
Tak hed when men seuen greyne  
The husk the chaff yt ys no nay  
But fyrt be clene put away  
Or yt be throwe upon the londe  
And sowe abroad with manhys hond  
Whit and pur yff thow take hede  
And afterward whan yt doth sede  
Upon the tyme off hys rypynge  
And the seson of gadryng  
Men fynde ageyn the same corn  
Huskyd as yt was beforne  
And ther to clothyd newe ageyn  
By which exaumple in certeyn  
Thogh thy fadris wer by grace  
Off ther orygynal trespace  
Purgyd clene and frely quyt  
The caff<sup>m</sup> and the strowh aby<sup>n</sup>  
Reneweth ay and ever shal  
Of the synne orygynal  
Up on the greyn wych of hem spryngeth  
The huske alway with hem they bryngeth  
Al folkys as thow shalt lere

<sup>1</sup> Lors me respondit elle or voy  
Comment en terre on seme ble  
Et quel apres il est trouue  
On ly meest despoille et nu  
Et on le retreue vestu  
De paille et de nouuelle cote  
Qui effre te doit vne note<sup>o</sup>  
Que se tes parens sont purgez  
De leurs originelz pechez

Pource nest mie que tout tel  
Nayes peche originel  
Ceste paille tousiours reuient  
Avec chascun quant nouvel vient  
En ce monde et en ceste terre  
Telement qua chascun fault querre  
Riuiere ou preigne lauement  
Sil veult auoir son purgement

## Appendix.

ix

That kyndely be sownen here  
 In this world fro day to day  
 The huske with hem abyt alway  
 And severyth not in no manere  
 Tyl they be waished in the ryvere  
 Wherfor by short conclusyoun  
 They nede eche on purgatyoun

The Pilgrim acknowledges that he can no longer make any objection, lamenting that it is out of his power to assist himself; an advocate arrives, who undertakes to speak for him and to aid him to pass the river

“ Et celluy Guillaume auoit nom  
 Pas ne scauoe son furnom.”

### 1 The PYLGRYME.

Tyl at the laste an aduocat  
 Kam to me tho in my nede  
 Without gerdoun <sup>a</sup> other mede  
 And for I hadde of speche lak  
 Wonderly goodly for me he spak  
 Profrede for to helpe of grace  
 To make me the Ryver passe  
 And that I myght over gon  
 And that I wer ek washe anoon  
 In al that ever he coude or myghte  
 And Guillyam ffor soothly he hyhte <sup>b</sup>  
 Hys surname I not ne knew  
 And thus he spak to Gracedieu  
 Myn almesse <sup>c</sup> with your grace

I wol fulfyllen in thy place  
 And yiff ye wyl I calle shal  
 Off your hous the Offycyal  
 Ffor yt ys now ryght good seson  
 Affter your oppynyon  
 That he mak by your byddyng  
 Off thys pylgrym the wafshyng  
 Wher of ye han so mych seyd  
 Quod she I am ryght wel assayd  
 And ther withal benygne of look  
 The advocate anoon me took  
 Of Charyte by gret plesaunce  
 Affter the custom and usaunce  
 And made calle of syrst of al  
 To helpyn hym the offycyal  
 Bad hem also among hem alle  
 Affter hys name me to calle  
 The he shold ek don hys never <sup>d</sup>  
 To helpe me pass the ryver  
 That I were waishen and noon ryght  
 And so he dyde withal hys myght  
 And many thynges as he abrayde  
 Over me methouhte he sayde  
 Wordys that hadde gret vertue  
 As he was taught of gracedieu  
 When thorgh me thouht and that anoon  
 That I saw ther fro me goon  
 A foul that was of colour blak  
 And in his lydene <sup>e</sup> thus he spak  
 Cryyng men herd hym every cost <sup>f</sup>  
 I wys quod he I have al lost

### 1 LE PELERIN.

¶ Adonec cest aduocat me prist <sup>g</sup>  
 Et ie lui dis quil mappelast  
 Tout ainf com lui et nommaist  
 Et que tantost me fist passer  
 Leauue pour moy dedens lauer  
 Celui vint tost et ainf fist  
 Mais quelque chose auant il dist  
 Sur moy qui auoit tel vertu  
 Quen ce point aduis il me fu  
 Que de moy vng oisel yssy  
 Qui estoit noir et a hault cry  
 Distoit en lair iay tout perdu  
 Cest official mal venu  
 Soit qui ainf morte mes droiz  
 Et maintenant et autreffoiz  
 ¶ Puis lofficial me baigna <sup>h</sup>  
 Et dedans leauue me laua  
 Trois soys me croifa et si me oint

Gracedieu ne men mentit point  
 Et quant ie fuz oultre passe  
 Et ladvocat sen fut ale  
 Qui me fist si grant courtoisie  
 Quoblier iamais ne doy mie  
 Lors en sa maison gracedieu  
 Me mena ou moult a beau lieu  
 Et la me fist elle semblant  
 Plus bel que nauoit fait deuant

### GRACEDIEU.

¶ Puis dist elle que es laue  
 Et que la ririere as passe  
 Et de toy est hors lenemy  
 Qui ia y auoit fait son ny  
 Maintes choses te monsterray  
 Dont ton prouffit tresgrant feray  
 Se tu as vourente daprendre  
 Et adroit y veulx bien entendre

<sup>a</sup> Reward.

<sup>b</sup> Truly he was called.

<sup>c</sup> Alms.

<sup>d</sup> “ Devoir,” behest.

<sup>e</sup> Song or narrative.

<sup>f</sup> Everywhere.

<sup>g</sup> f. 6. b.

<sup>h</sup> John iii. 5.

*Appendix.*<sup>a</sup> Same.

And from me now ys taken al  
By thys ylke<sup>a</sup> offycyal  
He hath my clothys fro me rauht<sup>b</sup>  
And thre tyme he hath me kauht  
And in the ryver plonged me  
Crosfyd as men myghte se  
Anoynted in the stremes cold  
Lyk as gracedieu me tolde  
I fonde she lyede never adel  
And when that I was fayre and wel  
The Ryver paffyd than anoon  
And th avocat ek was gon  
Wych only of gentrye  
Hadde don to me gret curtoysye  
That shal never out of mynd  
Than Gracedieu most good and kynde  
Ladde me forth in my repaire  
To a place ryght inly fayr  
And never she made me to fore  
So good chere syth I was bore  
Nor was so benygn of hyr port  
Unto me to don confort  
Now syth quod she that yt ys sene  
Thou art washed and made al clene  
And art paffyd the ryver  
Without a pereyl or daunger  
Thyn enemy fled out of thy brest  
Wher he asorn hadde made hys nest  
I shal the shew of gret delyt  
Fful many thyng for thy profyt

<sup>b</sup> Snatched away.<sup>c</sup> Vitell. C. XIII.  
f. 31.<sup>d</sup> And always  
continue thus  
together.<sup>e</sup> In good or evil  
circumstances.<sup>f</sup> f. 8. b.<sup>g</sup> Gen. xii. 10.<sup>h</sup> Gen. i. 27, 28.<sup>i</sup> f. 7. b.<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut IV.LE IOUENCCEL ET IOUENCELLE.<sup>f</sup>

## LE PELERIN.

Ung pelerin soudainement  
Vy venir deuers orient  
Et de lautre partie a droit  
Une pelerine venoit  
A lofficial font venuz  
En disant sans astendre plus  
Ensemble nous voulons aier  
Et ensemble peleriner  
En ierusalem la cite  
Mais que vous ayez voulente  
De nous enfeigner que ferons  
Et comment feurement yrons

## LE PRESTRE.

Lors leur dist il cest grant seurte  
Que soyez deus en verite  
Mais que bien vous vous entramez<sup>g</sup>

1 ORDRE OFF MARYAGE.<sup>c</sup>

## The PYLGRYME.

And tho myn eye as I vp cafte  
I fawe komen wonder faste  
A pylgrym al fodeynly  
Holdyng hys weye fynally  
As methouht in hys entent  
Drawyng into the oryent  
And even in the opposyt  
I fawe ek come by gret delyt  
A woman wych that was also  
A pylgryme ek and both two  
Her wey took in especyal  
Towardys the offycyal

(He) tolde hem yiff they wolde gon  
They moсте of herte be alon  
Tweyne in on and on in tweyne  
Both in joye and ek in peyne  
And so to gydre ay persevere<sup>d</sup>  
Tyl that deth make hem dyssevere

And that your trouthe on outhere side  
Perpetually in on abyde  
To your last that yt endure  
And that ye shal to me assure  
Both be feyth and ek by oth  
And beth wel war for leff or loth<sup>e</sup>

Et loyaulte vous vous portez  
Et ce que prometez par foy  
Tresbien a certes devant moy  
En gardant bien que vous serez  
Car sapres vous vous pariuress  
Et ne tenez vo conuenant  
Je vous prometez ne tant ne quant  
Ne vous vaudra vostre voyage  
Ne tout vostre pelerinage<sup>h</sup>

LEVESQUE.<sup>i</sup>

dy moy  
Je te prie se le fcez pour quoys  
Ma len fait la teste cornue  
Et baillie la verge poindue  
Nest ce pas pour punicions  
Des maulx faiz et corrections  
Je crois que les mauvais hurter  
Je dois des cornes et bouter  
Et de laiguillon les fort poindre  
Plus que de doulx oingement oindre

e for no varyaunce  
ke not your assuraunce  
ff ye don ye be forsworn  
t I warne you to forne  
at ye don in dede or thouht  
tel shal avaylle or nouht  
vnto yow your vyage  
ibour nor your pylgrymage  
r welbet to my entent  
ch of you allone went  
r hym sylff<sup>b</sup> and not trespace  
e found in any place  
ve to hys compayne  
t forset and folye  
man for to be founde  
e to hym that he ys bounde  
afon<sup>1</sup> is consulted by the Bishop, who  
ll me, I beg of you, why the mitre is  
, and the crozier pointed? Are they not  
d for the punishment and correction of

F my staff ek with the prykke  
d chastyn folkys that be wykke  
than lyke as ye me tolde  
ore how that I sholde  
e hem with the oyntment

RESON answereth.  
re frend quod tho Reson  
d in thy discrecioun  
tond me every del  
hat thou menest wel  
iowe platly<sup>d</sup> thy menyng  
ys good in ev ery thynge  
iy hornys and pyk also  
to the bothe two  
nyshyng and for chastyng  
tys rebel in werchyng<sup>c</sup>  
st thou sholdest hym dyrecte<sup>f</sup>

And with fayrnes hem correcste  
Swych as thow sey day by day  
Erryn from the high ryhte way  
And yiff thow founde hem obstynat  
That longeth yt to thy estat  
To punyf hem by thy offyce  
And vpon hem don ek justyce  
Legally for ther offence  
The lawe yeldeth the licensse  
But ferste thow sholdest trete hem fayre  
Be goodly ek and debonayre<sup>g</sup>  
And don alway ful gret labour  
To shewe sweetnesse afor Rygour  
And thogh the prykke of Rygour be<sup>h</sup>  
For chastyng the yoke to the  
Be alway war touchyng ryght  
Whan thow chastyfest any whyght  
Do yt never by swych duresse  
But yt be meynt<sup>i</sup> ay with swetnesse  
Medle with al the unctyon  
Off pyte and compassyon  
In thynt entente to be mor clene  
Thogh thyng hornys be sharp and kene  
To punyfishe ffolk by righteousnesse  
Thow sholdest ay the poyn特 so dresse  
In thy Rygour of equyte  
And in herte to have pyte  
On hem that thow hast justesyd  
Let mercy with ryght be so alayed  
And think how many day toforn  
Or<sup>k</sup> thou haddest any horn  
That he to whom thow art vyker  
And chose to be hys offycer  
Was humble meke and debonayre  
Charytable and not contrarye  
Off whom thow shalt example take  
To-forn or thow thy domys make<sup>l</sup>  
<sup>3</sup>Hornyd he was by apparence  
Not usyng hem by vyolence  
Thys was that holy Moyfes<sup>m</sup>  
That ledde al Israel in pes<sup>n</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Then.

<sup>b</sup> Sole, alone.

<sup>c</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
f. 26. b.

<sup>d</sup> Plainly.

<sup>e</sup> People who  
dislike working.

<sup>f</sup> Matt. xviii. 15.

<sup>g</sup> Eccl. xliv.  
10.

<sup>h</sup> Psalm xxiii. 4.

<sup>i</sup> Mingled.

<sup>k</sup> Before.

<sup>l</sup> Form your  
opinions.

<sup>m</sup> Erat Moyfes  
vir mitissimus.  
Numb. xii. 3.

<sup>n</sup> Peace.

Woodcut V. for a representation of the meeting between the "Bishop" and "Reason." Cf. also the note preceding page ("dy moy, &c."), where part of their dialogue is given.

English MS. is here nearly illegible.

"horns," so often painted on the head of Moses, represent merely "the glory," or halo, which we see in pictures of our Saviour, the Virgin, the Saints, &c.

## Appendix.

<sup>a</sup> Heb. xiv. 21, 22.<sup>b</sup> John x. 11.  
<sup>c</sup> Pet. v. 2.

• Flock.

• Perfectly.

• 1 Tim. i. 15.

• Bridge.

• Rom. xv. 14.

<sup>d</sup> Hosea xii. 6.

• 1 Cor. iv. 14.

<sup>e</sup> Heb. ix. 5.

• Prov. i. 20.

<sup>f</sup> Prov. xxix. 7.<sup>g</sup> Eccles. vii. 5.

Myddys thorgh the large see<sup>a</sup>  
 And with hys yerde thys was he  
 That passede the floodys raage  
 And made hem have good passage  
 Understondesthys lesson  
 Ye that han in subieccyon  
 Peplys onder your prelacye  
 To learn how ye shal hem guye  
 Thogh ye be hornyd to sych outward  
 Shewe as they wer styffe and hard  
 Let hem not growen in your herte<sup>b</sup>  
 To make your shep<sup>c</sup> so sore smerte  
 Thogh ye shewe outward dredful  
 Be the in your hertys merciful  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Take example off thy staff  
 Wych Grace dieu vnto the gaff  
 Thogh the poynyt be sharp and kene  
 Yt ys vpward<sup>d</sup> pleyn smothe and clene  
 The myddys ryht as any lyne  
 Aboue crookyd to enclyne  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Schowe hem euer of love a sygne

And in thy draught be ay benygne  
 Voyde off rancour and felonye  
 Than doft thou trewly occupye<sup>e</sup>  
 The staff wych thou haft on honde  
 For thow shalt wel understande  
 Yt tokeneth who that can concerne  
 That thou shalt therewyth governe  
 The peplys I dar wel specefye  
 Committedy to thy prelacye  
 Make hem passe thys thy charge  
 The Ryuer of this world ful large  
 Thy staff to ther avaantage  
 Shal conduce ther passage  
 Sych are the pyk profound and depe  
 In to the wawes hem to kepe  
 And with al thys thou most take hede  
 Off plank or bregge<sup>f</sup> yiff they nedē  
 Yiff they ffayll thou shalt on make  
 As thou art bounde for her sake  
 And for that cause folkeyes al  
 Pontifex<sup>g</sup> they doth the calle  
 Making a bregge thys to seyne  
 The passage that they may atteyne<sup>h</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From *pons*, “a bridge,” and *facio*, “to make.”<sup>2</sup> Reason thus exhorts the priest:—“A sword today is given to you, which was used anciently by the Cherubin to defend the entrance into Paradise.<sup>3</sup> This sword (of Judgement) is perilous to those who do not understand how to use it rightly; the edge must be used to strike those whose sins deserve severe rebuke, the flat part of the blade in mercy towards those who have sinned from ignorance and require to be admonished.<sup>4</sup> He is foolhardy who would exercise vengeance in anger, or judgement upon suspicion; and this sword is also wrongly given to him who blindly cannot discern good from evil.<sup>5</sup> Mercy, which is designated by the flat part of the blade, should therefore always be first tried; namely, good counsel, true admonition, and earnest exhortation, in order to remove evil by condemning it, and to spare in striking. This is the doctrine of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which delivers us from eternal death.<sup>6</sup> The sword was delivered unto you *flaming* by *Grace-dieu* for this reason, that whichever way you turn it, either in judgement, or exhortation, or punishment, or correction, you should exhibit it enflamed with love and charity, for love is the burning fire which enflames it; and fearful would be the reverse should the fire of anger burn with destructive violence, for that fire proceeds from hell.”<sup>7</sup> Nul ne fier le premierement  
 Du plat du glaive feru na  
 Et quauant bien aduise na  
 Cellui quil veult ainsi ferir

Et par tel cop faire mourir

Par le plat du glaive sentent

Bon et loyal aduiselement<sup>i</sup>

Veritable monicion

Virile predication<sup>j</sup>

Qui fier le maulx en espurguant

Et les espargne en les ferant

Cest la parole iefu crift

Ou le reipit de la mort gift

De ce plat vser vous deuez

Quant voz subgetz errer voyez<sup>k</sup>

Exorter souuent et prescher

Fait mainteffoys peche laisser

Sainfi les pouer garantir

Mieulx vault que du taillant ferir

\* \* \* \* \*

Et pource est il droit quayez nom

Tant par euure que par renom

Cherubin plain de grant science<sup>l</sup>

Et de tres vige sapience

Car se cherubin vous neffiez

Mout de maulx faire vous pourriez<sup>m</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

En main aussi diracondeux<sup>n</sup>

Reft ce glaive bien perilleux

Car flamboyant il fut baillé

Par grace dieu et octroye

La cause se fauoir voulez

Si est car quant vous le tournez

Soit en jugeant ou en preschant<sup>o</sup>

En punissant ou corrigéant

Monstrer le deuez enflambe

NATURE.<sup>1</sup>

the governance \*  
hayr as ye may fe  
d off the large se  
cord and ther debat  
hyng in on estat  
che thyng by declyn  
we to hys ffyn  
iy thynges newe  
efreshyng off her hewe  
I clothe yer by yer  
the hym off hys cher  
colour of delyte  
grene red and whyt  
emps with many a flour  
soyl thorgh my fauor  
newe medwe and pleyn

And hilles hih ek spyce and greyn  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And in to trees ek I bryng  
Ther lusty blomys whyte and rede  
And in ther branchys ek I sprede  
Abrood my frefshe vestymentys  
And with myn vncouth paramentys  
I clothe hem wyth buddys glade  
Wych with wynter ded I made  
Thorgh confreynt of hys coldys kene  
Tornyng to russet al the grene  
Wt fretyng of hys bytter cold  
But al that wynter maketh old  
And with hyr stormys doth desteyne  
I make yt freshe and yong ageyn  
\* \* \* \* \*

And off the feld the llylyes ffayre  
And off herbys many a payre  
That winter flowh with hys confreynt

\* Vitell. C. xiii.  
f. 53. b.

<sup>1</sup> amour et charite  
tour est le feu ardant  
doit faire flamboyant  
ult grant meschance seroit  
eu dyre lenflammoit  
flamme denser vient  
op au glaive mal aduent  
thus described by De Guileville, ap-  
n illustration of Proverbs xxv. 21, 22.  
my be hungry, give him bread to eat;  
thy, give him water to drink: for thou  
of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall

noted by St. Paul in his address to the  
xii. 19—21.  
red, avenge not yourselves, but rather  
wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is  
ay, faith the Lord. Therefore, if thine  
ted him; if he thirst, give him drink:  
ou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.  
come of evil, but overcome evil with

; lines may perhaps serve to illustrate

acksmith urge the roaring blast,  
ed heaps the embers cast;  
heat the stubborn Iron feels,  
acksmith's art its toughnes yields.

te heart, by favours won,  
the evil it has done;  
tain thy friendship, pardon sue  
dice it has borne towards you.

HON. W. CUST.

"word" of De Guileville typifies the  
ainst sinners; whilst the "flame" (by

which the hardest metal is melted) shows the softening  
influence of Divine Grace upon the heart, even although  
it may previously have been as inflexible as steel.

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut VI.

<sup>2</sup> Maistreffe suis des elemens  
Des impressions et des vens  
De faire variations  
Et diuerses mutations  
En feu en air en terre en mer  
Riens en estat ne laisse ester  
Tout faiz tourner et tendre a fin  
Tout varier soir et matin  
Nouuelles choses faiz venir  
Et vieilles choses departir  
La terre de mes robes est  
Paree en prin temps ie la vest  
Demy party dherbe florie  
De rouge de vert de soucye  
Et de toutes belles couleurs  
Quon peut trouuer en belles fleurs  
Aux arbres donne paremens  
Et contre leste vescemens  
Puis si les refais despouiller <sup>b</sup>  
Contre liuer pour les tailler  
Autres robes autres cotelles  
Telles comme devant nouuelles  
Il nest bruyere ne geneffe  
Nabriceau que ie ne reueste  
De mes robes bien floretees  
Et tresgaiement desguisees  
Oncques ne vefit falomon  
Tel robe que fait vng boisson  
Et ce que fait par loisir fas  
Car hastiue ie ne suis pas  
Toute mutation ie he  
Qui est faicte en hastiuite

<sup>b</sup> Gen. i. 11.

## Appendix.

And made hem of ther colour ffeynt  
 Ffor no cost me lyft not spare  
 But thar rychesse I do repare  
 Whan hete off cold hath the victorye  
 That Salomon in al hys glorie  
 Was not clad I dar wel fay  
 Half so freshly as ben they  
 Nor hys robes wer nat lyche  
 Off colour to the bushes ryche  
 Wych Ive clad in my lyfree  
 Fro yer to yer as ye may se  
 And who that taketh hed ther to  
 Al thyng that men se me do  
 I do by leyfer by and by  
 I am not raken or hasty  
 I hate in myn oppynnyouns  
 Al sodeyn mutacyouns

<sup>a</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
 f. 57.

<sup>b</sup> Do not have a grudge against.

<sup>c</sup> f. 14.

<sup>d</sup> Matt. vii. 6.

<sup>e</sup> Pfal. cxxiii. 2.  
 Philipp. ii. 13.

<sup>f</sup> Isaiah ii. 12.  
 Isaiah xxix. 16.  
 Job xxii. 12.

<sup>1</sup> GRACE replies thus to NATURE:—<sup>a</sup>

Ye resemble who loke wel  
 On to the wylde swyn savage  
 Wych that rometh in hys rage  
 In the woodys large and grene  
 And ne kan no ferther sene  
 But to the frut that he hath founde  
 And the acornys on the grounde  
 Ffor to felle hys hongry mawe  
 Ffor he in hys swynys lawe  
 Off hys rudnesse bestial  
 Ne kan no ferther se at al  
 Toward the hevene nor the tre  
 Wher he receyveth hys plente

That bar the frut for hys repaſt  
 Al that ys from hys mynde paſt  
 Ffor to the acorn al only  
 And to hys ſſoode fyndly  
 Yt fet hys herte and al hys thought  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Undoth your eyn derke and blynde  
 The eyen of your entendement  
 And by good avyfement  
 The lyddys off your eye uncloſeth  
 Knoweth wel and nat ſuppoſeth  
 I am lady hool and entere  
 And ye be but my chamberere  
 Thys ſhal ye fynde al openly  
 Yiff ye look avyfely  
 Leve your wordys hih aloſſte  
 And lerneth for to ſpeke ſoffte  
 And renounceth al your rage  
 Ffor he ſhilde me don hommage  
 Off juſtyce and equyte  
 Ffor that ye holde ye holde of me  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Yiff the round firmament  
 The planetys and ech ſpere  
 And the bryht ſterrys clere  
 Yiff I hem maade to cesse echon  
 Than wer your power clene agon  
 Abatyd and fet aſyde  
 Wher upon lat be your prydē  
 And grutchet nat ageyne me<sup>b</sup>  
 Syth I ha the ſoveraynte  
 Lordſhepe and domynacion  
 And yt were abuſyon

<sup>1</sup> GRACEDIEU.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Vous ſembliez bien le porc ſauuaige<sup>c</sup>  
 Qui mangeue ſouuent au boscaige  
 Le glan et point na le regard<sup>d</sup>  
 Dont il luy vient ne de quel part  
 La teste en terre et les yeux  
 Et point en hault ne vers les cieulx  
 Regarde dont ce bien luy vient  
 Au glan tant ſeulement ſe tient  
 Auſſi point ne me congoiffiez  
 Ou ne me congoiſtre faignez  
 De qui tenez tout ce quaeuz  
 Ne rien fans moy vous ne pouez

Ouurez doncques diſcretement  
 Les yeulx de vostre entendement<sup>e</sup>  
 Car le bien ouurez la paupiere  
 Moy la dame et vous chamberiere  
 Trouuerez tout apertement  
 Et lors parlerez doulcement  
 A moy et hommaige ferez  
 De quanke de moy vous tenez  
 Car ainſi comme eſaiſe dit<sup>f</sup>  
 Cest grant orgueil et grant despit  
 Quant encontre le charpentier  
 Se veult la coignee redrecier  
 Et quant de ſon potier ſe deult  
 Le pot et arguer le veult  
 De facon et ſe plaint de luy  
 En luy diſant ie te reny

## Appendix.

XV

yteth ysaye \*  
book doth speefye  
yte both fer and ner  
the carpenter  
ere bold by surquedye °  
len chaumpartye  
lyng ageyne kynde  
yt as ye shal fynde  
g off gret dysdene  
e pot sholde also seyn  
ter that hym wrouthe  
rme about brouthe  
nedē off hys makyn  
hys fasson and werkyng  
lyng not convenable  
lyk in cas semblable  
eyne me  
feft nat ellys be  
r sotel ° argument  
indwerk and instrument  
mad to helpen me

\* \* \* \*

l lady dame nature  
ad herd hyr tale along  
hat she had do wrong  
ompleynt to speefye  
ided on folye  
ly in hyr degre  
on upon hyr kne

ture cryede MERCY  
word that she gan seye  
mercy gan hyr preye  
humble cher and ffase  
e hyr trespace  
sayde most mekly  
quod she ful folylly °  
erneyd me to yow  
goodly spoke now  
repente sore

And certys I ne shal no more  
Offende yow in no manere  
Nouther in speche nor in chere  
So that of mercy and pyte  
Ye wyl as now forgyve yt me  
That I ha don al outerly  
And that ye wyl so gracyously  
Off alle that ever me asterte §  
No thyng reservyn in your herte  
Only off your benyngre grace  
But clene forgete my trespace

*Repentance and Charity*<sup>1</sup> then appear to the Pilgrim, the former holding a hammer and rod in her hands, and a broom in her mouth, and she thus describes herself:—

2 I am the ffayre louyd but lyte °  
Off my port demur and sad  
Debonayre and gretly drad  
Off fele folkys i that me se  
And trewly I am ek she  
Now adayes lytel preysyd  
And yet ful worthy to be reysyd  
Off prys to folkys that be dygne k  
Rygerous and ful benyngre  
To al that be vertuous  
Happy also and right grewious  
The gracyouse of synal pleasaunce  
I am called dame penaunce  
I smynte hertys vp and don °  
And make hem by contrycion  
Wyth saltē terys thys the cas  
To forewe crye and seyn allas  
That they euere dyde amys  
Ye shal yt fynde and thus yt ys  
Off ther trespacys they repente  
And seyn in al ther beste entente  
A Lord God how off thy grace  
How shal I han off my trespace  
Allegement withoute the m

\* Isaiah.

° Axe.

¶ Proudly to wage war against the carpenter.

§ Complained.

¶ Subtle.

¶ Stupidly, confusedly.

¶ Escaped.

h But little beloved.

i Many.

k Worthy.

l Down.

m Thee.

loodcut VII.  
la belle peu amee °  
onnaire trop doubtee  
prisee peu plaisant  
nce suis appellee  
maillet iamolaiy

Jadis saint pierre et le froissay  
Qui si dur pierre auoit este  
Que son bon maître auoit nie  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Et grande amertume et douleur  
De la magdaleine ainsi fis

¶ f. 15.

## Appendix.

<sup>a</sup> Job x. 20.<sup>b</sup> Ezra x. 11.<sup>c</sup> Guilt.<sup>d</sup> Soft.<sup>e</sup> Matt. xxvi. 75.<sup>f</sup> "Juice" of his weeping, i. e. his tears.<sup>g</sup> Strong.<sup>h</sup> Luke vii. 38.<sup>i</sup> Isaiah i. 16.  
Prov. xi. 20.  
Ezek. xvi. 30.  
Ecclus. iii. 26;  
vii. 17.  
Jer. xxiii. 29.<sup>k</sup> Matt. xiii. 43,  
44.  
Romans x. 10.  
Psalm xxvi. 8.<sup>l</sup> 2 Cor. vii. 1.<sup>m</sup> Walk.<sup>n</sup> Eccles. vii. 2.<sup>o</sup> f. 14. b.

But thow grant off thy pyte<sup>a</sup>  
 That I may al utterly<sup>b</sup>  
 Off my gyltes<sup>c</sup> ha mercy  
 So that I do no more amyſſ  
 Now good lord thow grante thyſſ  
 Thus I maken hem crye ofte  
 And with thyſſ hammer I made ſoffie  
 Seyn petrys hert and yt to brak  
 That yt wente al vnto crak  
 Wych fyſſt was hard as any ſton  
 But I made yt neſſhe<sup>d</sup> anoon  
 Whan he hys mayſſee fyſſt forſook  
 But whan I the hammer took  
 I ſmet hym ſo with repentaunce<sup>e</sup>  
 And made hym neſſhe with penaunce  
 That the jows of hys wepyng<sup>f</sup>  
 Yſſede out in compleynyng  
 Off verray forewe and bitterneſſe  
 He felt theroff ſo gret dyſtrefſe  
 In hys greuous hertly<sup>g</sup> peyne  
 And also Mary Mawgdelegne<sup>h</sup>  
 With thyſſ hamer I ſmot ſo  
 That hyr herte I rooff atwo  
 Wych was fulhard with synnes old  
 But wt strokys manyfold  
 I made hyr tender yt ys no doute  
 That the teryſſ yſſede ouſe

*Repentance* adds that the heart of man<sup>i</sup> reſembles an earthen vessel full of loathſome corruption; this vessel muſt be broken in pieces, for it is not ſufficient to look upon ſin in the abstract, but each particular ſin muſt be done away with. There is also a worm contained therein, called the "worm of conſcience." None could endure to live gnawed by the

<sup>1</sup> Theſe five gates are the fame as thoſe deſcribed in Bunyan's "Holy War."

"The famous town of 'Mansoul' had five gates, in at which to come, out at which to go, and theſe were made likewife anſwerable to the walls,—to wit, im-pregnablen, and ſuch as could never be opened nor forced but by the will and leave of thoſe within. The names of the gates were theſe: Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate."

There is an intereſting little work on this ſubject, entituled "The Five Gates of Knowledge," by George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E.

fangs of *remorse* were not the hammer & trition capable of destroying it.

*Repentance* thus explains the uſe of broom,<sup>k</sup> ſaying, "In the house of which is the miſtres, and I the attendant, the ſix doors; five<sup>l</sup> of admiſſion:

'La porte dodorer, doyt ou descouer  
 Du gouſt, du taſt, et du regard.'

"By all theſe ſin can enter; ſo if I turn my broom in their direſtion my would be lost; but the ſixth is the ſinglet for transgression:

'Cest la bouche au pauvre pecheur.'

'Thys gate ys called the mouth of'

"Towards this door I employ my to ſweep, heap up and clean.

'Et mon balay fi eſt ma langue  
 Et mon furgon et ma palangue.'

'And my byſme that al thyſſ doth  
 Ys myn owne tonge in ſoth.'

"For, as long as I am ſervant<sup>l</sup> to *Greſſ* determined to allow nothing to remain in the dwelling that can injure it, even in the ſmalleſt hole or crevice."

'I go to every place  
 Now here now ther aboue I trace<sup>m</sup>  
 By verray pleyn confeſſion  
 Withoute fraude or decepcion  
 Ther may nothing me ſkape fro  
 For gracedieu wyl yt be ſo<sup>n</sup>  
 For ſhe ne wyl nowher abyde  
 But yt be clene on euery fyde  
 Whos chambre and whos manſion

'Rien na dedans ne ſus ne ius<sup>o</sup>  
 Ne en anglet ne en pertuz  
 Que tout ne vuelle remuer  
 Cerchez tracer et hors geſter  
 Par entiere confeſſion  
 Sans fraude et sans deceipton  
 Car ainſi le veult gracedieu  
 Qui na cure fors de net lieu  
 Et conſcience eſt la maſon  
 La chambre et habitation  
 Ou elle fait ſa demouree  
 Quant la trouue ainſi baſſee

welling and habytacion  
trewly withoute offence  
verray clene conscience

urt of the text from Rom. x. 10, is here  
red to: “with the mouth confession is  
unto salvation;” but the context is  
ted.

The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth,  
in thy heart: that is, the word of faith,  
h we preach; that if thou shalt confess  
thy mouth the Lord Jesuſ, and shalt be-  
in thine heart that God hath raised Him  
the dead, thou shalt be ſaved. For with  
heart man believeth unto righteousness;  
with the mouth confession is made unto  
tion.”—Rom. x. 8—10.

nyan shows more strikingly that the Gof-  
nust first influence the heart, before the  
th can utter its feelings. “For out of the  
dance of the heart the mouth speaketh.”  
Then the Interpreter took Christian by  
hand, and led him into a very large par-  
that was full of dust, because never swept;  
which, after he had reviewed a little while,  
Interpreter called for a man to sweep.  
when he began to sweep, the dust began  
dantly to fly about, that Christian had  
it therewith been choked. Then said the  
preter to a damsēl that stood by, ‘Bring  
r the water, and ſprinkle the room;  
h, when ſhe had done, it was swept and  
ed with pleasure.

Then ſaid Christian, What means this?  
The Interpreter answered, This Parlour  
e heart of a man, that was never ſanctified  
he ſweet grace of the Gospel: the dust is  
original ſin, and inward corruptions, that  
defiled the whole man. He that began  
weep at first is the law; but ſhe that brought  
r, and did ſprinkle it, is the Gospel. Now,  
reas, thou ſawest, that as ſoon as the first

began to ſweep, the dust did ſo fly about, that  
the room by him could not be cleansed, but  
that thou waſt almost choked therewith; this  
is to show thee, that the law, instead of cleansing  
the heart, by its working, from ſin, doth  
revive, put ſtrength into, and increases it in  
the ſoul, as it doth alſo diſcover and forbide it,  
but doth not give power to ſubdue. Again,  
as thou ſawefte the Damsel ſprinkle the room  
with water, upon which it was cleansed with  
pleasure; this is to show thee, that when the  
Gospel comes in the ſweet and precious influences  
thereof to the heart, then, I ſay, even  
as thou ſawefte the Damsel lay the dust, by  
ſprinkling the floor with water, ſo is ſin van-  
quished and subdued, and the ſoul made clean,  
through the faith of it; and conſequently fit  
for the king of glory to inhabit.”

*The Pilgrim’s Progress.*

*Repentance* thus continues in De Guileville:—

Vnto my byſme<sup>a</sup> [human hearts] ſubmiſted be<sup>1</sup>  
Off lowneſſe and humylyte  
That they be ſwept clenly at al  
And that the hammer breke ſmal  
Fyrfit by trewe contricyon  
And verray juste confeſſion  
Than a noon my yerde<sup>b</sup> I take  
And amendys for to make  
By repentaunce in divers wyſe  
With my yerde I hem chaſtyſe  
Put hem to penaunce of entent  
To bryng hem to amendment

<sup>a</sup> Befom or  
broom.

<sup>b</sup> Rod or staff.

<sup>c</sup> Dan. iv. 27.  
Eccl. xvi. 12.  
Pſ. xxxvii. 28.

Various modes of penaunce<sup>c</sup> are then enu-  
merated, ſuch as viſiting the poor and ſick,  
performing pilgri‌mages, fasting, &c. *Repent-*  
*ance* ſays that no ſin can be paſſed over with-  
out punishment by rods; thoſe muſt be beaten  
who haue conſented to commit ſin.

<sup>2</sup> And therefore thys yerde I holde  
Wych namyd ys of juste reſon

<sup>1</sup> Sa mon balay ſoubzmis il eſt<sup>d</sup>  
Et ſe bien balye en eſt  
Et quant le voy ainſi contrit  
Et bien confeſſ comme iay dit  
Adonc pour le bien chaſtier

De mes verges le batz et fier  
Peine luy donne et batement  
Afin que preingne amendment  
<sup>2</sup> Des verges ſe voulez le nom  
Diſſes ſont ſatification

<sup>d</sup> f. xvi. b.

<sup>a</sup> Sufficiently.<sup>b</sup> Rom. xi. 5.  
Luke xxii. 19.<sup>c</sup> Long ago.<sup>d</sup> f. xvii.<sup>e</sup> 1 Cor. xiii. 3.<sup>f</sup> 1 Cor. xiii. 6, 7.<sup>g</sup> 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.<sup>h</sup> Eph. i. 7.

Trewe satysfaccion  
And sothly yiff I shal not feyne  
Satysfaccion ys to feyne  
Affeth <sup>a</sup> that ys mad for synne  
And that a man haue withinne  
As myche forewe and repentaunce  
As he hadde ffyrst plesaunce

Here the doctrine of Penance appears distinctly as something more than Repentance; and the superior views of Bunyan shine forth with the splendour of the Gospel in contrast with the human idea of self-justification by mortifying the flesh, and a strange aspect is presented of the high Christian privileges of Prayer, attending to the wants of the poor, the sick, and miserable, when they are classed as part of the punishments of sin.

Our Saviour says, " Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In De Guileville, *Repentance* beautifully adds, " that she is commissioned to succour all the weary and heavy laden ; to those pilgrims anxiously trying to follow the narrow path she offers the consolation appointed by our Lord

Car satifiation vault tant  
Que faire assez ou tout autant  
De peine fans nul contredit  
Comme au peche eut delift

<sup>i</sup> CHARITE.

Je suis la mere des vertus <sup>d</sup>  
Celle qui reuest les gens nudz  
Qui fainct martin fis despouillier  
Pour pourre vestir et aifer  
Je suis nourrice dorphelins  
Hoffeliere de pelerins  
Qui les maulx dautruy faiz les myens  
Et a tous communs font mes biens  
Sans laquelle fainct paul disoit <sup>e</sup>  
Que riens nauoit qui ne maooit  
Et quelque bien faire ne peut  
Si non quavecques soy il meust  
Aussi certainement ne fait  
Car sans moy n'est aucun bien fait  
Mon nom se fauoir le voulez  
Charite vous mappellerez <sup>f</sup>  
Car charite tient en cherte  
Ceulx quautes ont en grant vilte  
Je repais les gens familleux  
Et visite les langoreux  
Je suis celle qui dautruy bien

Himself at the last Supper, which He partook of with his disciples when he took bread & blessed it, and she gives the assurance that will sustain the faith of all his followers <sup>b</sup> who partake of this Sacrament in remembrance of Him, but of which none can be worthy recipients who have not first submitted to his inflictions and become contrite, and clean from their offences."

Again ; we must observe that the view taken by De Guileville of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is partial : he speaks of the bread only whereas our Saviour says,

" Take, eat ; this is my body. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to the saying, Drink ye all of it ; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."—*St. Matt. xxvi.—28.*

CHARITY.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*  
I made seyn martyn yore agon <sup>c</sup>  
Al be that he hadde but on  
Hys mantel to kutte a tweyne

Suis ioieuse comme du mien  
Celle qui debonairement  
Seuffrit tout et pairement  
Celle qui descouter nay cure  
Sufuracion ne murmure  
Celle qui onques ne meffis  
Dautruy ne a autry meffis  
Et non pour tant si ay ie fait  
Auncuns maulx faire fans meffait  
Se point avez ouy parler  
Du roy iefus et racompter  
Comment voul homme deuenir  
Et pour les hommes mort souffrir  
Sauoir deuez que celle tuy  
Qui faire luy fis tel ennuy  
Car du ciel ie le fis descendre  
Pour la vostre humanite prendre  
A lestathe le fis lyer  
Et despines le couronner  
Les bras fis en la croix estendre <sup>g</sup>  
Et son coste percier et fendre  
Les pieds et les mains atacher  
En la croix luy fis et Fischer  
Sang fis yssir de son corps tendre  
Et luy fis son doulx esperit rendre  
Tous lesquelz maulx souffrir luy fis  
Pour vous tous qui estiez peris  
Quant en enfer vous ala rembre <sup>h</sup>

And dyde al hys byfy peyne  
 To clothe the poore wych nakyd stood  
 Myd off the gate devoyde of good  
 I am noryce <sup>a</sup> of al nedye  
 And I herberwe <sup>b</sup> commonly  
 Al pylgrymes in ther nede  
 And I am she yt ys no drede  
 That ffele as myche harm in me  
 Off other ffolkys aduerfyte  
 As they hem sylff that yt endure  
 And al my goodys I ensure  
 Be common unto every whyht  
 Whan they ha nede as yt ys ryht  
 Seyn poul sayd ek in hys wrytyng  
 Off vertu he hadde no thyng  
 Withoute that he hadde me  
 And that he myghte in no degré  
 Withoute me do no good dede  
 And trewly who taketh hede  
 No good dede nor good entent  
 Ys worth but yiff I be present  
 Among estatys hih nor lowe  
 And yiff ye lyft my name knowe  
 I am callyd dame charyte  
 That haue al folk in certe  
 And other that folk haue in despyst  
 Hem to cheryshe ys my delyt  
 I feede folk that hongry be  
 And part <sup>c</sup> with hem off my plente  
 And vysete hem that lyggen seke  
 And dwelle with folkys that be meke  
 And for no coste I do not spare  
 To be glad of the welfare  
 Off euery other maner whyht  
 As off myn owne of verray ryht  
 I am she that patiently  
 Kan suffren and benygnely  
 Alle forwes wel apeſe  
 And I am she that kan don eſe

Al hevynesses to recure  
 And I am she that set no cure  
 Off grucchyng nor detraction  
 Ffor thys ys my condicion  
 Harm to ſpekk neueradel  
 But off ech man to ſey wel  
 Wych I holde in gret vertu  
 And yiff ye haue off Cryſt Ihū  
 Any maner Remembraunce  
 I made hym for to ha plesaunce  
 Off mercy as I reherſe kan  
 Ffor loue to bekome a man  
 And taken your humanyte  
 And suffren by humylyte  
 Deth for your ſake and paſſion  
 Made hym fro hevene kome a don  
 And suffren ek as yt ys founde  
 To a pyler to be bounde  
 And tendre that lovd moſt fre  
 With ſharpe thornys crownyd be  
 And ſprede hys armys on the rood  
 And for your ſake ſhedde hys blood

\* \* \* \*

I made hym for your ſake  
 Tendure off entencyon  
 To make your redempcion  
 That wer for synne loſt echon  
 And to helle I made hym gon  
 To ſette hem out that lay ther bounde  
 The devels power to confounde  
 Wych hadde grievyd man ſo fore  
 And I ſhal telle you euermore  
 How thys kyng moſt ſovereynē  
 To forn hys paſſion and peyne  
 And hys tormentys wonder ſtronge  
 Or he the deth ſholde underſonge <sup>d</sup>  
 He forgatt nat off entent  
 Ffor to make hys testament  
 The forme ther off to endyte

<sup>a</sup> Nourisher.

<sup>b</sup> Lodge or enter-tain.

<sup>c</sup> Share.

<sup>d</sup> Underwent.

Et de la mort denfer defendre  
 Ce font les maulx que iay fait faire  
 Sans peche voir et fans meffaire  
 Or vous diray que ce roy fist  
 Auant que ces paines ſouffrif  
 Quāt il vit ſa mort approucher  
 Ne voulut pas en oublie laiſſer  
 Que ſon testament il ne fit

Il mappella ie luy eſcriz  
 Et en cete forme le mis  
 Testament de paix eſt nomme  
 Et le vous ay cy apporté  
 Afin que ſes lois vous ſaichiez  
 Et ce que vous en duyt ayez  
 Je le vueil lire or leſcouitez  
 Et lantendez ſe vous voulez

## Appendix.

<sup>a</sup> f. xvii. b. "Ces trois lettres sont assauoir."

<sup>b</sup> Peace.

<sup>c</sup> Is or shall be.

<sup>d</sup> Feels no symptom of pain.

<sup>e</sup> One.

He callede me yt to wryte  
Ffor to make the forme bettre  
My sylff wrot yt euyer lettre  
And namyd yt yt ys no les  
The trewe testament off pes  
Wych to for you alle I bryngē  
That ye may ha knowelychynge  
That maner thyng ther on doth sue  
And what to you ther off ys due  
I wyl yow reden the sentence  
Yiff ye wyl given audyence  
So thys yt ys herkneth echon  
As I shal her reherse anon  
The testament<sup>1</sup> off cryst Jesu

One clause of this will or testament bequeaths to mankind *Pax Triplex*—"triple tranquillity." The three things signified by the three initial letters, at the three corners of a right-angled triangle, formed by the stem and one limb of a Latin cross are—X, the initial of *Xp̄iōtōc*, "Christ;" A, of *Anima*, "the soul;" P, of *Proximus*, our "neighbour." When these three are properly disposed towards each other, there is a firmly established peace of mind; since they indicate the whole duty of man's life, viz. his love to God and his neighbour.<sup>2</sup>

And overmore thys lettrys thre<sup>a</sup>  
Ar tooknys that in unyte  
He sholde ha verray love and pes<sup>b</sup>  
With thre thynges douteles  
He that he hath poccissoun  
Off thys jowell most off renoun  
And he to whom cryst hath yt take  
Sholde keep for hys sake  
Pes with every maner whyht  
And fyrist above as yt ys ryht  
Wher as the X condygnyly  
Ys set alofste as most worthy  
By wych ziff yt be espyed  
I am trewly sygnyfyed

In tookne that noon be rekkes  
Fyrst to haue parfyt pes  
Wyth god and me byth<sup>c</sup> al on  
And may neuer affonder gon  
And also as I shal devyse  
That he in no maner wyfe  
Ne do no thyng in no degré  
Wych that sholde dysplese me  
And yiff yt happe off neclygence  
Ageyn me that he do offence

\* \* \* \* \*  
Ther by ys pleynly understande  
The sowle of man with whom ech<sup>v</sup>  
Sholde ha pes of verray ryht  
So that in a manhys thouht  
<sup>d</sup> Synderesis<sup>d</sup> ne grucheth nouht  
Thorgh no trespace nor offence  
By no remors of conscience  
Lat every man tak hed herto  
And with your neyhebour also  
Ye most ha pes and unye  
Wych ys ytokenyd by the P  
And ys yset ffyrist off echon  
And that ye sholde be al on  
Thexaumple techeth yow ful wel  
Yiff ye confydren everydel  
How ye bothen in o<sup>e</sup> lyne  
Stonde and may yt not declyne  
Lyneally yt ys noon other  
As brother verrayly to brother  
Nature wyl that yt so be  
High and lowh off o degré  
Bothe tweyne ymade lyche  
The pore man and ek the ryche  
At the 'gynnyng as ye shal lere  
Al forgyd of one matere  
Touchyng ther ffyrist orygynal  
And bothe tweyne be mortal  
The ton the tother in certeyne  
They be but wermes bothe tweyne

Ys as myche for to seyn  
By notable descripcion  
The hiher party of Reson  
Wherby a man shal best discerne  
Hys conscience for to governe

<sup>1</sup> The testament is given in the analysis.

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcut VIII.

<sup>3</sup> The following lines appear on the margin of the MS. (f. 74, b.) in explanation of the term "*Synderesis*:"  
*Synderesis to speke in pleyn*

## Appendix.

xxi

passe by o passage  
 hole off gret streintnesse  
 I ek rychesse  
 vay bothe gret and smal  
 ys noon at al  
 in thyts strelhte nede  
 iery man take hede  
 rede to be nat rekkes  
 : jowell callyd pes  
 wel and lose it nouht  
 man in herte and thouht  
 lygent labour  
 with hys neihebour  
 Fal perfec<sup>i</sup>on  
 orme the patron  
 nd sothsoft pes  
 id lasten endeles  
 ht off iust reson  
 off the tabellyon  
 h in pes and vnyte  
 itys sholde be  
 l markyd commonly  
 rfermyd openly  
 yng her thys wryt present  
 cryst the testament  
 ne of tabellion  
 F entencyon  
 \*      \*      \*

DEU speketh :  
 goodly spak to me<sup>a</sup>  
 ny sonne tak hed to me  
 ff I shal nat feyne  
 the Giffits tweyne  
 shihte<sup>b</sup> whylom to the  
 shalt not deceyved be  
 Skryppe and a Bordon  
 of hool entencyon  
 ie now kep hem wel  
 he maner everydel  
 be ryght necessarye  
 the<sup>c</sup> thow shalt not tarye  
 he in thy vyage  
 de thy pylgrymage  
 t off hem haue ay gret nede  
 lyft thy journee sped

Nedful to pylgrymes all  
 And *feyt b* thy skryppe thow shalt calle  
 Wyth oute wych may nat be  
 Brouht aboute no journee  
 Nor vyage that may avaylle  
 Ffor thy bred and thy vytaylle  
 Ther in thow shalt alway concerve  
 And all tymes thow shalt observe  
 Thys skryppe wel in thy bandon<sup>d</sup>  
 In every cyte and every ton  
 In al thy mooste seythal wyse  
 And also for to auctoryse  
 Touchyng thys skryppe callyd ffeyth  
 Herkne what thapostel seyth  
 In a pystel<sup>e</sup> that he endyeth  
 And to the Romayns pleynly wryteth  
 The ryhtful man withoute stryff  
 By this skryppe lat<sup>f</sup> hys lyff  
 Thys to feyne that ffeyth off ryht  
 Giveth lyff to euery maner whyht  
 As *Abacbuch* that hooly man  
 In hys wrytyng rehers kan  
 The seconde chaplyte off hys book  
 Who so lyft lyfft vp hys look  
 And thys skryppe withoute wene<sup>g</sup>  
 Off hys colour mot be grene  
 Wych colour who so look a ryht  
 Doth gret comfort to the syht  
 Sharpeth the eye yt ys no dred  
 And so doth ffeyth who taketh hed  
 Yt maketh pylgrymes glad and lyht  
 With hem abydyng day and nyht  
 And in ther weye I dar reporte  
 Gretly doth hem recomforte  
 For good pylgrymes everychon<sup>h</sup>  
 On pylgrymage wher they gon  
 Only ffeyth doth hem sustene  
 By example as the greene  
 The gentyl colour glad and lyht  
 Giveth clernescse to the syht  
 Whan the grene al withoute  
 Ys spreyn<sup>i</sup> with dropys rond abouthe  
 Off red blood who kan entende  
 Then the syht yt doth amende  
 Fful gretly I dar wel seyne  
 Ffor ther ys drope noon certeyn

<sup>a</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
 f. 99, b.  
 f. xxiii. b. "Voy  
 cy lefcharpe et le  
 bourdon."

<sup>b</sup> Promised.

<sup>c</sup> Advance thyself.

<sup>d</sup> Keep in thy power.

<sup>e</sup> Epistle.

<sup>f</sup> Leads.

<sup>g</sup> Doubt.

<sup>h</sup> Every one.

<sup>i</sup> Sprinkled.

<sup>a</sup> "Mixed," or  
"mingled  
with."

<sup>b</sup> Shed in purity,  
i. e. the green of  
the scrip was  
shaded with the  
pure blood of the  
martyrs.

<sup>c</sup> "Perfectly,"  
or "once for  
all."

<sup>d</sup> Will.

<sup>e</sup> Saints who suf-  
fered thus are  
gone.

<sup>f</sup> Scabbard.

<sup>g</sup> Gone or van-  
ished.

<sup>h</sup> On earth.

<sup>i</sup> Jeopardy.

<sup>k</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
f. 108.  
<sup>f</sup>. xxvii. "Or en-  
tens ben de ce  
bourdon."

<sup>l</sup> I advise thee.

<sup>m</sup> Jesus Christ.

## Appendix.

But yt ys worth and off more prys  
To pylgrymes that be wyse  
Than outher perle or margeryte  
And as I dar ryht wel endyte  
Yt ys mor ryche and precyous  
Mor off valu and vertuous  
The bloody dropys whan they be spreynyt  
Vp on the grene and ymeynt<sup>a</sup>  
To make a man mor strong and lyght  
And tofforce with hys syht  
Than any other ryche ston  
Ffor to rekne hem euerechon  
The green ys good in specyal  
Whan the rede ys meynt withal  
Off blood for pleynly the rednesse  
Wyth that was shad in cleanness<sup>b</sup>  
Off gloriouse martyrs longe agon  
That spente her blood and lefftie noon  
But suffrede al the vyoncē  
And the mortal ek sentence  
Off Tyrantys tyranny  
And sparede nat platly<sup>c</sup> to dye  
Ther legende so wryt and seyth  
Ffor to dyffende Crystys *ffeyt<sup>b</sup>*  
Ffor wych vp on thys skryppe off grene  
The bloody dropys ther ysene  
Shewyn in conclusion  
Ther martyrdom ther passion  
Off ther owne volunte<sup>d</sup>  
Only to given vn to the  
Verrayly an exemplayre  
Wherso ever thou repaire  
To suffre deth for crystys sake  
Rather than thou shust forfiske  
Thy skryppe in any maner wyse  
Off wych thou haft here me devyse  
Ffor seyntys<sup>e</sup> wych that suffredē so  
I wot ryht wel that they be go  
To paradys and entryd in  
Ffor the swerd off cherubin  
Wych whilom at the gate stood  
Ys so blonted with her blood  
That yt ys I dar wel seyn  
In the skawberk<sup>f</sup> vp ageyn  
But now adayes yt stant so  
Hooly seyntys ben all ago<sup>g</sup>

That wer so myghty and so strong  
And dradde nat to suffre awrong  
Ffor the ffeyth yt to dyffende  
Her lyff her blood ther on to spende  
Redy they wern and that anon  
But nowh auerthe<sup>h</sup> ther ys nat on  
That wyl hym putte in jupartyc<sup>i</sup>  
Crystys feyth to magnefye  
Nor make myghty refistence  
Ageyn Tyrantys by dyffence  
\* \* \* \* \*  
But ffyrst tak hed off the Bordon<sup>k</sup>  
How yt ys good in ech seson  
Ffor he nat ffalleth commonly  
That leneth ther on stedfastly  
Ffor wych thou shalt as yt ys ryht  
With al thy force and al thy myght  
Ther on reſte what so be falle  
Trewly thou shalt nat falle  
What perillous paſſage that thou go  
As longe as thou takeſt hed ther to  
And tavoyde a way dyspeyr  
Wherſo thou goſt in foul or ffayr  
Or what fortune the be falle  
*Good hope* alway thou shalt yt calle  
Thys the name off thy bordon  
Off truſt and trewe affection  
Wych ys callyd *Eſperaunce*  
Aſter the ſpeche vſyd in fraunce  
And the maner of that language  
And look alway in thy paſſage  
That thou holde the wel ther by  
And theron reſte feythfully  
In peryllous pathys wher thou wen  
And by the pomellys as the ende  
Holde the ſtrongly I the lede<sup>l</sup>  
Ffor they ſhall in al thy nede  
Sustene the thou falle nouht  
The hiher pomel yiff yt be ſouht  
Ys Ihū Cryſt<sup>m</sup> haue hym in mynde  
And in Scrypture as thou ſhalt fynd  
He ys the merour cler and bryght  
Wyth oute ſpot bothe day and nyght  
In the wyche a man by grace  
May beholde hys owne face  
In wych merour as I tolde

## Appendix.

xxiii

lde ouhte beholde  
o men may fynde  
wrouht be kynde <sup>a</sup>  
hym with herte and thouht  
y and dred the nouht  
helpe alway calle  
'el thow shalt not falle  
\* \* \*  
uoth she, and ha no drede <sup>b</sup>  
hih and tak good heede  
perche <sup>c</sup> the harneys se  
hat thow wylt armed be  
> thy vyage  
I to thy pylgrimage  
helmys and habergious  
aylle for championis  
cyn al vyolence  
<sup>d</sup> stufys of defence  
d sheldys large and longe  
' also that wer stronge  
make resistence  
volde hem don offence  
\* \* \*  
callyd attempraunce <sup>e</sup>  
i thy dyffence  
e resistence  
re and at the bybs <sup>f</sup>  
n kepe and close aryht  
lm for assurance  
lled attempraunce  
and noble off fame  
gaff therto a name  
yt ffor gret delyt  
ff helthe and off profyt  
inded men tak hed  
: yt on ther hed  
chef salvacon  
\* \* \*  
ys helm be mad aryht  
have to large a syft  
rowe sharpe ygrounde

Entre myghte and gyue a wounde  
And at the erys ek also  
Thow mustest taken hede ther to  
That yt be not too large off space  
Lyft that by the same place  
Entredre by collusion  
Som noyce off fals detracion  
\* \* \* \*  
Tave a swerd ek by thy syde <sup>h</sup>  
A bettre was ther neuer founde  
Off stel forgyd whet nor grounde  
Wych shal ynowh suffysse  
The to dyffende many wyse  
Yiff any enmy the assaylle  
Outher in skarmush outhir bataylle  
I the ensure in al thy nede  
Whyl thow hast yt thow shalt not drede  
Off non enemy nor no dystresse  
The name off wych ys Ryhtwyfnesse  
A better swerd was neuer wrought  
Off prince nor off kyng ybouht  
For the swerd off good Oger<sup>1</sup>  
Off Rowland nor off Olyver  
Was not for to recknen al  
Off valu to this swerd egal  
So trusty nor so vertuous  
To ffolk in vertu coragous  
Ffor this swerd haueth so gret myht  
To ryche and poore for to do ryht

### MEMORY.<sup>2</sup>

The Pilgrim, fearful that he shall forget the good advice which *Grace* has given him, summons to Memory to carry his armour. He is surprised to see the latter without eyes, and complains that she will not be of use to him; but he is assured that her eyes are at the back of her head, and that she is the treasurer of much knowledge; for although she cannot foresee, she has complete information of the

<sup>a</sup> Are reproduced or represented.

<sup>b</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
f. 114, b.  
f. xxx. b. "Or  
regarde."

<sup>c</sup> Pole or rod.

<sup>d</sup> Stuff for making surcoats. A "jack" was a buff jerkin worn by soldiers.

<sup>e</sup> Bucklers.

<sup>f</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
f. 121, b.  
f. xxxii. "Le  
heaulme, &c."

<sup>g</sup> Mouth.

<sup>h</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
f. 123.  
f. xxxii. b. "Par  
son nom, &c."

id, and Oliver, were three of Charlemagne's peers. (*Vide* Biog. Univ. sub. v "Oger," et alibi.) vere so equally matched in strength and valour that it was doubtful which was superior: hence the ce to the blows they inflicted, "of giving a Roland for an Oliver," which has passed into a proverb age.

t XI.

<sup>a</sup> Eph. vi. 11.<sup>b</sup> Zech. ix. 8.<sup>c</sup> Luk. xi. 21, 22.<sup>d</sup> 1 Peter iii. 11.  
Gal. v. 16—19.  
Rom. vii. 22, 23.<sup>e</sup> Matt. vi. 25.  
Gen. ii. 7.  
1 Cor. ix. 27.<sup>f</sup> Vitell. C. XIII.  
f. 144.<sup>g</sup> f. xxxvi. b.<sup>h</sup> f. xxxvii. b.<sup>i</sup> Ecclesiasticus  
ii. 18.<sup>k</sup> James ii. 26.

past, and will recall to him her advice, and prove a most useful attendant. *Grace*, however, warns the Pilgrim that he is not the good warrior <sup>a</sup> who requires his armour to be carried; but he who wears it continually, and who is always ready with it in time of need, even in his own house <sup>b</sup> where he is never free from warfare. She also informs him that in the country to which he is going he will be always encompassed with enemies, and that the sling and stones (she had given him) would not be sufficient to defend him unless he was accustomed to his armour, without requiring the assistance of his armourbearer; for it would excite scorn and derision were he to allow her to carry it who was so much weaker than himself.

The Pilgrim inquires the reason why, after taking off his armour, <sup>c</sup> he should experience so much pain in putting it on again?

*Grace* <sup>1</sup> bids him remember she had told him he was too fat, and too stubborn.

The Pilgrim acknowledges that she had admonished him of this—but thinks that it should be a reason for his being stronger and more valiant.

She next inquires whether he is aware who he is? whether he is single or double? whether he has not another besides himself to nourish, govern, and maintain?

The Pilgrim replies, that he is astonished at her question, that she must be aware that he has only himself to govern and take care of.

#### <sup>1</sup> GRACEDIEU.

¶ Ne te souvient dit elle pas  
Que ie te dis questoye trop gras  
Par trop remply et par trop peuz  
Ainsi quencord es et trop druz

#### LE PELERIN.

¶ Bien men souvient dis ie mais tant  
Etre ien deusse plus puissant  
Et plus fort aux armes porter  
Comme il me semble et a marmier

#### GRACEDIEU.

¶ Scez tu dist elle qui tu es  
Se tu es seul on se double es

Then she says, “Understand, and liste gently, for I will instruct you otherwise: that you nourish one who is your greatest enemy—that you clothe him, and feed him the costliest viands—that <sup>d</sup> you are his but, notwithstanding, he deceives you, when he is moving and when he is at r

‘ Soit en allant ou quant il gift.’

He it is who will not allow you to your armour, and who is always your fary when you would do any good thin

The Pilgrim inquires his name, that he revenge himself on his enemy by killing

*Grace* replies, that he is not permitted that, but that he may punish him and give pain, by making him work, fast, and suffer penance, without which he will never succeed in revenging himself upon him. She adds that if he had well understood the matter, he would have seen that *Repentance* <sup>e</sup> was the tress and chastiser, who, with her rods, causes his enemy to become a good servant and she tells the Pilgrim that he ought to burn fire that more than the death of his son he is lent to him to lead him to the happy eternal life, and to preserve him from that this enemy is his body and his flesh, which can be called by no other name than that of a foe.

The PILGRIM replies:

Ma dame quod I what may thys be <sup>f</sup>  
Whether dreme I other ellys ye

Se nul fors toy as a nourrir  
Na gouerner na maintenir

<sup>2</sup> Penitence est la maistresse <sup>h</sup>  
Et de luy la chasteiresse <sup>i</sup>  
Bailes le luy si le batra  
Et tellement le chastiera  
De ses verges que bon feruant  
El le fera doreisnauant  
Et ce dois tu mieux desirer  
Et mieux vouloir et procurer  
Que tu ne dois faire fa mort  
Car baile test pour luy a port <sup>k</sup>  
De vie et de salut mener  
Et de tous perilz le geeter  
Cest le corps et la chair de toy  
Autrement nommer ne le doy

## Appendix.

XXV

Ffor as fer as I kan espyle<sup>a</sup>  
I merveyll off your fantasye  
Or by what weye ye wolde gon  
Ys nat my body and I al on  
I trowe yis and ellys wonder  
Or how myhte we be affonder  
Ys he a nother than am I  
I pray you tel me ffeythfully  
And me declareth the sothnesse  
Withouten any dowbylnesse  
What that ye mene verrayly  
Ffor her ys no whyht but ye and I  
Except only my chaumberere  
Wych that folweth ous ryht here  
A noon to me doth synifye  
Wher yt be·trouth or fayrye<sup>b</sup>  
Shal we shold ben on or tveyne  
Tel on a noon and doth not ffeyne

*Grace* inquires of the Pilgrim whether he would wish to abide always where he could have joy, repose,<sup>c</sup> and his own will.

Ma dame quod I dysplese you nouht  
I say ryht as lyth<sup>d</sup> in my thouth  
Myn hertys ese for to fewe<sup>e</sup>  
I wolde abyde and not remewe  
Ffor myn ese euer in<sup>f</sup> on  
Rather than thenys for to gon  
Ffor yt ys profytable tabyde  
Wher that a man on euyry syde  
Ffyndeth vn to hys plesaunce  
Soiour<sup>g</sup> with oute varyaunce

Ys that verrayly quod she  
Soth that thow haft sayd to me  
I understande by thy language<sup>h</sup>  
Thow woldest leue thy pylgrymage  
And platly<sup>i</sup> settyn hyt aysde  
Only for reste and ther a byde

Ma dame quod I for my dysport  
Wher I find ese and connfort  
I wolde a byde a whyle there  
Tyl I fawh tyme and good leyser<sup>k</sup>

To me she sayde a noon ryht than  
O wrecche o thow vnhappy man

Tak hed and be more ententyff  
How here in thys mortal lyff<sup>l</sup>  
Thogh that a man renne euermore  
He may never haft hym to fore<sup>m</sup>  
To kome to tymely<sup>n</sup> to that place  
I putte<sup>o</sup> caas that he ha space  
Fforth to procede day by day  
At good leyser vpon hys way  
Her vpon I axe the  
Yiff thow haddyft lyberete  
Joye merthe and al solace  
Woldestow fro thylke place  
Yiff thow haddyft fre chois at wylle  
Remeven or abyde styll

Allas quod I what may I seyn  
I kan nat wel anwer ageyn  
But o thyng I wot ryht wel  
The cyrcustancys euery del  
Consydryd vp on euyry syde  
Par caas rather I sholde abyde  
Than ben to hafty to procede<sup>p</sup>  
Tyl I sawh I muste nede  
Goon forth off neccsyte  
In caas than wolde I haste me

\* \* \* \* \*

Quod Gracedieu yt semeth wel  
Thow haft not lernyd euery del  
Thynges nouther hih nor lowe  
Syth thy sylff thow kanst not knowe  
The wych a boue all other thyng  
Ys the beste knowelychyg  
That man may han in thys lyff here  
And yiff thow lyft platly lere<sup>q</sup>  
To knowe thy sylff ys bet knowing  
Than to be Emperour outhir kyng  
And for to knowe al syences  
Practykes and experyences  
Or to han al the rychesse  
Off thys world in sothfastnesse

\* \* \* \* \*

And I shal telle the ffeythfully  
In thys matere trewely  
What that I fele in my entent  
Shortly as in sentement  
The body fyrt be nat in doute

<sup>a</sup> Col. ii. 5.

<sup>b</sup> Illusion.

<sup>c</sup> Isaiah lxvi. 13.

<sup>d</sup> Lieth.

<sup>e</sup> Follow or procure.

<sup>f</sup> i.e. Remain in one (place).

<sup>g</sup> Sojourn.

<sup>h</sup> Pf. lxxiii. 26.

<sup>i</sup> Entirely.

<sup>j</sup> Leisure.

<sup>k</sup> Gal. vi. 10.

<sup>l</sup> He can never haften too eagerly.

<sup>m</sup> Too soon.

<sup>n</sup> Even granting.

<sup>o</sup> Gen. xii. 1, 2.

<sup>p</sup> Psal. xlvi. 20.

## Appendix.

<sup>a</sup> Gen. i. 27.<sup>b</sup> Gen. ii. 15.<sup>c</sup> To have dwelt or lived.<sup>d</sup> Job x. 8.<sup>e</sup> Kindred or relationship.<sup>f</sup> Psal. lxxxii. 6.<sup>g</sup> Murmurs.<sup>h</sup> Arose.<sup>i</sup> The fruit resembles the tree.<sup>k</sup> Profit or advantage.<sup>l</sup> Rom. viii. 13.<sup>m</sup> An action in the field or pitched battle.<sup>n</sup> Beathim down.

Off wych I spak closyd withoute  
 Whan yt ys fro the segregat  
 Dysseveryd and separat  
 Than off the I dar wel seyn  
 And afferme yt in certyn  
 Off god thow art the portraiture  
 Thymage also and ffigure<sup>a</sup>  
 And off nouht yiff thow kanst se  
 He ffourmede and he made the  
 That lord ffyrst in thy creaunce  
 To hys owne ressemblance  
 And ymage wych of lyknesse  
 Most dygne and worthy off noblesse  
 A prent to speke off dygnete  
 He myghte nat ha set on the  
 Mor worthy nor more notable  
 Than to hym syllifff resemblable  
 He gaff to the off hys goodnesse<sup>b</sup>  
 Cler syght off reson and ffayrnesse  
 And off nature to be mor lyht  
 Than any ffoul that fleteth in flyht  
 And never to deyen ek withal  
 For he made the immortal  
 Permanent and even stable  
 And tadwellyd immutable<sup>c</sup>  
 Yiff thow not haddyst off entent  
 Forfetyd hys commandement  
 Than haddystow thorgh thy renoun  
 Excellyd in comparysoun<sup>d</sup>  
 Comparysoun myghte noon ha be  
 To thy noblesse and dygnete  
 Off hevene nor erthe in certeyn  
 Nor to declare and speke in pleyn  
 Bryd nor outhere creature  
 Except off angelys the nature  
 God ys thy fader tak hed her to  
 And thow art hys sone also  
 Most excellynge off kynrede<sup>e</sup>  
 That euer was withoute drede  
 Most noble and off gretest style  
 Ffor off Thomas de Guillevele  
 Thow art not sone on that party  
 I dar afferme and seyn trewley<sup>f</sup>  
 Who euer gruchche<sup>g</sup> or make stryff  
 That he nat hadde in al hys lyff  
 To seke in al hys nacyon

No sone off swych condycyon  
 Douhter nouther yt ys no fable  
 Off kynrede so notable  
 But off engendrure bodily  
 Thow haddyst off hym thy body  
 Wych kam off hym by nature  
 The wych body I kan assyre  
 Ys to the tak hed her to  
 Thyn enmy and thy grettest foo  
 On that party yiff thow lyft se  
 Roos<sup>b</sup> ffyrst the grete enmyte  
 Nature hath yt so ordeyned  
 But yt thorgh vertu be restreyned  
 Ffor the ffut<sup>i</sup> what euer yt be  
 Bereth the carage off the tre  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 And her vp on yiff thow lyft se  
 The same lord he made the  
 Off his goodness for thy prowl<sup>k</sup>  
 And in the body wher thow art no<sup>j</sup>  
 He the putte as I dar telle  
 Ther a whyle for to dwelle<sup>l</sup>  
 And ther tabyde thys the cheff  
 Ffor taſſaye the by preffe  
 And by thy port also dyscerne  
 How thow sholdest the governe  
 Prudently both fer and ner  
 And yiff thow dydest thy dever  
 To dyffende thy party  
 Yiff ye wolde holde chaumpartye<sup>m</sup>  
 Ageyns the in any wyſe  
 Ffor as I ſhal to the devyſe  
 A twyxe yow yt ys no ffaylle  
 Ther ys werre and ſtrong bataylle  
 And contynuell ther ſhal be  
 But ſo ſalle thow yelde the  
 And put the in ſubiection  
 Thorgh hys fals collufion  
 By hys deceyt and flatrye  
 Evere to haue the mayſtrye  
 Over the in conculſioun  
 Whyl he hath domynacioun  
 But yiff that thow as yt ys ryht  
 Dyscomfyte hym by verray myght  
 And by force bet<sup>n</sup> hym don  
 Lyk a myghty champion

## Appendix.

Than shal tow bothe fer and ner  
 Over hym han ful power  
 That he shal never for no quarelle  
 Ageyns the dor rebelle  
 To interupte thy entente  
 And trowly but thy sylff assente  
 He shal never be so bold  
 The to withstonde as I ha tolde  
 He ys *Dalyda* thow art *Sampson*<sup>a</sup>  
 Thow art strong as by reson  
 Sturdy on thy feet to stonde  
 Suffre hym nat the to withstonde  
 Nor over the to han maystrye  
 Ffor no glosing nor flatrye  
 And yiff thow tak hed ther to  
 She ne kan nat ellys do  
 But with flatrye and deceyt  
 Nyht and day lyn in a wayt  
 And swych wach on the doth make  
 To make thyn enmyes the to take  
 At mescheff whan they may the fynde  
 And yiff thow wilt she shal the bynde  
 Sher<sup>b</sup> thyn heer whyl thow dost slepe  
 But thow konne thy sylven kepe  
 And overmore I the ensure  
 Thy counsayl al he wyl dyscure<sup>c</sup>  
 And thy secretys eveicchon  
<sup>d</sup> To *pbylyfres*<sup>e</sup> that be thy foon<sup>f</sup>  
 Other frenscheppe truste me  
 He hath pleynly noon to the  
 Know thes and to my specche entende  
 How thow wylt thy sylff dyffende  
 Be nat to thy confusion  
 Deceyved as whylom was *Sampson*

\* \* \* \*

Quod Gracedieu a noon to me  
 What thow hast sayd tak hed quod she  
 And understand ffyrst in thy syt  
 By the sonne that shyneth bryht<sup>g</sup>  
 Thy soul cler in especyal  
 Wyth inne thy body wych ys mortal  
 Off thys mater we haue on honde  
 Ther by thy soule I understonde  
 Thy body yiff thow kanst espye<sup>h</sup>  
 Ys dyck<sup>i</sup> as ys a clowdy skye  
 And lyk also who can dyscerne

To a murky blak lanterne  
 And nat<sup>k</sup> for thy I dar expresse  
 Men may sen thorgh the bryhtnesse  
 Off the soule yt ys no doute  
 And the clernescé fer withoute  
 Clerkys recorde yt in ther skolys<sup>l</sup>  
 And other wene<sup>m</sup> that be but ffolys  
 In ther follysh fals demyng  
 That al the cler enlumynyg  
 Wher off that pore skye lo  
 Wherwyth the sowle ys shrowdyd so  
 Eclypsed off hys ffayr bryhtnesse  
 And ne were the gret darknesse  
 Off thys skye who loke a ryht  
 The sowle sholde han so cler a syt  
 At o<sup>n</sup> look fro the oryent  
 To sen in to the occident  
 Ffor off the body truste me  
 The eyen no verray eyen be<sup>o</sup>  
 But lyk to glas I dar wel seyn  
 Wher thorgh the clere soule ys seyn  
 And outward with hys bemys bryht<sup>p</sup>  
 Giveth ther to clernescé and lyht  
 Ffor the sowle who taketh hede<sup>q</sup>  
 Off bodily eyen hath no nede

\* \* \* \*

But for thy fake a noon ryht<sup>r</sup>  
 I shal assayen and provyde  
 Thy body for to leyn asyde<sup>s</sup>  
 Ffro the take yt yiff I kan  
 That thow mayst conceyve than  
 Off hym hooly the governaunce  
 And what he ys as in substaunce  
 But thow mustest in certeyn  
 Affter sone resorte ageyn  
 To thyn olde dwellyng place  
 Tyl that deth a certeyn space  
 Schal the despoyle and make twynne<sup>t</sup>  
 Ffro the body that thow art inne  
 And Grace dieu a noon me took  
 I not wher that I slepte or wook  
 And made for short conclusion  
 My body for to falle adoun  
 And after that a noon ryht  
 Me sempte that I took my flyght  
 And was rasilshed in to the hayr

## XXVii

<sup>a</sup> Judges vi. 4.

<sup>b</sup> Sheer or clip  
thine hair.

<sup>c</sup> Discover or be-  
tray.

<sup>d</sup> Judges vi. 18,  
19.

<sup>e</sup> Philistines.

<sup>f</sup> Foes.

<sup>g</sup> Eccles. i. 5.

<sup>h</sup> 1 Cor. ii. 14.

<sup>i</sup> Thick.

<sup>j</sup> Notwithstand-  
ing this.

<sup>k</sup> Schools.

<sup>l</sup> Suppose.

<sup>m</sup> One.

<sup>n</sup> Matt. v. 16.

<sup>o</sup> Luke xii. 35.

<sup>p</sup> Mark viii. 17,  
18.

<sup>q</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
f. 152, b.

<sup>r</sup> Isaiah xlvi. 16.

<sup>s</sup> Separate thee.

a Whether.

b Touched its head, so as to be sure that it was my body.

<sup>c</sup> Prov. xii. 28.  
Prov. ix. 13—  
15.  
Prov. ii. 13.  
Prov. ix. 10.  
Prov. xix. 1.

<sup>d</sup> 1 Cor. xii. 4—  
6.

<sup>e</sup> Vitell. C. XIII.  
f. 174, b.

f Polisher.

<sup>f</sup> Eccles. vi. 7.

<sup>g</sup> f. xliv. b.

<sup>i</sup> James v. 3.

A place delytable and ffayr  
And me thought ek in my syht  
I was nat hevy but verray lyht  
And by beholdyng was so cler  
That I sawh bothe fer and ner  
Hih and lowe and overal  
And I was ryht glad with al  
Al was wel to my plesaunce  
Save a manner dyspleaunce  
I hadde off o thyng in certyn  
That I muste go dwelle ageyn  
With inne my body wych that lay  
Lyk an hevy lompe off clay  
Wych to me was no forthryng  
But perterbance and gret letting  
Thyder to resorte off newe  
Tho wyft I wel that al was trewe  
That grace dieu had seyd to me  
And thanne I went for to se  
Wher <sup>a</sup> the body slepte or nouht  
And whan I hadde longe souht,  
Tastyd <sup>b</sup> hys pows in certeyne  
And gropyd euery nerff and veyne  
I find in hym no breth at al  
But ded and cold as a ston wal  
And when I dyde al thys espaye  
Hys gouernance I gan defye  
Tho Grace Dieu spak unto me  
Lefft up thyn eyen beholde and se  
Yiff thou konne now clerly  
Knowe in erthe thy gret enmy  
He that wolde nat suffre the bere  
Noon armys nor noon harneys here

The Pilgrim arrives at a path which branches into opposite directions: to the right is seated *Industry*, and to the left *Idleness*; the "Pelerin" inquires the way to the city of Jerusalem, beyond the sea (of this world). *Industry* replies that the opposite path conducts

<sup>1</sup> LABEUR.<sup>b</sup>

¶ Certes dist il ainsi est il i  
Ainsi que le fer est en peril  
Du lacier dont riens ne ne fait  
Que tost apres rouille ne soit  
Aussi lhomme qui oyseux est  
Et riens ne fait en peril est

pilgrims into great peril, but that the wherein he is, was always discovered safe to those who continued in it; but many turned out of their way, through hedge which led them back into the path, <sup>c</sup> (the stile in *By-path meadow*.) Pilgrim then inquires why he carries of humble employment of net-maker. He plies, that he ought not to be blamed for doing; that it is not every one who can gold crowns: <sup>d</sup>

" Chascun si ne peut pas forger  
Couronnes dor ou lor changer;"

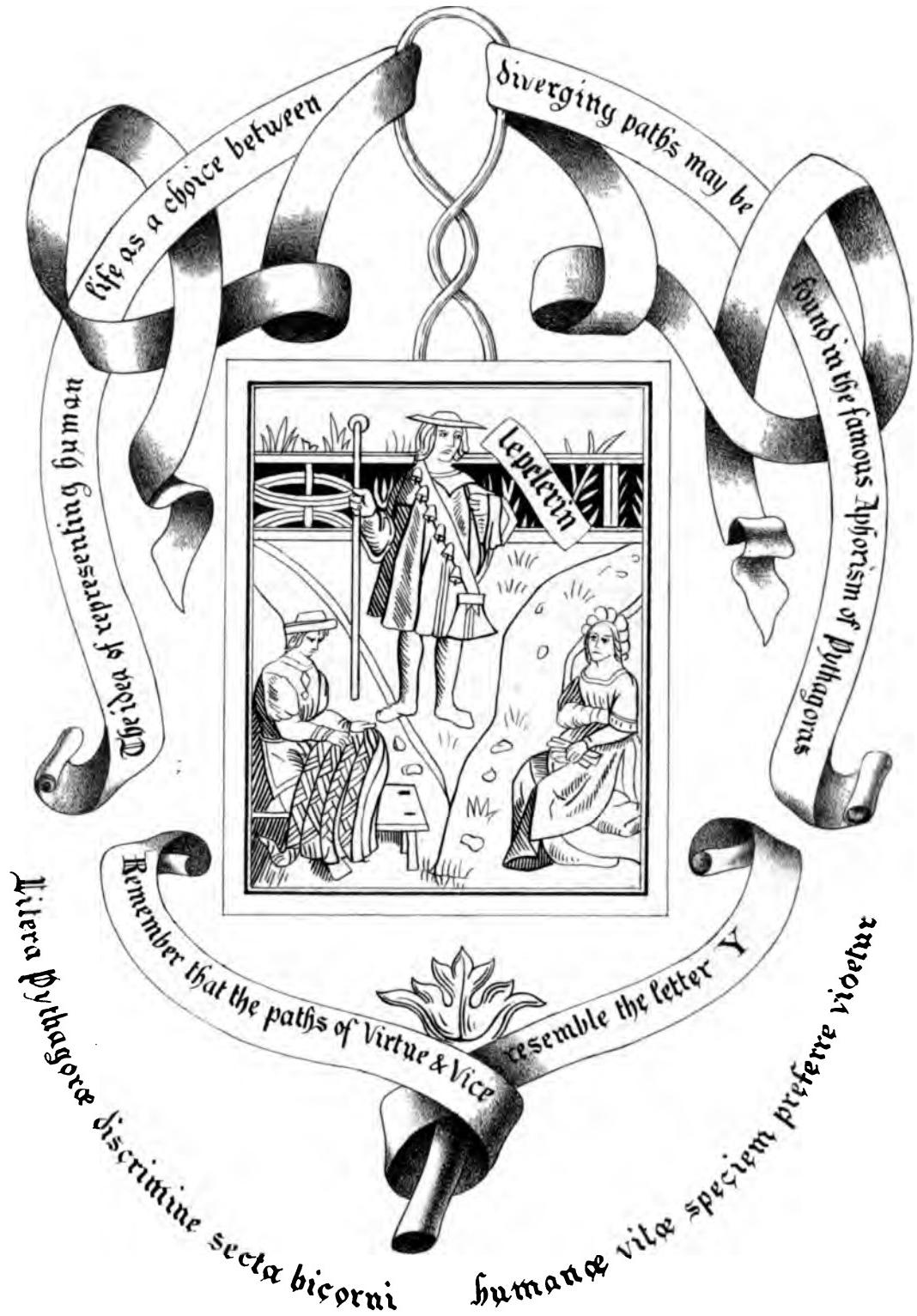
that an honest trade is not to be despised, however humble, provided it is pursued with diligence, since labour was good for its own sake adding the following simile:—

The NATTE MAKER.<sup>1</sup>

So as a swerd I dar expresse <sup>e</sup>  
Y ffadyd ys off hys bryhtnesse  
And off hys clernesse ek also  
Whan men take noon heed ther to  
But rusteth and ffareth al amys  
Ryght so a man that ydel ys  
And kan hymself not occupye  
By resemblaunce thow mayst espaye  
Into hys sowle thus I begynne  
The rust off vyses or off synne  
Doth a way withoute gesce  
Off all vertu the clernesse  
But exercyce in sentence  
And contynual dyllygence  
Born vp with vertuous labour  
Ys bet than any fourbysshore <sup>f</sup>  
Ageyn the rust off ydelnesse  
Off vertu to gyue perfyt clernesse  
The Pilgrim expresses surprise <sup>g</sup> at his

Quasiez tost bien fort enrouille  
Ne soit par vice et par peche  
Mais quant il se veult occuper  
Et en labeur exerciter  
Celuy vault vng bon forbisseur  
Et vne lime et vng limeur

\* \* \* \* \*





saying, he had looked upon him as a  
ld man—to which *Indufry* replies, that  
generally<sup>a</sup> the case that he who did not  
fine clothing<sup>b</sup> was held in little estima-  
and that a foolish man, well dressed, was  
prized<sup>c</sup> than a poor man with much learn-  
he adds:—

nd for to speke my general  
istene and ber up al  
d yt ys I ech hour and space  
at makyth the tyme shortly pace  
thout envy or perturbance  
r I am he by remembraunce  
h Adam the appyle eate  
uch with labour and with swet  
ve yove<sup>d</sup> ffoode and pastur  
every levynge creature  
he to best and ek to man  
h tyme that the world began  
iere off I am no thyng to blame  
d my verray ryhte name  
without mor farmon  
*hour* and *Occupacion*

e Pilgrim then inquires of the young  
seated on the other side, which were  
lered the best paths for pilgrims.

t I knowe be wel certeyn<sup>a</sup>  
F I shall the trouthe seyn  
ys the weye most royal  
lled the kynges hih<sup>b</sup> weye  
d her withal I dar wel seye

Yt ys most esy off passage  
To ffolkys old and yonge of age  
Smothe and pleyn yt ys no nay  
And most yused nyght and day  
And by thys ylke fame weye  
Gladly ffolkys I conveye ~  
Swich<sup>c</sup> as love paramours  
Toward the woode to gadre flowers  
Soot<sup>f</sup> rofys and vyolettys  
There of to make hem chaplettys  
And other flourys to her plesaunce  
And in thys weye I teche hem daunce  
And also for ther lady sake  
Endyte lettrys and songys make  
Upon the glade somerys days  
Balladys roundelys vyrelayes  
I teche hem ek lyk ther ententys  
To pleye on sondry instrumentys  
On herpe lut and on gyterne  
And to revelle at taverne  
With al merthe and mellodye  
On rebuke<sup>g</sup> and on symphonye  
To spende al the day in ffablys  
Pleye at the ches pley at the tablys  
At treygolet and tregetrye  
In karryng<sup>h</sup> and in jogolory<sup>i</sup>  
And to al swych maner play  
Thys the verray ryhte way

The Pilgrim inquires her name and condition.  
She replies that she is the daughter of  
*Idleness*, that she is lazy, tender, and soft:

<sup>1</sup> Et toutefois ie suis celluy  
Qui a trestous donne du pain  
Et fans moy pieca mort de fain  
Fust dadam tout le parente  
Rien ny vaulift larche noe  
Je suis celluy qui fais passer  
Le temps brieftement sans ennuyer<sup>k</sup>  
Celluy a qui est ne tout homme  
Pour le mauuais mors de la pomme  
Car appelle suis par mon nom<sup>l</sup>  
Labour et occupation

<sup>m</sup> OYSIUTE.

<sup>n</sup> Bien scay et pour vray te dy<sup>a</sup>  
Que cest cy le chemin royal  
Ou gens de pie et de cheual  
Et pelerins passent le plus  
Bien vois quil est le plus batus

Par luy ie meyne gens au bois  
Cueillir fleurs violettes et nois  
En esbatement en deduit  
En lieu de ioye et de delict  
Et la leur fais oyr chansons<sup>o</sup>  
Rondeaulx balades et doulx fons<sup>p</sup>  
De herpes et de simphonies  
Et plusieurs autres melodies  
Dont long le parlement feroit  
Qui toutes dire les voulroit  
Et la leur fois ie veoir danseurs  
Jeux de basteaux et de iougleurs  
Jeux de tables et deschiquiers  
De boulles et de mereilliers  
De cartes ieux de tricherie  
Et de mainte autre muserie  
<sup>q</sup> Bunyan and Spenser both adopt the simile of the  
“highway.”

<sup>a</sup> 1 Cor. iv. 12.

<sup>b</sup> Luke vii. 25.

<sup>c</sup> Tobit iv. 7.

<sup>d</sup> Given.

<sup>e</sup> Such.

<sup>f</sup> Sweet.

<sup>g</sup> Rebeck, a  
kind of violin.

<sup>h</sup> Legerdemain.

<sup>i</sup> Jugglery.

<sup>k</sup> Pf. cxxviii. 2.

<sup>l</sup> Ecclus. xl. 1.

<sup>m</sup> f. xlv.

<sup>n</sup> Prov. xxviii.  
10.

<sup>o</sup> Prov. iv. 14,  
15.

<sup>a</sup> Eph. v. 3, 4.<sup>b</sup> Prov. xvi. 2.<sup>c</sup> Ecclus. xxxiii. 27.<sup>d</sup> See the description of "Penance" given above.<sup>e</sup> Job xxxvi. 13.  
Eccles. xi. 10.<sup>f</sup> Vitell. C. xiii. f. 233, b.

"Suis oyseuse, tendre, et succree."

She says that she loves better to play with her gloves than any other occupation;<sup>a</sup> that she is the friend of his body when he sleeps or wakes—saving it from trouble,<sup>b</sup> and seeing that it is well taken care of; she warns him to beware which way he takes—that the one opposite is long and narrow, and that hers is wide, which is apparent to everyone.

The Pilgrim inquires who had placed the hedge between the paths; for if that were not there it would all appear as one and the same road.

*Idleness* answers that it was placed there by a great persecutor of pilgrims,<sup>c</sup> named *Repentance*, who held all those who went her way in great hatred, and that when they wished to turn into the other they could not,

<sup>1</sup> Y is called the letter of Pythagoras, (not because he invented it—for Palamedes invented it from the flight of cranes—but) because he used it to signify the bifurcation of the good and evil ways of men.

Novimus Pythagoram Samium vitam humanam divisisse in modum litteræ Y scilicet quod prima ætas incerta sit, quippe quæ adhuc se nec vitiis nec virtutibus dedit: bivium autem litteræ Y a juventute incipere quo tempore homines aut vicia, i. e. partem finistram, aut virtutes, i. e. partem dextram sequuntur.

*Servius, Comment in Virg. Aen. vi. 136.*

Dicunt enim humanæ vitæ cursum, Y, literæ esse similem; quod unusquisque hominum, cum primum adolescentiæ limen attigerit, et in eum locum venerit, parteis vbi se via findit in ambas hæret mutabundus, ac nesciat in quam se partem potius inclinet. Si ducem nactus fuerit, qui dirigit ad meliora titubantem, hoc est, si aut philosophiam didicerit, aut eloquentiam, aut aliquid honestæ artis, quod evadat ad bonam frugem; quod fieri sine labore maximo non potest: honestam, accopiosam vitam, disputant, peracturum: Si vero doctorem frugalitatis non inuenierit; in finistram viam, quæ melioris speciem mentiatur, incedere; id est, defidie, inertiae, luxuriae se tradere; quæ suavia quidem videntur ad tempus, vera bona ignorantia; post autem amissa omni dignitate, ac re familiari, in omnibus miseriis, ignominiaque victurum, . . . Nos igitur melius, et verius, qui duas istas vias, caeli, et inferorum esse dicimus, quia iustis immortalitas, iniustis pena æterna proposita est.—*Lactantius*, vi. 3.

For they say that the course of human life is like the letter Y; because every man, when first he shall have touched the threshold of youth, and shall have come to that place where "the way splits itself into two parts," may stick doubting, and know not to which part he would rather bend himself. If he shall have found a guide who can direct a faltering (man) to better things,

without being pierced with thorns, and otherwise wounded; that *Repentance* came to make brooms, rods, and hammers; for she was severe beyond measure, and there she was little loved and praised.<sup>d</sup>

The Pilgrim calls to his remembrance lady with the broom and rods, answering aptly to this description, and he confide better to turn into the "Nat-maker's" before he passes the hedge which was sogous and prickly.<sup>1</sup>

In journeying on, the Pilgrim, after counteracting and escaping from *Glotto* *Lust*, meets *Wrath*<sup>e</sup> and <sup>f</sup> *Tribulation*<sup>f</sup> is assailed by the former, who is represt as a four-looking ugly old woman holding stones in her hands—one of them called *s spite*, the other, *Animosity*—and a saw is

that is, if he shall have learned philosophy, or eloquence or anything of any honourable art, he may reach for good (purposed), which cannot be done without great labour, they maintain that he will pass through an honourable and wealthy life: but if he shall not be a teacher of temperance, (they say) that he goes left-hand road, which falsely affirms the appears a better (road), that is, that he gives himself to ignorance, (and) luxury; which indeed seem suitable to him who knows not true good; (but wrods) all rank, family property, being lost, (that) he will live in all misery and disgrace.

Wherefore we affirm better and more truly that ways are two, of heaven and hell, because immo is placed before the just, and eternal punishment the unjust.

*Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos,*  
*Surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem.*  
*Perfus, Sat. iii. l. 56,*

But you have pass'd the schools; have studied &c  
And learn'd the eternal bounds of Right and Wrong.  
And what the Porch, (by Mycon limned, of yes)  
With trowered Medes unfolds of ethic lore,  
Where the thorn youth, on herbs and pottage fe  
Bend o'er the midnight page, the sleepless head:  
And sure, the letter where, divergent wide,  
The Samian branches shoot on either side,  
Has to your view, with no obscure display,  
Marked, on the right, the strait, but better way.

*Gifford's Perfus, Sat. iii. l. 99.*

*Quumque iter ambiguum est et vite nefciosus ei:*  
*Didicuit trepidas ramosa in compita mentes.*

*Ibid. Sat. v.*

*Pythagoræ bivium ramis pateo ambiguis Y.*

*Ausonius, Idyl. :*

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcut XII.

the use of which she thus describes:—

sharp sawe in verray dede  
that callyd is hatred  
with thy sawe tak hed her to  
awe and kut a two  
loue and unyte  
ord and fraternyte  
laryte and allyaunce  
also dysseveraunce  
a two ech vertu  
ob and Esu  
mayst se a playn fygure  
now rede the scripture  
sawhe made hem gon affonder  
on her the tother yonder  
ong tyme affonder were  
hys sawh also I bere  
now fest her in my mouth  
ever I go both est and south  
tent be well certeyn  
ever I pray or shold seyn  
iter noster nyght or day  
I sawh mysylff away  
the hooly trynyte  
e<sup>a</sup> yt as thow mayst se  
God off entencyoun  
y synnes to han pardoun  
lyk to my socour  
orgyve my neighebour  
prayerc ek I sette  
he forgyve me my dette  
orgyve folk thoffence  
to me dyde vyonelice  
o conclude yiff yt be souht  
ve her off ryht nowht

Than must yt folwe off equyte  
My prayere ys ageyns me  
To ward my sylff by mortal lawe  
Wrongly I tourne thys ylke sawhe  
In the wych ys no profyt  
Worshewe honour but fals delyt  
But gret damage and harm ful ofte  
And he that sholde stonde alofste  
Holdyng thys sawhe thys the caas  
He ys benethe and stonde most baas  
In sygne wheroff who lyft knowe  
Sathanas he ys most lowe

*Wrath* also carries a hawk, representing *Murder*, with which she girds her agents—citing, for example, Barabbas,<sup>b</sup> and the tyrants who formerly put the martyrs to death.

“ Beste sauuaige non pas hom  
Cil est qui porte ce fauchon ;”

“(A wild beast, and not a man, is he who bears this hawk.)”

*Wrath* warns the Pilgrim to defend himself against her assaults; to which he answers, that he will resist unto the death.<sup>c</sup>

Descending the hill whence he had come, he then perceives *Tribulation*, who commands him to lay down his staff and protect himself with his shield and sword. She tells him that she carries the instruments for forging—only requiring an anvil upon which to forge him a crown—the crown of life;<sup>d</sup> and that his not possessing this, renders him in peril of being destroyed by the first stroke of her hammer, which is *Persecution*<sup>e</sup>—by which Job was severely tried, and by which those who are not

Et est celle see<sup>f</sup> nommee<sup>g</sup>  
Ffayne de laquelle est fice  
Union de fraternite  
Et alliance dunite  
En iacob et en esau  
Tu en as la figure veu  
Je les siay et les defioncts  
Et lun de l'autre enuoyay loinge  
Aussi ay je maine autre fait  
Dont racompter auroit trop plait  
Aux dens ceste see ie porte  
Afin que se la pater nostre  
Je dy que ie soie bien fice

De dieu le pere et separee  
Car quant le pry quil ait mercy  
De moy et ma doint tout ainsi  
Mes meffais comme les pardonne  
Et qua nully ie ne pardonne<sup>h</sup>  
Bien scay que contre moy ie prie  
Et deuens moy tourne la sie  
En ceste sie a fi trespeu  
De bien de louenge et de preu  
Que qui la tient et maistre en est  
Au desfoubez et au plus bas est  
En signe que le sathanas  
Le tendra en la fosse bas

<sup>a</sup> Prove.

<sup>b</sup> Mark xv. 7.

<sup>c</sup> Col. iii. 6.

<sup>d</sup> 1 Pet. i. 6, 7.

<sup>e</sup> 2 Tim. iii. 12.

<sup>f</sup> f. lxi. b.

<sup>g</sup> Matt. v. 22.  
Gen. xxvii. 41.

<sup>h</sup> Matt. vi. 12.

<sup>a</sup> Prov. i. 32.  
<sup>b</sup> Chron. xxi. 1.  
Job ii. 7.

<sup>d</sup> Job i. 21.  
Rom. v. 3.  
Eccl. xxxv. 20.  
Psal. lxxi. 20.

<sup>e</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
f. 241.

<sup>g</sup> Tonge.

<sup>h</sup> Stars.

<sup>i</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
f. 241, b.

<sup>j</sup> f. lxvii. g.

<sup>k</sup> Ps. cxvi. 3, 4.  
Hab. iii. 16.

<sup>l</sup> Job vi. 10.

## Appendix.

well armed are confounded, even unto the death.<sup>a</sup> The Pilgrim remembers that St. Bernard had advised him in all trouble to resort for aid to the Virgin Mary, to whom he makes his prayer. *Tribulation* then ceases to assault him, finding he has not given up his staff, and has sought a good and sure refuge.<sup>b</sup>

How much more scriptural than this is Bunyan's "key of promise," which unlocks the door of *Doubting Castle*!

*Tribulation* describes herself in De Guileville, as being like the wind which scatters some of the falling leaves and drives others into various corners for refuge, and speaks as follows:—

<sup>c</sup> Som like leavys I whirl away<sup>c</sup>  
Wych by the ground ful lowe lay  
But thoro my commissiou  
I ha tourned them up se doun  
And many another ek also  
With my trouble and with my wo  
And with my toonges <sup>d</sup> I hem chace  
Agayn the Lord whann they trespace  
That I cause hem for to ffe  
To God on hem to han pyte  
And some I have ek caused offte  
To slen up to the sterre<sup>e</sup> aloffte  
To whom thow fleddyt with gret labour  
Ffor to have of hym succour  
Comfort and consolacioun

### TRIBULATION.

¶ Je suis dist elle tout ainsi  
Que le vent qui maine a labry  
Et destourne les fucille cheues  
Ou les rachaffe vers les nues<sup>h</sup>  
A refuge tay fait aler  
Et vers les nues regarder  
Qui es une feuille feichée  
Et deieeet et desuoyee  
En cestuy chemin maleureux  
Ou nest pas (dont meschief est) seulz  
Ceulx qui bien ne vont ie rauoye  
Et point aife ie ne seroye  
Jusqua ce que trouue auroient  
Ung deftour ou se mufferoient  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Les vngs chasse a la pitie dieu  
Ou a grace qui tient son lieu

### Ageyn al tribulacioun

\* \* \* \* \*  
I have to the  
Partly declaryd myne offys  
As thow mayst fele yiff thow be wys  
Without any gret outrage  
Don to the or gret damage  
Withouten any wordes mo  
A dieu farewel for I wyll go  
And be war in thy passage  
That thow do well thy pylgrymage  
And in thy way be iust and stable  
Lych a pylgrym good and hable

The Pilgrim then prays that God wi  
him from any worse evil, for he feels  
has no power in himself, that his only  
is on his staff (faith); but that as *Tri*  
has threatened to return again, he can  
his own heart should she do so, for it is  
ing, and only too ready to follow diffe  
signs, and he proceeds in the following w

\* And as I stood allone al sool<sup>f</sup>  
Gan compleyne and make dool  
Havyng no thyng up on to reste  
Save as me sempte for the besfe  
I lenede me on my bordoun  
For thogh that Tribulacioun  
Wer departyd in certeyn  
She sayde she wolde kome ageyn

Mon devoir iay fait a present  
Sans oultrage tresdoulcement  
Ailleurs ie vois va bon chemin  
Com doit faire bon pelerin

### LE PELERIN.

Or me garde dieu de pis auoir<sup>g</sup>  
Car en moy nay aucun pouoir  
Ne sur moy rien ou ie me sie  
Fors le bourdon ou ie mapuye  
Se tribulation sen va  
El dit bien quelle reuienda  
Se ne me tiens a mon refuy  
Ou me suis mis et mon aby  
Mais certes ie voy bien et scay  
Que tenir ie ne my pourrray  
Pour mon cuer qui trop volaige et  
Et a diuers propos tost preft  
Ainsi comme seul meditant  
Men aloye mon frain rongeant  
Vng val pfond en vng bolcaige

## Appendix.

trefo I woke or slepte  
 refuge ay I me kepte  
 by hyr protectioun  
 h tribulacioun  
 at I by gret owtrage<sup>a</sup>  
 y port wylde and savage  
 of my condycioun  
 y turnynge up and down  
 aunge and doubylnesse  
 me no stabylnesse  
 I wente thus musyng  
 myselff ymagynnge  
 on in my paßage  
 oode ful savage  
 te the weye peryllous  
 pass encombrous  
 what was leſte to doone  
 voode a man may ſoone  
 weye and gon amys  
 war<sup>c</sup> and thus yt ys  
 ms know wel ech on  
 ylgrymäge gon  
 sy fynde narew and streyth  
 lyn ek in aweyt  
 e bestys many on  
 ylgrymes wher they gon

xprefſes a ſimilār idea thus:—  
 e end of the Valley of *Humiliation*, called the Valley of the Death, and *Cbrisian* muſt needs  
 , because the way to the Celeſtial  
 ough the midſt of it. Now this  
 ery ſolitary place; the prophet  
 s deſcribes it: ‘A wildernes, a  
 land of pits, a land of drought,  
 adow of death; a land that no  
 Christian) paſſeth through, and

where no man dwelt.’ (Jer ii. 6) . . . About  
 the midſt of this valley I perceived the mouth  
 of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the  
 wayſide. Now, thought *Cbrisian*, what ſhall  
 I do? And ever and anon the flame and ſmoke  
 would come out in ſuch abundance, with  
 ſparks and hideous noifes, (things that cared  
 not for *Cbrisian*’s ſword, as did Apollyon be-  
 fore,) that he was forced to put up his ſword,  
 and betake himſelf to another weapon, called  
 ‘All-Prayer,’ (Eph. vi. 18.) ; ſo he cried in  
 my hearing, ‘O Lord, I beſeech Thee, de-  
 liver my ſoul.’ (Pſalm cxvi. 4.) Thus he  
 went on a great while; yet ſtill the flames  
 would be reaching towards him: alſo he heard  
 doleful voices, and ruiſhings to and fro; ſo that  
 ſometimes he thought he ſhould be torn in  
 pieces, or trodden down like mire in the ſtreets.  
 This frightful ſight was ſeen, and these dread-  
 ful noifes were heard, by him for ſeveral miles  
 together; and, coming to a place where he  
 thought he heard a company of fiends coming  
 forward to meet him—he ſtopped, and began  
 to muſe what he had beſt to do. Sometimes  
 he had half a thought to go back; then again  
 he thought he might be half way through the  
 valley; he remembered alſo how he had al-  
 ready vanquished many a danger, and that  
 the danger of going back might be much more  
 than for to go forward; ſo he reſolved to  
 go on. Yet the fiends ſeemed to come nearer  
 and nearer—but when they were come even  
 almoſt at him, he cried out with a moſt ve-  
 hement voice, ‘I will walk in the ſtrength of  
 the Lord God;’ ſo they gave back, and came  
 no farther.”

<sup>1</sup> After his encounter with *Tribulation*, the Pilgrim is affailed by *Avarice* and *Necromancy*,

ble lait et moult fauuaige  
 uant moy par ou paſſer  
 onuenoit fauant aleſ  
 uloye dont esbahy fu  
 ar bois on a toſt perdu  
 ye et mains perilz y ſont  
 ſerins qui tous ſeuls vont  
 ns et mains beſtes fauuaiges  
 ent en croz et tapinaiges

Y font pour nuire aux trespassans  
 Et leur faire deftourbiers grans

<sup>1</sup> The narrative from this point is taken from the MS. Tiberius A. vii. of which mention has already been made. Vitellius C. xiii. is unfortunately lost after the meeting of *Tribulation* with the Pilgrim; but the ſtory is continued in Tiberius A. vii. (which is alſo a traſlation of portions of De Guileville’s “Pélerinage”), and the coloured drawings are facsimiles from the latter MS.

## XXXIII

<sup>a</sup> By the great  
 violence I had  
 ſuffered.

<sup>b</sup> Restles.

<sup>c</sup> Unless he take  
 care.

## Appendix.

when a messenger comes, sword in hand, (like *Greatbeart*,) to his rescue, and is represented in the illumination as a Crusader, with an escutcheon on his breast, and a red cross, or *rood tree* in the centre of it—he has then to encounter *Herefye, Satban, Dame Fortune, Dame Idolatrye, Sorcerye, Scilla, Conspiracyon, Gladnesse of the world*, or “*world's ffals solace*,” (the *Vanity Fair* of Bunyan;) with each of these he has long colloquies, just as he has in De Guileville's poem.

In his distress, by the side of a great water, he perceives a ship sailing towards him, and presently *Gracedieu* lands, and opens a fountain in the rock. In this water he is washed and purified, and she offers him the choice of a refuge in various monasteries; he makes his choice, like De Guileville, of the monastery of *Cisteaux*.

## GRACE.

Voy la Cluny voy la Cisteaux  
Voy la Chartreux voy la prescheurs  
Voy la croisiez voy la mineurs  
Su en vois la de toutes guises

\* \* \* \*

<sup>a</sup> f. lxvii.

<sup>1</sup> Agiographie, or Hagiographie, signifies “Holy writings,” or “Scriptures,” and may have suggested to Bunyan his name of *Evangelist*.

<sup>b</sup> Ezekiel v. 17.

<sup>2</sup> . . . ainsi que ie descendoye

Dedans ce val et aualoye

Une grant veille desguisee

Et autrement pis faconnee

Que par auant veu ie nauoye

Lors vy qui estoit en ma voye

Et sembloit que la maestendist

Et que courre sus me voulisti

Nulle tel beste en daniel

Nainsi faict en ezechiel

Nen lapocalipse ne vy

Et dont autant feusse esbahy

Boiteuse elle estoit et bossue

Et dun gros viel burel vestue

Repetasse de viel penneaulx

De vieux haillons et pendillaux

Ung fac auoit pendu au col

Et bien sembloit que faire vol

El voulisti car dedens boutoit

Grain et fer y ensachoit

Sa langue quelle auoit hora traicté

Ne leur contenance ainsi fiere

Luy aidoit moult a dedens mestre

Mais mezelle tout elle estoit

Et sursemee come sembloit

Six mains auoit et deux moingnons

<sup>c</sup> Daniel vii. 4.

<sup>d</sup> Ezek. xxi. 11.

<sup>e</sup> Mark ix. 42.

<sup>f</sup> Avarice, according to St. Augustin, is an insatiable and depraved lust after vain-glory or anything else.

## LE PELERIN.

Dame dis ie puis qua chois fuy  
Le chasteau de cisteaulx iefly

Or according to the old English tradition :—

“ Madame quod I whan al ys sought  
I have chose off herte and thought  
Off cystews in eche syde  
In that castel to abyde.”

The porter of the gate then fetches him in a boat. His name is *Dredes off God*. is welcomed by *Cbarity*. *Leffoun*, who is *Lecon* or *Conscelliere* of De Guileville, him instruction. *Agiographe*<sup>1</sup> shows his wonderful mirror. These are succeeded *Obedience, Discipline, Abstinence, Poor Chastity, Prayer, Infirmitiy, Old Age, Death*.

<sup>2</sup> On descending into the valley, (after having been attacked by *Tribulation*,) the Pilgrim counters an old woman, disguised in such manner as he had never seen before, who

Deux des mains ongues de griffons  
Auoiuent que moult ie redoubtay  
Et quant gy pense peur en ay  
En vne de ses autres mains  
Ainsi que se deust lymer frains<sup>4</sup>  
Une lyme taillant tenoit  
Et vne balance ou pezoit  
Le zodiaque et le soleil  
Pour mestre en vente sans rapel  
Une escuelle en laute main  
Tenoit en vng sachet a pain  
En la quinte auoit vng crochet  
Et sur la teste vng mahommet  
La fixesme main appuyee  
Dessus la hanche eclopinee  
Auoit et souuant la leuoit  
Jusqua la langue et la mangeoit  
Celle vis ie tantoft venir  
Encontre moy pour maffaillir<sup>c</sup>

AVARICE.<sup>f</sup>

Par mahommet dist elle a moy  
Qui est mon dieu en qui ie croy  
Je tatendoye a moyre lauras  
Mal y venis tu y mourras  
Mecis ius tescharpe et ton bourdon  
Et fay hommaige a mon mahon  
Cest celluy par qui suis louee  
Saige reputee honnoree



7





in his path and appeared ready to run towards him—he says, “ No such beast is described in Daniel, Ezekiel, or the Apocalypse.” She was lame and humpbacked, clothed in tatters, and having her head covered with old rags ; a bag was suspended round her neck, evidently for the purpose of theft,<sup>1</sup> for she stuffed into it all sorts of fragments ; her tongue was thrust out of her mouth : but her haughty countenance prevented her being able to collect many contributions, and she appeared therefore weak and miserable. She had six hands and two stumps —two of these were furnished with griffin’s claws, which the Pilgrim feared greatly ; in another hand she held a file, just as though she were going to file horses’ bits—and scales, in which she weighed the zodiac and the sun ; in the fourth she held a porringer, (*escuelle*), and a wallet for bread ; in the fifth a hook—and on her head was a *mawmet*, or idol, of gold and silver—the metals she so much covets, and of which she speaks as follows :—

<sup>2</sup> AVARICE.

Or est temps que ie te parolle  
Finablement de mon ydole<sup>a</sup>  
Mon ydole est mon Mahomet  
Le denier dor ou dargent est  
Ou quel lempainte est figuree  
Du seigneur de celle contree

Celluy sans qui nul nest prisé  
En la terre nauatorise  
Celluy par qui sont honorez  
Mains grans folz et saiges clamez<sup>c</sup>  
A luy fault que tu te foubmeutes  
Et de le seruir tentremetes  
Et puis apres honteusement  
Mourrir te fault et villement

<sup>1</sup> A similar description is given by Chaucer in the “ Romaunt of the Rose.”—Vide Clarke’s *Riches of Chaucer*, vol. ii. p. 278.

“ This *Avarice* held in her hand  
A purse which hung by a band  
And that she hid and bound so strong  
Men must abiden wonder long  
Out of the purse ere there came ought  
For that ne cometh in her thought  
It was not certain her intent  
That from that purse a penny went.”

AVARICE.

Now wole I speke of my *mawmet*<sup>b</sup>  
And of myn ydol that is so oold  
Made of silver and off gold  
In the which I the ensure  
Is the ymage and the figure  
And the prynce as thow mayst see  
Off the lord of the contree

She next swears to the Pilgrim that by the “ *mawmet*,” which she worships, she will have his life, and commands him to give up his scarf and staff, and to pay homage to her “ *mawmet*,” through whose instrumentality she is accounted wise and honourable ; to which also he must submit himself, and afterwards die miserably.

The Pilgrim inquires her name, to what nation she belongs, and the use of her idol to which she wishes him to render such abject service—for he accounts it unreasonable<sup>b</sup> to serve or pay homage to a “ *mawmet*,” which is blind, deaf, and dumb, he himself being of noble lineage.

Before, however, she consents to answer these questions, or to give him any further information regarding herself, she leads him to the top of a lofty embankment overlooking a wide plain. Here he beholds a large cathedral, built near a court-house,<sup>d</sup> and sees, as it were, a personified game at chess. There were kings, rooks, knights, &c.—all of them with their

<sup>a</sup> Levit. xxvi. 1.  
Deut. xii. 3.  
<sup>b</sup> Cor. x. 14.

<sup>b</sup> Wisdom xiv.  
8—11.

<sup>c</sup> Eph. v. 5.

<sup>b</sup> Bunyan’s Demas. (Cf. 2 Tim. iv. 10.)

<sup>b</sup> Mawmet, or mammet, a corruption of the word “ Mahomet,” and hence applied to anything worshipped with idolatrous reverence. In De Guileville’s poem the word *mawmet* is called the “ ydole Mahomet,” meaning in this case the particular idol worshipped, i. e. “ money.”

<sup>d</sup> *Echiquier*. This word is thus explained by Roquefort:—“ Lieu ou s’assebloient les commissaires que le Roi, les Princes souverains ou grands vassaux envoient dans leurs domaines. Dans la province de Normandie cette cour étoit permanentre, et en 1250 on y portoit appel des sentences des baillifs.”—See also Du Cange’s Glossary, sub. voc. “ Scacarium.” The word is introduced here as being radically connected with the game of “ *echecs*,” or “ *chess*,” which is described, and the reader will at once recognize in it the origin of our *Court of Exchequer*.

<sup>a</sup> Jer. vi. 13.  
Psalm lxxix. 1.  
Judith vii. 29.

<sup>b</sup> Prov. xix. 4.

<sup>c</sup> Lament. i. 1.

<sup>d</sup> Micah vii. 3.  
Matt. vi. 19.  
1 Tim. vi. 10.

<sup>e</sup> Malachi iii. 5.  
Hab. ii. 9.  
Psalm lxii. 10.

<sup>f</sup> Zech. v. 3.

<sup>g</sup> Hosea vii. 1.

<sup>h</sup> Exod. xxii. 15  
Prov. xi. 26.  
Psalm lv. 11.

<sup>i</sup> Matt. v. 45.

## Appendix.

swords drawn, and charging at each other with great violence. But not even thus were the combatants satisfied, for after having assaulted one another, they rushed savagely with one accord and laid siege to the cathedral—so violently, that no living creature could remain in or near it, and everything around was reduced to the most complete ruin. Upon the Pilgrim's complaining<sup>a</sup> to *Avarice* of the destruction of the cathedral, and of the horrible grief and destitution that must be caused thereby, she assures him that in very truth he has himself now seen how that she holds all mankind in subjection,<sup>b</sup> that every one pays court to her, and that all kinds of business have reference to her—of this, she adds, Jeremiah prophesied when he said, “How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princesses among the provinces, how is she become tributary!”<sup>c</sup> “Jeremiah knew very well,” she adds, “that all are my pupils—that king, and rooks,<sup>d</sup> (i. e. all potentates,) are subservient to me, and sooner or later all devote themselves to my handi-craft.”<sup>e</sup> “I am named *Covetousness*,” she continues, “because I covet the riches of others; and *Avarice*, because I guard too well mine own. I have six hands to seize with in six different ways, and to put my prey into my bag. The first is named *Rapine*;<sup>f</sup> it seizes and kills pilgrims, and entraps its prey everywhere. My second hand, which is behind

me, robs secretly; it is called *Cust-purse* forges seals and signatures—it is a false smith and treasurer; this hand despoils dead, and keeps doors and windows close; it has gleaned all it wishes for; and if it is administrator of goods, or the executor of what it takes the largest portion to itself<sup>g</sup>—and those who travel by night are not free from its ravages, being conducted by false guides.

“The hand which holds the file is *Ufer*; it hoards up corn in granaries till it is dry, and then sells it at double the price—it defrauds life by little and little.”

The Pilgrim inquires why she weighs zodiac and the sun?

*Avarice* replies, that *Gracedien*<sup>h</sup> has placed the zodiac round the heavens, and appoisoned the sun to shine equally for the good of all; but that this was displeasing to her, because she perceived that if she did not take possest of time, so as to regulate the bargains by which she should be able to accomplish but little with her file. For this reason, therefore, she had taken possession of the zodiac,<sup>i</sup> and placed the sun in her scales for the purpose of weighing out certain portions of time, according to which she retailed her goods for periods of seven, eight, fifteen days, months, or even years; charging in proportion to the rate of interest to the which her customers were willing to give.

Some conversation then ensues between *Avarice* and the Pilgrim, as to some standing w

<sup>a</sup> Still keeping up the metaphor of the game at chess, the “rook,” or “castle,” being the next piece in value to the king and queen.

<sup>b</sup> Grace de dieu iadis assif<sup>i</sup>  
Entour le zodiaque et mist  
Le soleil pour luire a chascun  
Et pour estre au monde commun  
A tous veult que general fust  
Et que nully faulce nen eust  
Or te dy que ce me despieut  
Pour mon prouffit qui pas ny geut  
Car bien vy que se le nauoye  
Le temps et ne laproprioye  
A moy bien peu pourroye ouurer  
De ma lyme et peu lymer  
Par quoy a moy iappropriay  
Le zodiaque et usurpay

Le temps et le soleil men fis  
Et en ma balance le mis  
Je men suis faiche peserelle  
Et par mon poix reunderelle  
Par iours le vens et par semaines  
Par huitaines et par quinzaines  
Par mois et par ans tous entiers  
La liure ien vens vingt deniers  
Le moys en vends neuf sols ou dix  
Et la semaine cinq ou six  
Et felon que chascun en prent  
Selon le poise et le vend

<sup>i</sup> The zodiac was, of course, placed in the scales to typify the rate of interest to be charged by the moon each sign corresponding to a month, and the sun, as completes his course through the zodiac in a year, to show the rate of interest by the year.



Avarice

XIII



Le nigromancien

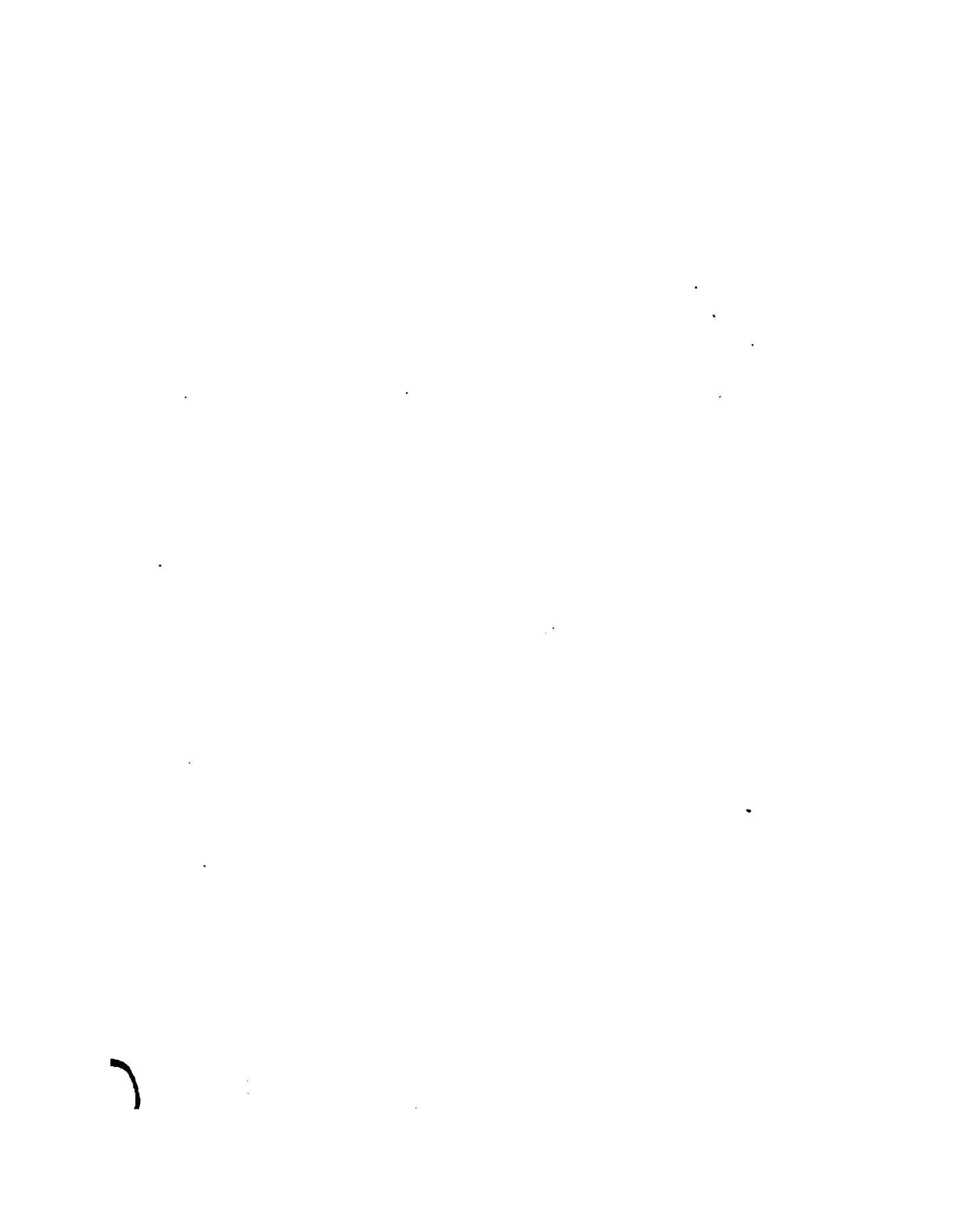
XIV



XV



XVI



h had been once offered to the latter by odman, at a very cheap price. To this *ice* replies, that the woodman, no doubt, ed ready money, and therefore sold the l standing, and at a low price; but that : Pilgrim had waited for another year, woodman would have asked him more—ise the growth of the wood, and, conse-  
tly, its value, would have by that time ased. Hence in old times, she adds, wood measured after it had been cut down, and s sold according to the measure; and this, iys, is legitimate, since interest<sup>a</sup> should be ed for time.<sup>1</sup> Wherefore, she does not be-  
that the woodman would have sold the l standing to the Pilgrim, and still<sup>b</sup> al-  
d it to stand where it did, without charg-  
im according to the yearly increase of its  
in proportion to its growth.

*varice* then goes on to inform the Pilgrim he hand in which he sees the porringer “is l *Roguery, and Mendicancy*;<sup>c</sup> it is always g out for presents, and stuffs its scrip full eat, which becomes foul and tainted be-  
it can be consumed: it is ever begging read in the name of God—never paying nything which it uses, or returning any esy that it may have received: it labours pport itself by shameful methods; and it at which causes me to be clothed and ed with rags—for it pays no attention to ing but keeping fast hold of boxes, bottles, ything else it can beg. This hand leads o shady spots, where passengers, pilgrims, grandees are in the habit of passing, and ain alms from some of them by feigning distress, from others by pretending to be led, and in various other ways; but still, although I have plenty, I curse them for giving me more. This hand of mine also es gentlefolks how to beg—for they, too,

know very well the art how to appropriate and secrete matters in their large gloves which they wear for hawking, and they know very well, too, how to take them off when they would filch anything. Thus they go, without shame or hesitation, to the monks, and beg for leather for their hawks’ hoods, and for their dogs’ leashes, choose garments, blankets, horses, chariots, ploughs, and many other things—all of which they sometimes pretend to borrow, but take good care never to return.<sup>d</sup> And when they ask for these things, not only will they take no excuse from the monks for not lending them, but are even angry at being denied; as if, forsooth, the poor monks were only interested to supply them with means of living. You may suppose, then, how dear I am to the nobles, since it is I who supply them with the receptacles for that which they have begged; and how much, now that they have adopted this novel method of obtaining their living, they reverence me, since they are willing to serve me, even grey-haired old hag that I be.

“The hand with the crook,” she continues, “formerly belonged to Simon Magus, and to Gehazi, who made me a present of it; but the crook was given to me by the former. Now the letter S, which is the first letter of his name, is shaped like a crook; and this shows that I am the abbess of an ancient and dishonest abbey, which is called *Simony*,<sup>e</sup> from Simon. This hand it is which admits robbers into the household of Christ Jesus, and false<sup>f</sup> shepherds into his fold—men who for the sake of temporal gain would thrust aside and depose God’s grace, and who are ever ready to chaffer with the highest bidder. But in such transactions there must be two parties—the buyer and the seller. Now, the sellers are called *Gebazites*,<sup>g</sup> and the buyers *Simonites*, although the latter term generally comprehends both classes.<sup>2</sup> Such

<sup>a</sup> *Isaiah xxiv. 2.*

<sup>b</sup> *Lev. xxv. 23—27.*

<sup>c</sup> *Luke vi. 30.*  
*Prov. xxviii. 20.*

<sup>d</sup> *Ecclus. xii. 2*  
—4  
*Deut. xxiii. 17.*

<sup>e</sup> “ *Simonia est studiosa voluntas emendi vel vendendi aliquid spirituale.*”

<sup>f</sup> *John x. 1—16.*

<sup>g</sup> “ *Giezi in ve- teri testamento et Symon Magus in novo fuerunt Sy- moniaci.*”

This is, of course, a sophistical argument used by *ice* to deceive the Pilgrim, by confounding the “interest” with “usury;” for although the r, according to an equitable rate, was allowed even : Mosaic law, the latter was strictly forbidden by

it. (See *Levit. xxv. 14—37*; *Neh. v. 7*; *Psal. xv*; *Ezra xviii. 8*; *et alibi*: and Cf. *Matt. xxv. 29.*)

<sup>2</sup> This curious distinction is made because Gehazi wished to receive a gift from Naaman as the purchase-money or price for his cure, (See *2 Kings v. 20—27*.)

as these would even sell Jesus Himself for ever so small a sum, and are even worse than Judas, for when he saw that he had acted wickedly he restored the price he had received ; but these men will never, by any process of reasoning, be induced to surrender their gains. And if thou wouldest know the reason of this, I give thee to understand that such gains go into the bag which I wear so cunningly round my neck, and which is like a fish-net ; for whatever once goes into it, never escapes again.

<sup>a</sup> My fifth hand is cozening, trickery, fraud, and deceit. It is this hand which easily cheats the unsuspecting dealer, or deceives the wary by using false weights<sup>a</sup> and thus acting contrary to the law of God. This also it is which palms<sup>b</sup> off colours which will not stand, sells bad linen for good, and unsound horses for sound. It travels round the villages, exposing fictitious shrines and saints to the simple population, and thus obtains money falsely from them. At

<sup>a</sup> Prov. xx. 10  
—23.

<sup>b</sup> Prov. xi. 9.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. xxxvii. 14.

<sup>d</sup> Jeremiah xxiii.  
11—13.

whereas Simon Magus offered to give money to Peter and John in order to purchase the power of imparting the Holy Spirit. (See Acts viii. 17—24.)

<sup>1</sup> Mon autre main dicté est barat  
Tricherie tricot hazar  
Et si est nomme deceuance  
Laquelle de tricher fauance  
\* \* \* \* \*

Moult fait ceste main cy de maulx  
Couratiere elle est de cheuaux  
Et fait les mauuais bons semblans  
A ceulx qui veulent acheter  
Souuantefois par le pais  
Faux saintuaires et fainctiz  
Va monstrant a la simple gent  
Pour faullement tirer argent  
Autre fois prent en ces monstiers<sup>c</sup>  
Aucuns ymages qui sont vielz  
Et fait pertuiz dedens leurs testes  
Pour faire venir gaing aux prestres  
Es pertuiz qua fait huille meest  
Ou vin ou eau ce qua plus prest  
Afin que quant celle liqueur  
Descend a val dicté sueur  
Soit et que cest fait par miracle  
Et soit renomme tel ymage  
Et afin que plus colore  
Soit ce miracle et renomme<sup>d</sup>  
Je men vois aux coquins parler  
Et leur faiz faire simuler  
Que boistoux ilz soient ou contrefraiz  
Sours ou muetz ou contrefraiz  
Et en tel point venir les fas  
Deuant lymage et crier las

other times, in order to bring gain to priests, it takes old images, in the heat which it pours oil, wine, or water, & descends to the bottom, and then it is said to perspire, and a miracle to have worked, which gets exaggerated until the age becomes renowned : then I go to needy rogue, and induce him to pretend he is maimed, or deformed, or blind, or and he presents himself to the image and to it to restore him ; and when the priest beheld him sound again, not knowing the maladies were all assumed, they think the miracle has been worked, and this brings to the priest of the image. Again, when children are brought to be baptized, I let them to be laid upon an altar which appears quite solid, but in reality is hollow inside, then, by certain subterranean passages, I let burning charcoal to be introduced beneath into the cavity which warms the altar,

Saint ymaige garisse moy  
Et lors de ma main ie les lieue  
Et tous faints en heure tres briue  
Les monstre merueilles nest pas  
Car malades ilz nestoient pas  
Et seulement mon mal auoient  
Que les prestens pas ne cuidoient  
Mais cuident que miracle soit  
Et que par lymage soit fait  
Et par ainsi gaigne le prestre  
Et est faict vne faulse feste  
Aucunefois fais baptizez  
Daucuns petiz enfans mors nez  
Desfus lautier ie les faiz medre  
Qui ressemble tout massis estre  
Mais il est tout creux par dedens  
Et par certains soubsterremens  
Des charbons ardans ie soubzmetz  
Et lautier eschauffer ie faiz  
Qui a lenfant donne chaleur  
Et puis ie monstre que vigueur  
Il ya et dy quil est vivant  
Ja soit ce quil soit tout puant  
Et tel puant ie le baptize  
Et par ainsi a moy iatise  
Or et argent a ma prebende  
Qui chose est horrible et horrende  
De baptizer vne charoigne  
Pitie est quautrement nen soigne  
Le prelat en quel euesche  
Est fait si horrible peche  
Mains autres maulx ceste main fait  
Et fera et tous les iours fait

## Appendix.

imparts heat to the child, and then I de-  
that it is still alive, and I baptize it.  
I obtain money for my priests ; and  
and pity it is that the bishops in whose  
les these foul sins are committed should  
ke notice of such atrociously disgusting  
dings ; but this hand of mine is and ever  
employed in this and many other similar  
of wickednesses.

ut now I will tell thee why I place this  
on my hip and thence transfer it to my  
. The former of these I call *Lying*,<sup>a</sup>  
e it has a limp,<sup>1</sup> and the latter *Perjury*.<sup>b</sup>  
deceit is most familiar and friendly with  
f these, and willingly betakes itself to  
for deceit cannot be carried on without  
y and lies,<sup>c</sup> and these three things in con-  
n subvert truth. This, therefore, is the  
why I so often apply this hand to my  
; limb, and to my tongue."<sup>d</sup>

arice then points out at some length to  
lgrim the various plans and methods in  
lying is practised. "Some," she says,  
in a livelihood by it ; and others exalt  
lves by it, inasmuch as they are em-  
in telling falsehoods<sup>e</sup> of their neigh-

It is found in the courts of kings, and  
tes at the bar do not disdain to use it  
they defend a cause which they know  
bad. My tongue, therefore, like that  
lance, always inclines to that side which  
vies, and I defend that side which I  
will pay me best.

*avarain* (*éparvin*), a veterinary term signifying,  
, a "spavin." Hence it is applied to the limping  
*Avarice*, in consequence of the "lame" excuses  
abling statements often made by habitual liars.  
is refers, of course, to the monastic rules touching  
oufneis in food, plainneis of apparel, &c. which  
iposed upon religious houses.

current money bearing the proper government

Lawrence was born at Rome in the third cen-  
d was made treasurer of the church revenues by  
I. when he ascended the papal chair, A.D. 257.  
the Emperor Valerian published his edicts against  
ristians, Pope Sixtus was one of the first who suf-  
artydom, and St. Lawrence attended him to the  
execution, lamenting that he was not thought  
to share the Pope's sufferings. Sixtus, however,

" You perceive also that I am humpbacked ;  
and this typifies the religion of those who in-  
dulge in superfluities instead of living according  
to proper religious rules,<sup>2</sup> for the hump signi-  
fies superfluity. Hence a rich man<sup>f</sup> is likened  
to that humpbacked animal the camel, which  
cannot pass in by a narrow entrance on ac-  
count of the bulk on his back.<sup>g</sup> And thus  
sometimes religious people miss the narrow  
way to life ; for even although they came  
naked into the world, and for some years live  
frugally, yet many of them learn to indulge  
in superfluities until they become humped, and  
that so incurably (for it is the nature of this  
hump that nothing can cure it) that they can  
never retrace their steps so as to become truly  
religious again.

" And lastly, my idol whom I worship is  
gold or silver<sup>h</sup> bearing the mark of the sove-  
reign of the country. It is a divinity which  
is often wrapped in swaddling-clothes, in order  
that it may be concealed ; sometimes, too, it is  
hidden in beds or secreted in holes, corners, or  
cabinets—nay, even buried in the earth amongst  
the field-mice. It frequently blinds people,  
and makes them look downwards towards the  
ground. This, too, it is which makes men  
humpbacked like I am. This my idol is  
generally loved so much that he is lauded like  
a god upon earth, and I endeavour by all pos-  
sible means to gain his favour and make him  
dwell with me. On his account St. Law-  
rence was broiled upon charcoal,<sup>i</sup> because he

predicted that St. Lawrence would not be long in follow-  
ing him ; and, foreseeing the rapine which was about  
to commence, commanded him to sell the sacred vessels  
and sacred deposits which were in his hands, and to dis-  
tribute the money amongst the poor. Upon hearing of  
this the city prefect ordered St. Lawrence to appear be-  
fore him, and bring with him all the church treasures  
which were in his keeping. The saint obeyed the order ;  
but instead of gold and silver, he took with him all the  
poor old men, widows, and orphans whom he had re-  
lieved—a deed which so enraged the prefect that he  
ordered him to be broiled on a gridiron over a charcoal  
fire. The saint bore this frightful torture with great  
composure, and died praying for his murderers. His  
martyrdom took place August 10, 258, on which day  
his feast is kept by the Roman Catholic Church.

## XXXIX

<sup>a</sup> Psalm v. 6.

<sup>b</sup> " Perjurium est  
nequiter deci-  
pere creden-  
tiam."

<sup>c</sup> Levit. xix. 12.

<sup>d</sup> Matt. v. 33.

<sup>e</sup> Prov. xxvi. 18  
—28.

<sup>f</sup> Matt. xix. 23,  
24.  
Mark x. 25.  
Luke xviii. 25.

<sup>g</sup> " Regulares nil  
debent habere  
proprium ; et qui  
nihil habent pro-  
prium non pol-  
funt facere testa-  
mentum."

## Appendix.

<sup>a</sup> Jer. xv. 17.<sup>b</sup> Job xxix. 8.<sup>c</sup> Prov. xxviii. 16.<sup>d</sup> Coloss. iii. 5.<sup>e</sup> 1 Cor. x. 6, 7.<sup>f</sup> Wisdom xiv. 8.<sup>g</sup> Deut. xviii. 9

—12.

<sup>h</sup> Chron. xxxiii.

1—6.

Eccles. i. 15.

Ecclus. xii. 13.

<sup>i</sup> Tib. A. vii. f.

49.

Verard's Ed. f.

lxxiv.

<sup>j</sup> Scabbard.<sup>k</sup> Cruel.<sup>l</sup> Notwithstanding and in spite of.<sup>m</sup> Art.<sup>n</sup> Same.<sup>o</sup> Which look at.<sup>p</sup> To signify.<sup>q</sup> Ezek. xviii. 4.<sup>r</sup> Ezekiel xviii.

27, 28.

Rom. vi. 23.

<sup>s</sup> Dove.<sup>t</sup> Before I was aware.<sup>u</sup> Old woman.

stole him from me. I dote upon him, and play <sup>a</sup> at various kinds of games of hazard in order to propitiate him; and therefore, because I love him so much, I command you to regard and serve him. Take care, therefore, what you are about, for if you do not I will persecute you continually."

After *Avarice* has finished this description of herself, *Youth*<sup>b</sup> comes forward and declares that she will interpose to rescue the Pilgrim.<sup>1</sup> Upon which *Avarice* abuses<sup>c</sup> her, and says, that although she can do nothing against<sup>d</sup> him at present, yet she swears by her idol that she will keep her eye constantly upon him, so that she may be able to find him wherever he goes.

The Pilgrim then once more proceeds upon his journey, until he enters a vast forest, where, as he is passing along, he hears a loud voice uttering cries in a language quite unknown to him. Upon advancing further he perceives that these sounds proceed from a person who stands in his path brandishing a large unsheathed sword, apparently ready to slay him therewith. He tells the Pilgrim he must immediately go and speak with his mistress.<sup>e</sup> As he was standing in the midst of the road in a large circle marked with a great many figures and bore the signet of a king, the Pilgrim was much rejoiced when he saw him, supposing him to be one of the king's messengers. Under this impression, he asks him what had made him cry out so loud in that strange language? and who that mistress was to whom he had alluded? and for what purpose he was to appear before her?<sup>f</sup> Upon this the other lifts up his finger, and points out to the Pilgrim a large tent standing on the left of him. It was black as charcoal, and on the top of it there was a nest, and a raven fluttering with its wings and croaking. In front of it he beheld

<sup>g</sup> NECROMANCY.<sup>h</sup> Off whom I greetly was afferd<sup>i</sup>

In the mydde of a book shee helde a  
Other scawbeck<sup>j</sup> had sche noon  
And as I byhelde anoon  
Sche hadde in sothe as thought me  
Large whynges ffor to ffe  
And by a maner ffelonye<sup>k</sup>  
Sche began loude ffor to crye  
And me manasyng off pryde  
Bade me that I schulde abyde  
And ellis<sup>l</sup> mawgrey al my myght  
I schulde not fshape out off her syght  
Till I hadde in partye  
Somewhat seyne of her maystreye<sup>m</sup>  
And towarde me her look sche caſte  
And gan to come up on ffull fate  
But as sche kam it semp̄te me  
That sche fate hygh upon a tre  
And pleynly gan to speceffye  
Hors name was " Necromancye "  
Whiche by my crafte in substaunce  
Whan folke encresse and wel chann  
That bee in my subiecyoun  
And lyste to learne my lessoune

This ilke<sup>n</sup> Book wolte fe<sup>o</sup>  
Is callyd " Mors Animæ "  
Whiche is in Englysche ffor to<sup>p</sup> sej  
Dethe of the sowle incertayne<sup>q</sup>  
And this nakyd fward whiche I ha  
As thou mayste thisilffe byholde  
Therewith ffor schorte conclusyon  
Whanne thew haſte herde my leſſo  
There with thow ſchalt flayne be  
And thus sche gan manaffe me  
Where off I stood in ffull greet dre  
But off grace as I toke hede<sup>r</sup>  
A white dowve<sup>s</sup> I dyde fe  
Iſleen ſodeynely towards me  
But with me where as I stood  
Sche ne made no longer abood  
And I ne made no greet delay  
But wente fforthe upon my way  
And I mette or I was war<sup>t</sup>  
An oolde oon<sup>u</sup> whiche that ffagot

<sup>1</sup> The reason of *Youth*'s undertaking to rescue the Pilgrim is, of course, because avarice is generally regan-  
vice of Old Age.

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcut XIV. and coloured drawing B.



B



C



## Appendix.

xli

ir bak and eke thereto  
and sche heelde also  
cysours sharpe igrunde  
me ward as sche was bounde  
l ffor schorte conclusyon  
leye my skryppe adoun  
upon me ffor to ffrowne  
tryde hyr lyfte not rowne<sup>a</sup>

**1 HERSEYE.**

thow leye here adoun  
o thi confusyon  
he skryppe off newe array  
not to my pay  
kutte in other wyse  
my sylven lyfte devyse<sup>b</sup>

**The PYLGRYME.**

olde vekke<sup>c</sup> as semeth me  
w mayste not clerely se  
re me lyfte<sup>d</sup> by thi bydding  
o no maner thyng  
to fforne<sup>e</sup> I know and se  
ver and thyn autorite  
ke also and thyne office  
ste knowe in myn avyce

**HERSYE.**

nely off lass<sup>f</sup> and more  
ter my fadris lore  
f bothe ffalfe and trewe  
ppes kutte and schape newe  
rymes greet and smale  
m alle on pecys smale  
as I my silfe allon  
ope the skryppes zere agon<sup>g</sup>  
this Pellagyens  
off these Arryens  
other sectys newe  
ffalse and untrewe  
bokes specifffe  
i called "Heresye"  
she do away<sup>h</sup> my labour  
ffolke in greet errorr

That ffolke my condyssiouns  
Only by ffalfe oppynynous  
Make her hertis to declyne  
Ffro the trouthe off juste doctryne  
And cause hem ffor to do their cure  
And mys<sup>i</sup> to expown holy scripture  
And trewely nadde bene<sup>k</sup>  
The great councayle at Nycene  
Ordayne by greet Constantyn  
And nadde ben also Augustyn  
And many other greet doctours  
FFor to anulle myn errours  
The skryppes off holy churche echon  
I have ffordon<sup>l</sup> ffull zere a goon  
Off pylgrymes that passe by the way  
Sythen goon fful mane aday  
And zit<sup>m</sup> I schal what so by ffale<sup>n</sup>  
Assayl the among them alle  
And myn oolde purpos holde  
In ffyre though that I brenne<sup>o</sup> shulde  
I wold my wythes<sup>p</sup> alle applye  
Hardy with obstynacye  
Contynue til the ffyre be hoot  
Therefore I beere thys ffagot  
And ffirste thow schalte me not escape  
But newe I wole thy skryppes schape  
Or ellis I dar undertake  
That thow schalt it here fforsake<sup>q</sup>  
And leve it with me utterly  
My fader is here ffaste by  
Whiche hath the power as thow mayste se  
And bothe upon londe and see  
Thow shalt not skape hym in certayne  
But with daunger and greet Payne

**The PYLGRYME.**

Myne eyen then I gan unffolde  
And anoon I gan byholde  
In the weye me byfforne  
An<sup>q</sup> hunte stood with his horn  
Off chere<sup>r</sup> and look ryght pervers  
And the passage in travers  
With cordes he gan it overleyne  
Frette with nettys alle the pleyne

<sup>a</sup> She cried loudly, do not run.

<sup>b</sup> Just in the shape I please.

<sup>c</sup> Woman.

<sup>d</sup> Why I do not choose.

<sup>e</sup> Unless beforehand.

<sup>f</sup> Lefs.

<sup>g</sup> Years ago.

<sup>h</sup> Always.

<sup>i</sup> Fail.

<sup>j</sup> There was need of.

<sup>k</sup> Destroyed.

<sup>l</sup> Now.

<sup>m</sup> Whatever else happen.

<sup>n</sup> Burn.

<sup>o</sup> Wits.

<sup>q</sup> Titus iii. 9—  
<sup>r</sup> Mien.

<sup>a</sup> Woodcut XV. coloured drawing D.

<sup>b</sup> See Woodcut XVI. coloured drawing C.

<sup>a</sup> Despite of.<sup>b</sup> Unless.  
<sup>2</sup> Sam. xxii. 5,  
6.<sup>c</sup> Stoppage, ar-  
rest. \*<sup>d</sup> Pleading.<sup>e</sup> Frightened.<sup>f</sup> Freeze.<sup>g</sup> Every one.<sup>h</sup> Unhappy.  
The reading in  
the text is con-  
jectural, as the  
two words are  
entirely oblite-  
rated in the MS.  
Jeremiah xviii.  
22.

And he brought in hys compayne  
The ffalse vekke herysye  
And that men schulde hym not knowe  
His horne he gan fful lowde blowe  
As it were to cacche his pray  
Ryght so he blewe on the way  
And his daughter heresy  
The passage to kepe and guye  
That I schulde not in no syde  
Ffrom ther damage my sylfe provyde  
And trewely as I have sayd  
The nettys were so narewe layd  
In londe on water and in the hayr  
That I myght haue no repayr  
To passe ffreely that passage  
It was so fful off mortal rage  
Off daunger and adverfitie  
That but yiff that I amyddde the see  
Durste swymme ther was no way  
Ffor me to passe nyght nor day  
And there he dyde also malygne  
To leyne out nettys and assigne  
There to stoppen my passage  
So that I ffonde noon avauntage  
From his dawngere to declyne  
Ffor many a hook and many a leyne  
Were caste in to that peryllous se  
Off entente to letten me  
That mawgre <sup>a</sup> alle my force and myght  
But zeve <sup>b</sup> I koude swymme aryght  
Amonge the wawys feerfe and ffelle  
I muste under his daunger dwelle  
But ffyrste while he his trappys leyde  
Unto the hunte thus I sayde

## The PYLGRYME.

Hunte quod I telle me now  
What maner officere art thou  
Whiche lyggeste on the way  
Unlawefful to cacche pray  
Thus to make thyn arefis <sup>c</sup>  
Namely on the kynges beefis  
I trow thou haveste no lycence  
Ffor to don so greet offence

## Appendix.

I dar afferme eerly and late  
Swych hunters the kyng doth hate  
And it seemyth by thi manere  
Off his thow art noon officere

## The HUNTE.

Quod he what makyste thow swyche  
Thow art wonder inquisyff  
Befy also by argument  
To hoilde with me a parlement  
By langage and longe pletynge <sup>d</sup>  
Ffor though I longe not to the kyng  
And thow conceyue aryght I wys  
Som tym I was oon off his  
And though I have no congé  
Off hym to hunte in this contre  
He suffryth me here in this place  
At his beefis ffor to chace  
And assayte on hem to make  
And whanne that I by fforce hem :  
Be it by day be it by nyght  
I cleyme hem to ben myn off ryght

## The PYLGRYME.

And while I herde alle hys resouns  
And ffoward oppynynous  
Myn herte abaschyd <sup>e</sup> gan to colde <sup>f</sup>  
Namely whaune I gan byholde  
Pylgrymes by greet aduersite  
Fful many oon swymme in the se  
And they were clothyd everychon <sup>g</sup>  
And som off hem I sawe anoon  
Ther ffeet reversed upsodown  
And som in myn inspectyoun  
Swamme forth fful clene and ryght  
And som hadde whynges ffor the fl  
That afforcyd hem fful offte  
Ffor to flowe fful hygh alofste  
And though ther purpos was so sett  
The see hath hem fful offte lette  
Som by the ffeete were bounde stro  
With knottys off herbys longe <sup>1</sup>  
And som with wawys wood and ra  
Were [so <sup>h</sup> un-]sweat in their vysag

<sup>1</sup> See coloured drawing E.



7

## Appendix.

xliii

ey losten look and syght  
ole were off fforce and myght  
dyuerse apparylle  
so gan hem assayle  
another dyverse wyse  
I may as now devyse

**The HUNTE.**

wel quod he espye  
in thou castyste so thyne eye  
thi wyles and thi jape<sup>a</sup>  
halt not so ffro me eskafe  
he cacche by som crook  
yde ffor the las<sup>b</sup> and hook  
mayste thy sylven se  
halt not skapen by this se

**The PYLGRYME.**

anoon and lye nougat  
he ryght in thy thought  
ylgrymes alle that I se  
th thus putte hem in thys see

**The HUNTE.**

ys quod he anoon  
way for ffolke to goon  
y alle day in ther vyage  
is goon on pilgrymage  
not ellis as I haue sayde  
okis and my nettis leyde  
he alle in thys place  
hat fforby here do pace  
greet large see  
that thou here dost se  
worlde ay fful of trouble  
many wawys dowlle  
l off woo and grete torment  
he fful many a man is schent<sup>c</sup>  
allewys blowe on every syde  
that myne owne daughter pryd  
with hir ffor to bere<sup>d</sup>  
ylgrymes ffor to dere<sup>e</sup>  
ny a pylgryme thou mayste se  
e in this perelous see  
hem whiche is not ffeyre<sup>f</sup>  
et han upward in the ayre

And alle swyche zeve thou lyste se  
Ben thylke ffolke that charged be  
With the fac of covetyse  
And overlade in many wyse  
That they to swymme be not able  
Ther burthen is so importable  
Whiche by ffalfe affecyoun  
Ploungeth her heedes low adoun  
Under the wawys off this world here  
That they may not in no manere  
Swymme ffor the hevynesse  
That they bere off grete rychesse<sup>g</sup>  
Other ther ben that swymmen ryght  
And haue eke wynges ffor the fflyght  
And they ben ffolkes whiche in this lyffe  
In herte ben contemplatyff  
In wordely thyng haue no plesaunce  
Save in ther bare sustenaunce  
For this world ther joye is nougat  
For alle ther herte and alle ther thought  
And ffynal truste off ther workynge<sup>h</sup>  
Is sette upon the heuenly kynge  
But ffor alle that I the assure  
In this see they must endure  
Bodey by greet penaunce  
In hevene hemselfe to avaunce  
And ffor the lawe off Crist ihū  
They make hem whynges off vertu  
To fleen by clene affectyoun  
To the heuenely mansyoun<sup>i</sup>  
Whiche greetly displeseth me  
Theder whaune I se hem ffe  
Swyche ffolke resemblen alle  
Un to a bryd that clerkes calle  
*Ortigometra*<sup>k</sup> in ther bokys  
And this bryd caste in his lokys  
Tofforne hym prudently to se  
Whanne he schal swymme in the see  
This ffoul hath whynges ffor the fflyght  
Be he anoon off kyndely ryght  
Whanne he is wery off travayle  
And that his feders do hym ffayle  
Anoon off his condiscyoun  
In to the water he ffalleth doun  
And thanne to swymme wole not ffayle  
Off his o whyng he makith a ffayle

<sup>a</sup> Cajolery,  
mockery.

<sup>b</sup> Snare.

<sup>c</sup> Sunk.

<sup>d</sup> Carry.

<sup>e</sup> Annoy or in-  
jure.  
Psalms cxlii. 3.

<sup>f</sup> Pleasant.

<sup>g</sup> Ezekiel xxxiii.  
31.

<sup>h</sup> Job xxxix. 21.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. xxxvii. 29.

<sup>k</sup> Water-quail.

<sup>a</sup> In the same short period of time.

<sup>b</sup> Jonah ii. 8.  
Prov. xvii. 4.  
John viii. 44.

<sup>c</sup> Prov. xxxi. 30.  
James v. 2.

<sup>d</sup> Beauty.

<sup>e</sup> Like.

<sup>f</sup> Blinded.

<sup>g</sup> Are often sunk before they are aware of it.

<sup>h</sup> Luke xviii. 22.

<sup>i</sup> Forgiveness.

<sup>j</sup> Delay or hesitation.

<sup>k</sup> Yet.

<sup>m</sup> 1 John iii. 10.

<sup>n</sup> Make war against.

<sup>o</sup> Tib. A. vii. f. 55.

<sup>p</sup> 1 Chron. xxi. 1.

<sup>q</sup> Cease.

<sup>r</sup> Dominion or subjection.  
Ecclef. ix. 12.  
Hab. i. 15.

<sup>s</sup> Tib. A. vii. f. 56, b.

<sup>t</sup> Epistles.  
<sup>z</sup> Pet. v. 8, 9.

## Appendix.

Amonge the sturdy wawys alle  
To keep hym saffe that he not falle  
Til he resume ageyne his myght  
Off acustom to take his fflyght  
Thus stoundemel <sup>a</sup> ye may hym se  
Som tyme swymme som tyme fliue  
In bokys as it is iffounde  
But they that haue ffeet ibounde <sup>b</sup>  
With herbes and with wedes greene  
That they may not aryght sustene  
Newther to swymme nor to flee  
They be so bounden in the see  
Off wordely delectacyoun  
In ther inwarde affectyoun  
Ffor alle ther hool ffelicitye  
Is sette in verrey prosperite  
Off the world and in rychesse  
Fful off chaunge and dowblenesse  
With whyche they be sore bounde  
That her soulis yt wole confounde  
Ffor they haue power noon nor myght  
Newther to swymme nor fleen aryght  
So sore the world doth hem constreyne  
That it were to hem greet peyne  
Her hertes ffro the world to unbynde  
And som also be makyd blynde  
Ther eyen cloos they may not se  
Ffor to confidere the vanyte  
Off this worldis ffalise veyne glorie <sup>c</sup>  
Evere onsure and transitorye  
And fful off motabyte  
Whyche shewith to hem fful greet bewete <sup>d</sup>  
By maner off apparence  
But it is ffalise in existence  
That is fful ffoul doth schewe ffayre  
Lyche <sup>e</sup> afflour that doth apaire  
Whanne it is plukked and leyde lowe  
Or with som fodeyne wynde iblowe  
Whyche bewete as wryte Salomoun  
Is but a ffalise deceiptyoun  
And ffolkes that beth therewith blente <sup>f</sup>  
Or they be war beth ofte schente <sup>g</sup>  
For lak ther eyen be not clere  
Eke som ther swymis as ze may lere  
With hand and armys stretchyd out <sup>h</sup>  
Swyche as parte good aboute

To pore ffolkes that haue neede  
And swyche unkynde her ffeete in deede  
From wordely dilectacyoun  
And off devout entencyoun  
By councel off her confessoure  
And bynde her ffeet by greet laboure  
Ffor to goon in ther vyages  
Barffote to seke pylgrymages  
Off ther synnes to haue pardoun  
Ffor evenesse <sup>i</sup> and remyssyon  
Whanne ther menyng treweley  
Is voyde ffrom al ypcocrysy  
And thus as now without flouth <sup>k</sup>  
To the I haue tolde the trouthe  
And trewely zit <sup>l</sup> overe alle thyng  
I hate trowthe in my workyng <sup>m</sup>  
And off malys bothe day and nyght  
Werrey <sup>n</sup> trouthe with al my myght

<sup>o</sup> By neme called I am *Satban* <sup>p</sup>  
The whiche as ffer as evere I kan  
I worke in myne entencyon  
Ffor to cacche in my bandoun  
Alle pylgrymes as thow mayest se  
That swymmen in the wawy see  
Off this world fful off disseyte  
And evere I lye in greet awayte  
And no moment I ne ffyne <sup>q</sup>  
For to leyne out hook and lyne  
My lyne by demonstracyon  
Icalled is temptacyoun  
And whanne that ffolke in ther entente  
Off herte and wille thereto consente  
Thanne on myn hook by false awayte  
They be icacched with the bayte  
And thanne by fful mortal lawe  
To my bandoun <sup>r</sup> I hem drawe  
I lay out nettes nyght and day  
In water and londe to cacche my pray  
• • • •

I am a ffoulere eke som whyle  
Ffor alle that high or lowe goon  
I make nettes ffor everych oon  
• • • •  
Ffor as saint Petre lyste endite <sup>s</sup>  
And in his pystelys <sup>t</sup> ffor to wryte





XVII



Serafina ou esterment mondain XVIII



XIX



Draison

XX

## Appendix.

xlv

I go and ferche day and nyght  
 With all my force with all my myght  
 Lyche a ravenous lyoun  
 Ffor to devour up and down  
 Alle ffolkys zonge <sup>a</sup> and oolde  
 That lambre <sup>b</sup> be of cristis ffoolde  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 And I warne the outerly  
 Thow shalt not lyghtely zeve I may <sup>c</sup>  
 Fro my daunger skape away

The PYLGRYME.

Wher thow be wel or yvel mayd <sup>d</sup>  
 In the wordes that thow hast sayd  
 I haue founden a greet dyffence  
 To make ageyne the resistence  
 And conceyue it in my thought  
 Blowe thyne horne and spare nougnt  
 Ffor thow schalt ffayle zeve that I may  
 To make off me schortely the waye  
 And to be more strong in vertu <sup>e</sup>  
 With the croſs'of Crist ihū  
 And off his grace most benygne  
 I can me crossen and eke sygne  
 Ffor to affuse my passage  
 Ageyne his laaſt <sup>f</sup> foſſul of rage  
 And by my crossynge I anoon  
 Gan to pasſe hem everichon  
 They hadde no power ffor to laſte  
 Ffor by the vertu they to braste <sup>g</sup>  
 And I anoon gan ſtaſte fſlee  
 And wolte haue taken anoon the ſee  
 But long or I entre myght  
 And as *Satban* of me hadde a fyght  
 He gan to crye fo ſtood the cas  
 Out and anoon allas allas  
 \* \* \* \* \*

The PYLGRYME anſwereth to SATHAN :—

O *Satban* thi diſpleaunce  
 Was to me fful greet plesaunce  
 Releuyng me off my diſtreſſe  
 I took ther off greet hardynesse  
 Made as tho no lenger lette  
 I ſpared newther hook nor nette

But truſtyng in concluſyon  
 Upon my ſkripe and my burdoun  
 And there upon I byleued me  
 Whanne I entryd in to the ſee  
 And in ſwymmyng to be more ſtable  
 Methought my ſkripe proffitable  
 To kepe me ſure in herte and thought  
 In my way that I erred nougnt <sup>h</sup>  
 Trewely in this dredfulle ſee  
 Is gret myscheef and adverſyte  
 Many a perel I yow enſure  
 And many a ſtroung aventure  
 I ſfelte there in my paſſage  
 Off wawys and rokkis rage  
 And many a tempeſte in certeyne  
 Off thundryng lyghtnyng and off reyn  
 And other perells that befelle  
 That zeve I ſchulde hem alle telle  
 Or the myscheves alle endyte  
 They were too longe to wryte  
 But while that I in my paſſage  
 Byhelde the ſee sterne and ſauage  
 Methought I ſawе beſyde me  
 That there stood a greene tre <sup>i</sup>  
 And I was glad alle thilke while  
 Wenynge <sup>k</sup> there hadde been an yle  
 In hope that I ſchulde londe  
 Hafteſtly up at ſome ſtronde  
 \* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> And evere round as thoughte me  
 This whel <sup>l</sup> wente abouthe the tre  
 Wheroff I aſtonyd was  
 Whanne I ſawе this ſodeyn caas  
 Upon whiche tre anoon  
 I ſawgh neſtys fful many oon <sup>m</sup>  
 And brydes that I koude knowe  
 Som hygh and ſom lowe  
 Ther neſtis made I toke good hede  
 Grete and ſmall it is no drede  
 \* \* \* \* \*

And there I ſawе a lady ſtonde  
 Amonge the wylde wawys trouble  
 Upon a whel dyverſe and double  
 \* \* \* \* \*

<sup>a</sup> Young.

<sup>b</sup> Lambs.

<sup>c</sup> If I can help it.

<sup>d</sup> Whether thou  
meanest good or  
evil.

<sup>e</sup> Pſal. cxxiv. 7.  
James iv. 7.  
Hofea iv. 12.

<sup>f</sup> Snares.

<sup>g</sup> Burſt afunder.

<sup>h</sup> Micah vii. 19.

<sup>i</sup> Luke vi. 43.

<sup>k</sup> Supposing.

<sup>l</sup> Wheel.  
Ecclif. xxxiii. 5.

<sup>m</sup> Jer. xl ix. 16.  
Ezek. xxxi. 6.  
Prov. xvii. 16.  
Hab. ii. 9.

<sup>1</sup> This is a deſcription of “the wheel of Fortune.” See Woodcut XVII. coloured drawing F.

<sup>a</sup> Said with sudden emotion.<sup>b</sup> Then.<sup>c</sup> Roused myself.<sup>d</sup> Expound to.<sup>e</sup> To ask me how I govern myself.<sup>f</sup> Laugh.<sup>g</sup> Countenance.<sup>h</sup> White is here put for "lucky." Thus, "creta an carbonem notandum" was said, among the Romans, to signify a lucky or unlucky day.<sup>i</sup> Scornful grins.<sup>k</sup> Moon.<sup>l</sup> Waiting in every place.<sup>m</sup> Tib. A. vii. f. 62.<sup>n</sup> Bent.<sup>o</sup> Laugh on.<sup>p</sup> Practise.  
Isaiah ixv. 11,  
12.<sup>q</sup> At some time or other.<sup>r</sup> f. lxxviii.

## Appendix.

Thanne was I greetly agaste  
 And my burdoun I heelde ryght ffaste  
 And dyde also greetly my peyne  
 To grypte it with myne hands tweyne  
 And seyde off sodeyn moscyoun<sup>a</sup>  
 Bordoun quod I bordoun bordoun  
 But thow me helpe in this caas  
 I may wepe and seyne allas  
 My peynes ben so scharpe and kene  
 And but thow helpe to sustene  
 Myn nown powere and impotence  
 That I may stonden at diffence  
 Upon my ffeet and that anoon  
 Ffarwel my joye is alle goon  
 But tho<sup>b</sup> thorough helpe off my bordoun  
 I roos up as a champyoun  
 But whanne this lady did espye  
 That I was up sche gan to hye  
 Ffor to have putte me doun ageyne  
 And I trow ryght and certeyn  
 That but I hadde spoken ffayre  
 And off my porte be debonayre  
 I hadde ben fful ffleble of myght  
 Upon my ffeet to stonde vp ryght  
 But I abrayde<sup>c</sup> and bade in deede  
 That sche scholde taken heede  
 To thilke party that was ffayre  
 Off hir and putte me fro dispayre  
 And schewe lyke hir countenaunce  
 Som comfforte or som plesaunce  
 And that sche wolde expowne<sup>d</sup> me  
 What lady that sche schulde be  
 Hir name hir power every del  
 Bothe off hir and off hir whel  
 And off the tre and off the cropp  
 And off the nestis in the toppe  
 And do me some avauntage  
 To ffurture me in my vyage

## FORTUNE.

In me schortely to expresse  
 Ther is no maner stableness

Ffor be hereoff ryght wel certeyn  
 Alle that I worke is uncerteyn  
 Lyke my dowble contenaunce  
 I am so fful off variaunce  
 Thereffore to axe how I me guye<sup>e</sup>  
 It is no wysdom but ffolye  
 I worke nothyng in certeynte  
 But fful off grete duplycye  
 I am what evere I do provyde  
 For I lawe<sup>f</sup> on the ryght syde  
 And schewe a cher<sup>g</sup> off greet delyte  
 On the party that I am white<sup>h</sup>  
 Than men me calle glad *fortune*  
 But no while I do continue  
 Ffor longe or ffolke may apperceyve  
 I kan hem sodeynly disseyve  
 And make her joye go to wrak  
 With ffoward mowhes<sup>i</sup> at the bak  
 Thanne I lykened to the mone<sup>k</sup>  
 Ffolke wole chaunge my name sone  
 And ffro my whel whanne they are fi  
*Inffortune* they me calle  
 To ffolke unworthy and not dygne  
 I am somewhate mofte benygne  
 Lyggynge awayte in every cooste<sup>l</sup>  
 Off ffolkes whom that I cherische mo  
 And who that on me sette his luste  
 I kan disse hym off his trusfe

\* \* \* \* \*

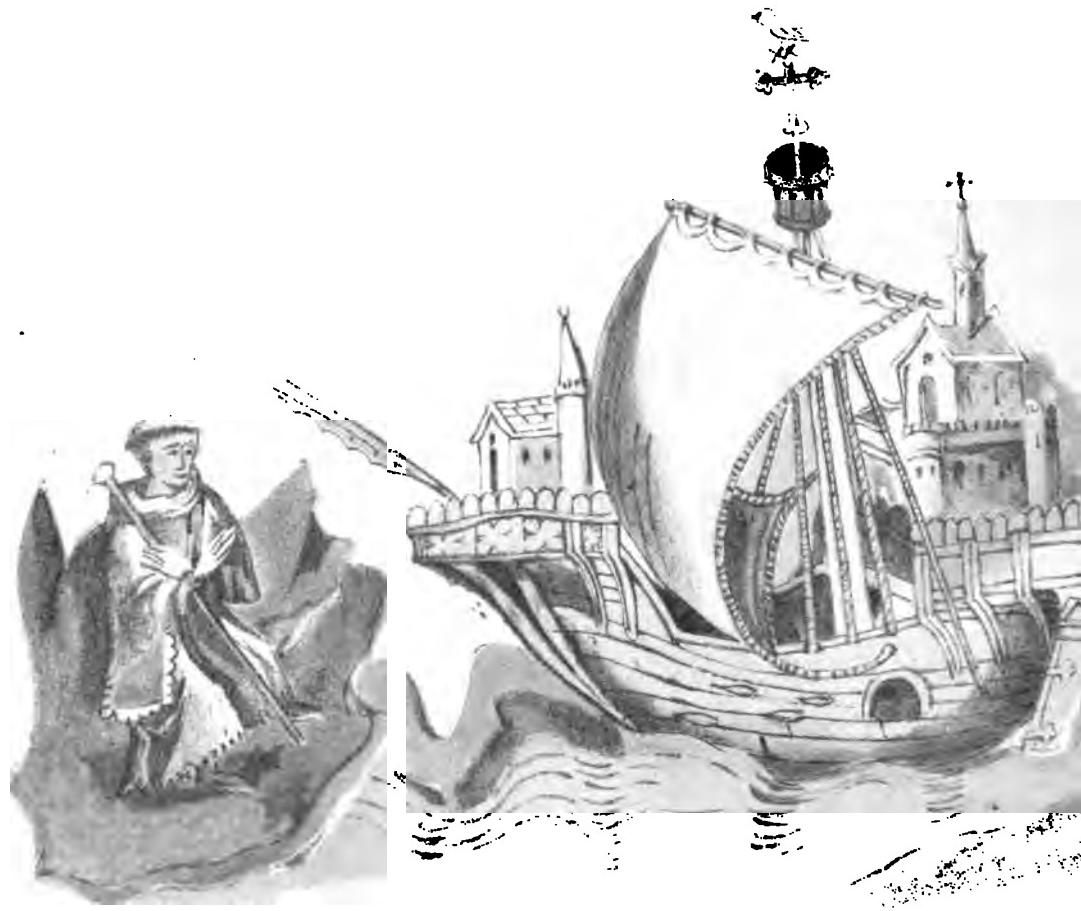
Off my staff and off my crook<sup>m</sup>  
 Wronge<sup>n</sup> at the eende as is an hook  
 And whanne I loke with eyen clere  
 Lawye on<sup>o</sup> and make hem cheer  
 Thaune lygge I ratheste in awayte  
 Ffor to don<sup>p</sup> hem som disseyte  
 Lo here is al go fforthe thy way  
 And trusfe wel zeve that I may  
 What wey euere that thow go  
 Or thi pylgrymage be do  
 Turne it to soure outhier to sweete  
 Ones<sup>q</sup> I schal with the meece

<sup>1</sup> FORTUNE IS WALKYD.

<sup>1</sup> Elle vers larbre sen ala<sup>r</sup>  
 Et desconforte me laissa  
 Toufours desfus la roe tournant  
 Et a son mouement mouuant

Mais assez toft ie tumbay ius  
 Car tenir ie my peu plus  
 Helas dis ie que feras tu  
 Chetif dolent que diras tu

[REDACTED]



ster *Fortune* has left him, the Pilgrim suffers various encounters with vices—personified as usual—until he meets *Worldly Gladness*, which is typified by a revolving tower and a wheel, which he describes as follows:—

\* \* \* \*

But as I stood thus in awher<sup>b</sup>  
nd drowh me toward the rever  
l towre I sawh wylde and savage<sup>c</sup>  
nd square abouten off passage  
hiche hadde round ffenestrallys  
rcyed thorough upon the wallys  
whiche hoolys out off doute  
loke and flawme passed oute  
id yet this toure who loke wel  
urned aboute as a whel<sup>d</sup>  
son the ffloodes envyroun<sup>e</sup>  
ith the wawys vp and doun  
m whyle as I koude knowe  
ie hyeste party was moste lowe  
id also eke I fawe fful ofte  
ie loweste party sette alofste  
id thus by transmutacyoun  
turned alway vp so doun  
id in this while euere among  
ierde a meledyous song  
Foon as I koude vnderstonde  
iat bare a phetele<sup>f</sup> in his honde  
id thys mynstral soth to seyne

Was departyd evene atweyne  
From the myddel up a man  
Downward as I reherfe kan  
A bryd whynged mervellously  
With pawmys streynyng mortally<sup>g</sup>  
Now this beepte fful savage  
Lyke a man off his vyslage  
Spake to me fful curtefly<sup>h</sup>  
And thus he seyde muriely<sup>i</sup>

GLADNESSE OFF THE WORLD.

Tel on to me and say not nay  
What maner solace or what play  
Loveste thow beste tel on lat se<sup>k</sup>  
And I shal pleyn to forre the  
Ffor I kan lyche to thyne entent  
Pley on every instrument  
Ffor to make lordys cher  
Both at chesse and the cheker  
The draughthys ther off fful wel I kan  
Ye bet then eny other man  
And whanne that ylke play ys do  
Ffor sheppardes I kan also  
At the merels<sup>l</sup> beste of alle  
Whanne so that they lyste me calle  
Pype and tabour in the streeete  
With lusty folkes whan they meeete  
At weddynges to do plesaunce  
I kan karole well and wel daunce

Or es tu venu a ta fin  
Pourquoy fuz onques pelerin  
Mieux il te vaultist quauvorte  
Tu eusset est et mort ne  
Qui te pourra iamais aider  
Qui conseiller qui visiter  
Tu as perdu par ta folie  
Grace ta tresloyalle amye  
Helas tres doucle penitence<sup>m</sup>  
Pourquoy fis iamais redoubtance  
De ton vtile haye passer  
Pour mes erreurs mediciner  
Tes verges et tes disciplines  
Tes poinctures et tes espines  
Maintenant me fussent oingture  
A ma grande mesauventure  
Helas armeures pour marmer  
Toute ma vie regreter  
Je vous deuray se ie vy plus  
De vous vne foin fuz vestuz  
Et aourne moult cointement  
Mais las chetif car longuement  
Pas ne fu ains tost vous mis ius

Plusieurs maulx men font aduenuz<sup>n</sup>  
Et maintenant ou asses tost  
Jen seray liure a la mort  
Helas sacremens de leglise  
Je ne scay saffez ie vous pris<sup>o</sup>  
Say grant doubte quen vain receuz  
Ne vous aye qui suis rencheuz  
Maintenant tout evanouy  
Et en danger destre pery  
Et ne me puis estre temu  
A mon bourdon ne soubstenu  
Helas ierusalem cite  
Ou daler iestoe exite  
Comment vers toy mexuseray  
Et quel responce te seray  
Promis ie tauoye en couraige  
Que feroye le pelerinaige  
A toy pource que ie te vy  
Ou bel mirouer et poly  
Or suis du tout cy arreste  
Ta soit quassiz ic soye tourne

<sup>l</sup> See Woodcut XVIII. coloured drawing G.

<sup>a</sup> Tib. A. vii. f.  
76, b.

<sup>b</sup> Longing or desire.

<sup>c</sup> Job iv. 16.  
Ezek. xxvi. 9.

<sup>d</sup> Wheel.

<sup>e</sup> Round about.

<sup>f</sup> Violin, or guitar.

<sup>g</sup> Hands stretched out like those of a human being.

<sup>h</sup> Courteously.

<sup>i</sup> Merry-makings.

<sup>k</sup> Let us see.

<sup>l</sup> Merry-makings.

<sup>m</sup> Eccluf. xx. 3.

<sup>n</sup> 1 Sam. xxxi. 9.

<sup>a</sup> Exod. xxxii. 6.

In every play I do excelle  
 And it were to longe to telle  
 The disportes and the playes<sup>a</sup>  
 That I vse on somer dayes  
 My joye is al in myrthe and game  
 And *Wordely play* that is my name  
 Men may me calle off equyte  
 A mermayden off the see  
 That syng off custom ay<sup>b</sup> gladdesfe  
 To fforne a storme and a tempeste  
 So make ek ffolke this my laboure  
 To fforgethe Creatoure  
 And ffolk in my subiectyoun  
 I brynge hem to distractyoun

<sup>c</sup> Job i. 6.<sup>d</sup> Tower.<sup>e</sup> Lofe.<sup>f</sup> Seeth.<sup>g</sup> Here.<sup>h</sup> Sweet.<sup>i</sup> Jer. xv. 17.<sup>k</sup> Fiddle.<sup>l</sup> Island.<sup>m</sup> Confusion.<sup>n</sup> In company.<sup>o</sup> f. lxxxvii. b.<sup>p</sup> Psal. lxxix. 9.  
Prov. iii. 5.

Though thou bygynne in gladnesse  
 Thow eendeste euere in wrecchydnesse  
 Ellys I wolde ffor my plesaunce  
 With the hauen acqueyntaunce  
 I praye the putte me out off doute  
 Off this toure turnyng aboue  
 What maner thynge that it may be  
 Fyrste off alle that wolde I se

## WORDELY GLADNESSE.

Fyrste yiff thou lyste to se  
 The greet amyal off the see  
 Whiche that callyd ys *Sarban*<sup>c</sup>  
 This tour<sup>d</sup> sothely he began  
 Ffor he ffluste off entencyoun  
 Made there his habytacyoun  
 And other schyp ne hath he noon  
 Amonge the floodys ffor to goon  
 In the whiche by gret diceynte  
 He lythe euere in awayte  
 With pylgrymes holde stryff

<sup>1</sup> Lors ie massis a terre ius<sup>e</sup>  
 Si las que ie nen pouoie plus  
 Helas dis ie que feras tu  
 Tu es en ceste yle venu  
 Qui perilleuse grandement  
 Et venu perileusement  
 Y es par firtim et scillam  
 Par caribdim et firenam  
 Et par bithalassum aussi  
 Et encors assleur ycy  
 Nes pas et ne scais ou aller

And to make hem lese<sup>f</sup> her lyff  
 He seth<sup>g</sup> bothe by hylle and vale  
 Thorough thylke hoolys smale  
 By what weye that they gon  
 Amonges whiche thow art on  
 And to disceyve hem in her way  
 Her<sup>g</sup> he maketh me sytte and play  
 With foote<sup>h</sup> songe and armonye  
 Alle pylgrymes to espaye<sup>i</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

And this mynstral than anon  
 Made his ffythele<sup>k</sup> ffor to gon  
 And sange with al fful lustlyly  
 And wyth hys syngynge soleynly  
 To me he gan turne his tayle  
 And with his pawmes scharpe as a nayle  
 By the arme he gan me streyne  
 Mawgre my myght and al my peyne  
 Horybely he caste me  
 Amyddes off the greet see

\* \* \* \* \*

I gan swymme with inn a while  
 Ageyne vnto that same yle<sup>l</sup>  
 Ffro the which that I kam ffor  
 Whanne the *meremuyde* was go  
 I mene this *worldes fals solace*  
 That gan so sore at me to chace  
 But lyste sche scholde haue taken me  
 I swam fful ffaste mydde the see  
 Ffor drede off hir I was in were<sup>m</sup>  
 But Youthe and sche to gydere yfere<sup>n</sup>  
 Ful great joye they gan to make  
 And thus hath Youthe me fforfiske  
 For thanne I lost hir in certeyne  
 That sche to me kam ner ageyne

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> And down I fate ffor werynesse

Le tu te remectz a noer  
 Par la mer tu y periras  
 Ou ne scez a quel port venras  
 Helas chetif que feras tu  
 Bien ie voy que tu es perdu  
 Horn suis de fente et de chemin  
 Je mattens quonques pelerin  
 Ne fut plus foruoye que moy<sup>p</sup>  
 Beau doulx fire dieu ayde moy  
 Tu es le pommeau trefaultain  
 De mon bourdon ie te reclaim

I compleyne in greet distresse <sup>a</sup>  
 od I myd off<sup>b</sup> my wo  
 as what schal I do  
 Ial I wretche eskaape away  
 this yle weyle <sup>c</sup> away  
 five enchaunteressys  
 ought in gret distressys  
 pereyl dowteles  
 illa ffyrst and eke Cyrtes  
 sed me to gon amys <sup>d</sup>  
 and Karibdis  
 tbalaffus worste off alle  
 onys on me ffalle  
 rtally me to beguyle  
 in me brought in to this yle  
 I forewe to soiourne  
 noon other wey retourne  
 le socoure in this caas  
 el forewe and seyne allas  
 my way in ouncerteyne  
 no mene to kome ageyne  
 iere pylgryme in swyche poynyt  
 nor in swyche disioynt  
 od God off thi greet grace  
 occure in this place  
 wffor my salvacyoun  
 Pomei off my Bordoun  
 as ffor my cheff comfiforte  
 aede I ha resorte  
 ige me thorogh thy greet myght  
 e weye I may go ryght  
 I supported ffer and nere  
 at charboucle bryght and clere  
 that with his bemes bryght  
 on to my bordoun lyht  
 ute with me off thy clernescie  
 ynge me out off my distresse  
 this deadly mortal rage

in quen toy et par toy voye  
 r la ou ie prendray ma voye  
 inete escharboucle reliuant  
 ont mon bourdon eft fait luyfant  
 clere moy par ou giray  
 es le pommel ou toute ay  
 on port ma feurte ma fiance  
 tousiours euz des mon enfance  
 toy me rends a toy mappuy  
 /de moy ou perdu ie tuy

Ffor sythe tyme off my tendre age  
 My truse and my affaunce  
 My joye and all my suffaunce  
 Alle hooly hath ben in the  
 Ageynes alle adversite  
 In every peyne and eche labour  
 To ffynden comfforte and focour  
 And now that stonde in so greet drede  
 Help me in this greet nede  
 And while I gan me thus compleyne  
 Even amyddes off alle my pene  
 I sawgh amyddes off the see  
<sup>1</sup> A schippe saylle towards me <sup>f</sup>  
 And evene above upon the mafte  
 Wherefore I was the lasse agaste  
 I sawe a crosse stonde and not flytte  
 And there vpon a dowve sytte  
 White as any mylke or snewgh  
 Where off I hadde joye enowgh  
 And in this schippe ageyne alle schoures  
 There were castels and eke towres  
 Wonder dyverse mansyouns  
 And sondry habytacyouns <sup>g</sup>  
 By resemblaunce and seemyng  
 Lyche the loggyng <sup>h</sup> off a kyng  
 And as I took good hede ther at  
 Alle my forewes I fforgatt <sup>i</sup>  
 The Pilgrim is rejoiced beyond measure at  
 perceiving *Gracedieu* descend from the vessel ;  
 he expresses his gratitude to her for relieving  
 him in his great distres ; she inquires where  
 he has been, and what has brought him to  
 that perilous ifland which is named Scylla.<sup>2</sup>  
 The Pilgrim assures her he has no pleasure in  
 remaining there, and that he will willingly  
 quit it to return into the way which by his  
 folly he has quitted, and which has brought  
 upon him so many evils.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dame dis ie bien eft mon gre  
 Bien doit le recreu pelerin  
 Desirer court et brief chemin  
 Recreu ie suis et traueilles  
 Le court vueli aller voulentiers  
 Et vous mercy trefhumblement  
 De vostre bon confortement

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut XIX., coloured drawing H.  
<sup>2</sup> The "valley perilous" of Mandeville.

<sup>a</sup> Jer. xv. 17.

<sup>b</sup> In the midft of.

<sup>c</sup> Woe is me.

<sup>d</sup> Aftray.

<sup>e</sup> Are all at once.

<sup>f</sup> Isaiah lx. 9.

<sup>g</sup> Deut. xv. 11.

<sup>h</sup> Lodging.

<sup>i</sup> Psal. cxix. 29.

## Appendix.

<sup>a</sup> Nurſe.  
Tib. A. vii. f.  
91, b.

<sup>b</sup> If thou careſt  
to learn it.

<sup>c</sup> To ſignify.

<sup>d</sup> Rom. xv. 4.

<sup>e</sup> In times of yore.

<sup>f</sup> Truly.

<sup>g</sup> More than one.

<sup>h</sup> Diffemble.

<sup>i</sup> Lying.

<sup>k</sup> Numb. xvi. 26.  
Jer. v. 25.

<sup>l</sup> Stingy.

Gracedieu tells him, that, if he will enter her ſhip, ſhe will receive him from the pity ſhe feels for him, and will convey him by a ſhort paſſage into the ſafe path; but that he muſt expect to meet with Repentance, the ſtile, the hedge, and the thorny plants again, just as he had met them before.

He answers, that every weary pilgrim ſhould defire a ſhort voyage, that he is himſelf weary and way-worn, and he thanks her very much for her comfort; he then promises that if ſhe will take him on board the ſhip he will amend his faults. Upon which Gracedieu reproaches him for having required his armour to be carried, and for not being able to endure the weight of it himſelf; and ſhe also tells him that his profeſſions are great, but that he does not carry them into practice.

She then leads him to a rock from which water flows, in which he is washed, and afterwards conducts him to the vessel; he inquires its name, and is told it is Religion.

They then embark, and ſteer for the Monastery of Citeaux. Upon their arrival there they are received by the porter, Crainte de Dieu, (" Drede of God; ") and upon Gracedieu leaving the Pilgrim, he is conducted to

<sup>1</sup> AGYOGRAPHE.

I am quod ſche chieff noryce <sup>a</sup>  
To alle ffolkes that fleen vyce  
No cloyſter is worthe who looke aboue  
On no fyde whan I am out  
I make cloyſtris ſferme and ſtable  
Worſchipe and honourable  
And my name zeve thow lyſte ſe  
Is callyd Agyographe  
Whiche is to feyne <sup>c</sup> I the ensure  
Off holy wrytyng the scripture <sup>d</sup>  
\* \* \* \*

The PYLGRYME.

And off a merour that I ſfonde

Whiche that I heelde in myne honde  
I preyed hir without ſchame  
To telle me there off the name

AGYOGRAPHE.

Hyt were good to hye and lowe  
That alle ffolkes ſhonde know  
And there off hadde a trewe fyght  
Justly what thys merour hyght  
That ffolkes for greet lak off lyght  
Were not deceyued in her fyght  
This merour by descripeyoun  
Is called Adulacyoun  
This is withouten eny blame  
Verily his ryght name  
Ffor take good hede that flateryng  
Is engendred off leſyng  
Some callen hir " Placebo " <sup>2</sup>  
Ffor ſche han maken an Echo  
Anſwere euere ageyn the ſame  
Because that he wole haue no blame  
There is no contradicyoun  
Ffor bothe off newe and zore <sup>3</sup> agon  
Ffolkes foſthely <sup>4</sup> mo than on <sup>5</sup>  
Han in adulacyoun  
Ffinde ſful greet decepcyoun  
Lordes wherfore I ſeye allas  
Han be difſeyved in this caas  
And by adylacyoun  
Brought to ther deſtrucyon

FLATERYE.

For this cuſtom hath flaterye  
To feyne <sup>b</sup> thus by losengerie <sup>i</sup>  
Whanne hym lykyth to begyle  
Ffaſleſly by his ſotel while  
To hem that be moſte vycious <sup>k</sup>  
How that they are vertuous  
And though they ben to vyses thral  
They feyne eke they be liberal  
Though they be ſtreyte <sup>l</sup> and ravyinous  
And greet nygardenes in her hous

<sup>1</sup> See coloured drawing I.

<sup>2</sup> Placebo, "I will please," the name given to Flatery, from her endeavouring to curry favour with every

one. The "Echo" is in reference to the "Placebo" which was the name given to the vesper hymn for the dead.—*Du Gange*.

## Appendix.

li

They calle fflame and high renoun  
Raveyne<sup>a</sup> and ffalse extorcyoun  
Though they be ffooles and off no prys  
They afferme that they be wys

\* \* \* \*

### The PYLGRYME.

Madame quod I zow not displeese  
Thys myroure schal do me noon eese  
Wher so that I leese or wynne  
I wole neuere looke ther inne  
But ryht anoon myne happe it was  
To loken in another glasse  
In the whiche withouten wene<sup>b</sup>  
I sawe my sylf ffolle and vncleane  
And to byholde ryght hydous  
Abborynabel and vecyous  
That merour and that glas  
Schewyd to me what I was

Wherfore off rancour and dysdeyn  
The same merour I caste ageyn  
Without a look in her pavere<sup>c</sup>  
Ffrowarde off look and eke<sup>d</sup> off chere  
And gan my bak awey to turne  
And therfore soon I gan to morne

### AGYOPRAPHE.

Now I se wel by contenaunce  
And also by thy governaunce  
Thow haste no luste to loke and se  
In the merour yt semeth me  
Callyd the merour off concyence  
Whiche shewith by trewe experyence  
Without echo or fflaterye  
Or any other lozengerye  
Vnto a man what ymage  
He bereth aboute or what vysage  
The portraiture ryght as it is  
And in what thynge he dothe amys<sup>e</sup>

After the Pilgrim had held converse with *Obedience*, *Discipline*, *Poverty*, and *Chastity*, two messengers next appeared to him, one of whom had wings extended, whilst the other

held in her hand a wimble, which she held up aloft towards the heaven, as if she would pierce the sky. She says she is to reward all people who act uprightly, that she is called *Prayer*<sup>f</sup> (*oraīōn*), the good and swift messenger which has wings to fly and to bear a message to God for all mankind. "Before Him," she says, "I appear swiftly and present boldly the commission which has been entrusted to me; and know," she adds, "that if you send your request to Him it shall not be refused; and if you wish to enter the city where you see so many pilgrims go, I will be your messenger, and will prepare you a house where you may take up your abode—no one shall enter there who has not sent me before him. You know that it was so with the thief who was crucified with the King.<sup>g</sup> I believe you will do the same, for you have great need of it, and so I hasten the more readily to perform your message."

<sup>1</sup> There was another who held a horn which gave a pleasant sound, whose name was *Latria*, (worship or service)<sup>h</sup> and who thus speaks:

Off this place ffolkes alle<sup>i</sup>  
Latrya they me calle  
Myne offys is moste in wakynge  
To kepe the gate aboute the kynge  
I wacche there on day and nyght  
Do my fforse and eke my myght  
Ffor to lyue aye in awayt  
That there be ffounden no dysceyt

\* \* \* \*

For bothe at eeve and eke at morew  
I kepe the houres off ryfynge  
To do worschipe to the kynge  
Alle ffolkes vp I calle  
That no flomber on hem ffalle  
Myne horne is *Invocacyoun*  
Off *Deus in adjutorium*  
I blowe myn horn toward mydnyght  
To reyse vp ffolkes anoon ryght  
I suffre hem not off sleep to deye  
Myne<sup>j</sup> orgones I tempre ffor to pleye<sup>k</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut XX.

<sup>2</sup> The "Virginals" of Bunyan.

<sup>a</sup> Plunder.

<sup>b</sup> Doubt.

<sup>c</sup> Basket or wallet.

<sup>d</sup> Also.

<sup>e</sup> Job xx. 2.  
Ecclef. vii. 5, 6.  
Daniel x. 21.  
Mark xii. 24.  
Epheſians v. 6.  
Col. iii. 22.  
<sup>1</sup> Thes. ii. 4—6.  
<sup>1</sup> Pet. iii. 21.

<sup>f</sup> 2 Chron. xxx.  
27.  
Mark xi. 24.  
<sup>1</sup> Peter iii. 7.

<sup>g</sup> Luke xxiii. 42.

<sup>h</sup> Psal. xcvi. 9.

<sup>i</sup> Tib. A. vii. f.  
104, b.

<sup>j</sup> I manage my musical instrument so as to play.

<sup>a</sup> Sound.

And vpon hem I make a sown<sup>a</sup>  
 With outen intermyssyoun  
 And trewely alle my melodye  
 Is in songe off persalmodye<sup>b</sup>  
 And devoutely in myne ententis  
 I calle so myne instrumentis  
 For thylke kyng that is mooste stronge  
 Mooste hym delytyth in swiche songe  
 To hym it is mooste pertynente  
 Whanne it is songe off good entente  
 In clernesse and in purete

<sup>b</sup> Psalmody.<sup>c</sup> Psalm cii. 23.  
Heb. ix. 27.<sup>d</sup> Jer. xlvi. 11.  
Ecclus. xviii. 21.  
Rom. vi. 18, 19.  
<sup>e</sup> 2 Cor. xii. 9.<sup>f</sup> Isaiah xl. 30.<sup>g</sup> Deut. xxxiii. 25.  
Gen. xxv. 8.  
Job xii. 12, 13.

At the last, after *Gracedieu's* return, two old women appeared,<sup>1</sup> at the sight of whom the Pilgrim's heart trembled; one supported herself on crutches, and seemed to have leaden feet—she carried a box on her back, whilst her companion had a couch bound on to her head. These were *Infirmitie* and *Old Age*, who advanced towards him and said:—"Death<sup>c</sup> sends us to you to announce that she comes without delay; and she has enjoined us not to leave you until we have conquered you."

The Pilgrim says that he is not acquainted with them, or with their mistress *Death*, and inquires their names. They tell him it is useless to argue with them, for, however strong a person may be, as soon as *Death* comes to him she vanquishes him; for she has complete control over human life, and kings and dukes fear her more than poor people who labour under life's burthens. "Death, however," they continue, "is no respecter of persons—into many places she enters often without having sent us before her; we are her messengers, and will tell you our names."

Then the one who carried the couch said:—"I am named *Infirmitie*:<sup>d</sup> wherever I find *Health* I attack her to make her submit; I recal *Repentance* when she is forgotten. He who created *Nature*, when He perceived that He was disregarded, summoned me, and said thus:—"Go quickly to *Death*, and say that I send you to serve her, and to do according

to her pleasure. But first you shall go into the world; and, when you are there, whomsoever you find the most hardy, who think to live the longest, and because they have health despise me, and put me out of their thoughts, those correct, chaste, and bind down so strongly on your bed that they cannot rise, nor turn according to their will, nor have any taste for eating and drinking, in order that they may implore my mercy, and by amending their lives have some regard for their own salvation."<sup>e</sup> Thus have I been in many places, and have pulled down young and old.<sup>f</sup> Prepare yourself, therefore, for I shall attack you and lay you down on your bed."<sup>g</sup> The other then spoke:—"I am she whom you never thought to behold:<sup>f</sup> I have leaden feet; I walk slowly—nevertheless I come towards you and acquaint you that *Death* is approaching. No messenger can speak more truly; my companion often deceives; for different reasons prevent her from performing her message, but nothing can impede me. I am named *Old Age*, the greatly feared, the skin-dried, and the wrinkled. My head is sometimes grey, and sometimes bald; I am able to give sage counsel, and ought to be much honoured—for I have seen in times past both much good and much evil; I have proved what writings are the most sensible, and what are the best means of acquiring knowledge; for without practice and experience no science can exist."

The Pilgrim then informs *Old Age* that she is not agreeable to him, and he wishes that she would depart; but she tells him, that, whether he likes her or not, she will remain with him—and before *Death* comes she will make him crooked and feeble by the blows which she will give him; but still, she says, that if he is wise, he will derive great advantage from her—for she will lend him those crutches<sup>g</sup> which she herself has to lean upon: but yet she does not wish to deprive him of his staff, inasmuch as a spiritual support is useful as well

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut XXI.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Ready to Halt's crutches.—Buryan.



XXI



XXII

*Disfericorde*



XXIII



oral one—for by this means if a man on one side he is supported on the ‘Take, therefore, my crutches,’ she, ‘for you will find them very useful, lows are hard to bear, and that you shall.’ Then she said to her companion, ‘that he may not think that we feign, once knock him down, and lay him on couch.’ *Infirmitiy* and *Old Age* lay hold of the Pilgrim, and place upon it, and tell him that *Death* arrive.<sup>b</sup> Whilst, however, he is e, a lady, of a kindly and pleasing ce, approaches him:<sup>c</sup> she has in her ord, and upon her inviting the Pil- with her to the Infirmary he joy- ts, but first begs that she will tell she is.

“she replies, ‘named *Mercy*, and I excessively welcome after a severe s passed in any judgement. The en He commanded that all the hu- should die for their offences, when Him, forbore his hand, and made e all that remained; and I induced lace in the heavens a bow without a sign of concord—the string remains as the bow does with Him:<sup>d</sup> so that is cord He cannot use the bow, and eason I keep it in my hands; and, as I rescue the wretched from misery, the degraded from their woful po- means of this cord, I am called ie (*Mercy*).<sup>e</sup> The maker of this cord ity, and it is not possible for any one to heaven who breaks it.’

*Mercy* has further explained to the various offices, such as relieving the poor, the captives, the humble—and her readiness to serve him—he asks cannot rid him of *Death*’s messen- mity and *Old Age*. This, she says, t do; but she will, by means of her

cord, convey him secretly to the Infirmary,<sup>f</sup> where, although the messengers will not even then leave him entirely, yet he may put off for some little time longer the arrival of *Death*.

Accordingly, she binds her cord to his bed, and, at the same time, *Infirmitiy* and *Old Age* also approach him so closely that he has no strength remaining.

After he had arrived at the Infirmary, and had lain there for some little time, the porter, called the *fear of God*,<sup>g</sup> enters, bringing with him two other messengers—one of whom was the lady<sup>h</sup> with the wimble, of whom mention has already been made, whilst the other extended her arms towards heaven as if she would fly. The porter then informed the Pilgrim that he had brought these messen- gers, of whose aid he could avail himself, if he wished to send them before him to Jerusalem, for that he could no longer tarry on earth, and if they did not go before him he would not be able to enter the holy city. Their names were *Prayer*,<sup>i</sup> and her companion *Alms- giving*,<sup>j</sup> (*aufmone*); the latter has always her hands extended ready to give, and makes wings of them with which to fly—and she is willing to go at once to the King to beg for admission for the pilgrims into the heavenly mansions. The Pilgrim answers, that he would willingly employ her, but he possesses nothing—having renounced all he had when he entered the con- vent, everything there having been in common. He says that she should be sent before kings, and great and wealthy people—that the rich, being pilgrims as well as himself, must also be admitted by their staff and scarf (i. e. *hope* and *faith*) into the heavenly city—and he therefore trusts that God will provide an humble and poor man like himself with an habitation.<sup>k</sup> He then welcomes the other messenger,<sup>l</sup> and commis- sions her to go before him; to which she an- swers, that she would do so most readily, ac- cording to her promise to him in the Church

<sup>a</sup> Prov. xxii. 6.

<sup>b</sup> Psalm lxxi. 9; xcii. 14.

<sup>c</sup> Ecclus. xviii. 13.

<sup>d</sup> Gen. ix. 13.

<sup>e</sup> Deut. v. 10.

<sup>f</sup> Prov. xxii. 9.

<sup>g</sup> 2 Chron. xix. 7.

<sup>h</sup> Prov. xv. 29.

<sup>i</sup> Luke vi. 30; xi. 41.

<sup>k</sup> Heb. xii. 22.

<sup>l</sup> Cor. v. 6.

Heb. xiii. 14.

<sup>m</sup> Tobit iii. 1.

odcut XXII.  
dy with the wimble or auger was *Prayer*;

she was described before as holding it, because “she seemed as though she would have pierced the heavens.”

where he had seen her before: whereupon *Infirmity* interferes, and says it is now too late for the intercession of *Prayer*, that the Pilgrim had plenty of time to employ her during his life, but that now she (*Infirmity*) claims him. *Prayer*, nevertheless, departs on her errand; and whilst the Pilgrim is fearing that she will be too late, and that he will perish,<sup>1</sup> an old woman mounts on his bed, who alarms him extremely; she holds a scythe, and also bears a wooden coffin—her name is *Death*. She has already placed one of her feet upon the Pilgrim's body, and he has begged her to spare him a little while longer that he may ask her one or two questions, when *Gracedieu* appears to him and reassures him by saying,<sup>2</sup> “I perceive you are now at the narrow entrance which is at the end of your pilgrimage. *Death* is near you, who is the end of all terrible things; she will mow down your life, and place your body in a coffin for the worms to destroy it. This is the common end of all flesh. Man, in this world, is exposed to *Death* as the grass in the

field is to the scythe; so he also is flourishing one day, and is withered the next. You have prospered a long time; you must now be reaped and separated into two parts—the entrance is narrow, the body and soul cannot pass through together; the soul will enter first, and the body, after having seen corruption, will be regenerated and join the great assembly in the city to which you are hastening. You are now at the wicket-gate, which, when you saw it imaged in the mirror, you so longed to reach. You will be received within it if you present yourself there unburdened and naked. Nevertheless, you must first implore the Father for mercy,<sup>3</sup> and promise to *Penance*, that if you have not undergone sufficient suffering for your sins, you are willing to expiate them still further in Purgatory.”<sup>4</sup> Upon this *Death*<sup>a</sup> seemed to run him through the body with her scythe; and he awoke with a start, scarcely knowing whether he were dead or alive, until he was certified of the fact of his being alive by the sound of the convent bell and the crowing of

<sup>a</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 3.  
Ecclif. xiv. 12.

<sup>b</sup> Job xxi. 26.

<sup>c</sup> Isaiah xl. 7.

<sup>d</sup> Job xix. 26.

<sup>e</sup> Rev. iii. 12;  
xxii. 14.

<sup>f</sup> John xiv. 6.

<sup>g</sup> Heb. ix. 27, 28.

<sup>h</sup> Rev. xiv. 13.

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut XXIII.

<sup>2</sup> GRACEDIEU.

Je voy bien qua lestroit pâssage  
Tu es de ton pelerinaige  
Voicy la mort qui de pres test  
Qui des chofes terribles est  
La fin et le terminement  
Ta vie tantoft faulcher entent  
Et la mectre du tout ainf  
Et puis ton corps en vng cofin  
Elle mectra pour le bailler  
Aux vers puans pour le manger<sup>b</sup>  
Ceste cholé est toute commune  
A tout chafcun et a chascune  
Homme en ce monde est expose  
A la mort comme l'herbe au pre  
Est a la faulx aussi est ce foin  
Qui huy est verd et sec demain<sup>c</sup>  
Or as este verd vng long temps  
Et si as receu pluyes et vens  
Mais fault maintenant te faulchier  
Et en deux pieces despiccer  
Lhuys est estroit lame et la cher  
Ne pourroient ensemble passer  
Lame premiere passer  
Et puis apres la chair yra  
Mais si tost ne sera ce mie  
Auant sera la chair pourrie  
Et autre fois regenerée  
En la grant commune assemblée<sup>d</sup>  
Donques regarde sappointe

Deuement tu es et appareille  
Sa toy ne tient tantoft verras  
La grant cite ou tendu as  
Tu es au guichet et a lhuys  
Quou mirouer pieca tu vis  
Se tu es despoille et nuz<sup>e</sup>  
Dedans tantoft seras receuz  
Celle entree tu auoies moult chier  
Lors quant tu la vis au premier  
Et toutefois tant ie te dy  
Qua mon pere tu cryea mercy  
En promettant a penitence  
Que se nem as a souffrance  
Fait voulentiers tu la feras  
En purgatoire ou tu yras

<sup>3</sup> By the light of Divine Truth the reader must perceive that the atoning Sacrifice of the Son of God has been completely set aside in the advice here given to the Pilgrim. *Fallen man* must come to God as a *Judge*, but cannot come to Him as a *Father*, otherwise than by Christ as Mediator. Jesus faith, “I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.”<sup>f</sup>

<sup>4</sup> How can this be? when we read in the Bible, “and as it is appointed unto all men once to die, but after this the judgement, so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for him shall be appear the second time without sin unto salvation.”<sup>g</sup> “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: (from the moment of their death;) yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.”<sup>h</sup>

ts. Hereupon he would have arisen, still in bed musing upon his wondrous concerning which, he informs the that, if there be anything in it which favour of vanity or untruth, it must as the straw and the chaff is with and the whole so sifted that the good e may remain and be remembered, he light and worthless is forgotten and ; and, finally, he concludes by reading his work to all those who, like nnowers, are skilled in separating rem error, and truth from falsehood. ie Pilgrim's Progres, *Christian* and are described as at once entering into feet peace, and rest, and joy which ath not seen, nor ear heard, neither ered into the heart of man to conceive, gs which God hath prepared for them : him.”<sup>a</sup>

w, upon the bank of the river, on the le, they saw the two shining men again, re waited for them ; wherefore, being , out of the river, they saluted them, ‘We are ministering spirits, sent forth ter for those that shall be heirs of fal-

Thus they went along towards the Now you must note that the city stood nghty hill ; but the pilgrims went up with ease, because they had these two lead them up by the arms ; also they tbeir mortal garments behid them in ; for though they went in with them, ne out without them. They, therent up here with much agility and ough the foundation upon which the framed was higher than the clouds. The talk they had with the shining ones ut the glory of the place, who told at the beauty and glory of it was inex . ‘There,’ said they, ‘is the Mount e heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable y of angels, and the spirits of just men rfect.<sup>b</sup> You are going now,’ said they, Paradise of God, wherein you shall see of life, and eat of the never-fading

fruits thereof ; and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King : even all the days of eternity !<sup>c</sup> There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth—to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death—for the former things are passed away.<sup>d</sup> You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and Jacob, and to the prophets ; men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds—each one walking in his righteousness.<sup>e</sup> The men then asked, ‘What must we do in the holy place ?’ To whom it was answered, ‘You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow ; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way.<sup>f</sup> In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy One—for there you shall see Him as He is.<sup>g</sup> There, also, you shall serve Him continually, with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing, the pleasant voice of the mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are got thither before you ; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you.’ \* \* \* Now when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it, in letters of gold, ‘Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.’<sup>h</sup>

“ Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate, the which, when they did, some from above looked over the gate—to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, &c.—to whom it was said, ‘ These pilgrims are come from the city of *Destruction*, for the love that they bear to the King of this place.’

<sup>a</sup> 1 Cor. ii. 9.

<sup>b</sup> Heb. xii. 22—  
24.

<sup>c</sup> Rev. ii. 7 ; iii.  
4 ; xxi. 1.

<sup>d</sup> Isaiah lxv. 16.

<sup>e</sup> Isaiah lvii. 1, 2.

<sup>f</sup> Gal. vi. 7.

<sup>g</sup> 1 John iii. 2.

<sup>h</sup> Rev. xxii. 24.

## Appendix.

*And then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning ; those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when He had read them, said, ‘ Where are the men ? ’ To whom it was answered, ‘ They are standing without the gate.’ The King then commanded to open the gate, ‘ That the righteous nation,’ said He, ‘ that keepeth truth, may enter in.’<sup>a</sup>*

“ Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate ; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured ; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them ; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy ; and that it was said unto them, ‘ Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.’ I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, ‘ Blessing, honour, glory, and power, be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.’ ”<sup>b</sup>

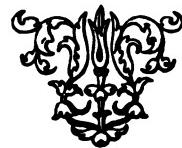
These lines at the conclusion of Bunyan’s

<sup>a</sup> Isaiah xxvi. 2.

<sup>b</sup> Rev. v. 13, 14.

Dream show how similar are the metaphors employed both by himself and De Guileville in their parting addresses to the reader :—

Now, reader, I have told my dream to thee ;  
See if thou canst interpret it to me,  
Or to thyself, or neighbour ; but take heed  
Of misinterpreting ; for that, instead  
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse :  
By misinterpreting evil ensues.  
Take heed also that thou be not extreme  
In playing with the outside of my dream ;  
Nor let my figure or similitude  
Put thee into a laughter or a feud.  
Leave this for boys and fools ; but as for thee,  
Do thou the substance of the matter see.  
Put by the curtains, look within my veil ;  
Turn up my metaphors, and do not fail  
There, if thou seekest them, such things to find  
As will be helpful to an honest mind.  
What of my dross thou findest there be bold  
To throw away, but yet preserve the gold.  
What if my gold be wrapped up in ore ?  
None throws away the apple for the core.  
But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,  
I know not but 'twill make me dream again.



Following Extracts on the glories of the New Jerusalem are quoted from Hymns at three different periods:—The first by St. Bernard, (to whom reference is made in Leville's poem,) A.D. 1100. The second is taken from a Chap-book<sup>1</sup> in the British (1078 & 17,) to which no date is prefixed. The third is by a well-known modern who has kindly permitted its insertion.

HYMN.

SRIEF life is here our portion,  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life is there.  
retribution,  
toil, eternal rest!  
tals and for sinners  
nction with the blest!  
should look, poor wanderers,  
ave our home on high,  
orms should seek their dwellings  
nd the starry sky.  
we fight the battle,  
then we wear the crown  
nd everlasting  
passionless renown.  
God, our King and Portion,  
ness of his grace,  
behold for ever,  
worship face to face.  
, O dear, dear country,  
eyes their vigils keep:  
love beholding  
happy name they weep.  
O only mansion!  
radise of joy!  
tears are ever banished,  
smiles have no alloy:  
y living waters  
lants are, great and small;  
ar of the forest,  
yssop of the wall.  
per glow thy bulwarks,  
streets with emeralds blaze;

The sardius and topaz  
Unite in thee their rays:  
Thy agate walls are bounded  
With amethyst unpriced;  
Thy saints build up its fabric,  
And the Corner-stone is Christ.  
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment,  
To pilgrims far away!  
Upon the Rock of Ages,  
They raise thy holy tower;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.  
Jerusalem the golden!  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation,  
Sink heart and voice opprest:  
I know not, O I know not,  
What social joys are there!  
What radiancy of glory!  
What light beyond compare!  
And when I faint would sing thee,  
My spirit fails and faints;  
And vainly would it image  
The assembly of the saints.  
They stand, those halls of Zion,  
Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And many a martyr throng:  
The Prince is ever in them;  
The light is aye serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

<sup>1</sup> See f. 2.

There is the throne of David,  
 And there, from toil released,  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast :  
 And they, beneath their Leader,  
 Who conquer'd in the fight,  
 For ever and for ever  
 Are clad in robes of white.  
 Jerusalem the radiant !  
 The glory of the elect !  
 O dear and future vision,  
 That eager hearts expect :  
 E'en now by faith I see thee,  
 E'en now thy walls discern ;  
 For thee my thoughts are kindled,  
 And strive, and pant, and burn.  
 O land that seest no sorrow !  
 O state that fear'st no strife !  
 O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !  
 O realm and home of life !

ST. BERNARD.

#### THE NEW JERUSALEM.

O MOTHER, dear Jerusalem,  
 when shall I come to thee ?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?  
 thy joys when shall I see ?  
 O happy harbour of God's saints !  
 O sweet and pleasant soil !  
 In thee no sorrow may be found,  
 no grief, no care, no toil.  
 In thee no sickness is at all,  
 no grief, no toil, no care ;  
 There is no death, nor ugly fight,  
 but life for evermore.  
 No dimming clouds o'ershadow thee,  
 no dim nor darksome night ;  
 For every soul shines as the sun,  
 for God himself gives light.  
 There lust nor lucre cannot dwell—  
 there envy bears no sway ;  
 There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,  
 but pleasure every way.  
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem !  
 would God I were in thee !

O that my sorrows had an end,  
 thy joys that I might see !  
 No pains, no pangs, no bitter griefs,  
 no woful night is there ;  
 No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard,  
 no willaway nor fear.  
 Jerusalem the city is  
 of God our King alone ;  
 The Lamb of God, the light thereof,  
 sits there upon the throne.  
 Ah ! God, that I Jerusalem  
 with speed may go behold ;  
 For why ? the pleasures there abound  
 with tongue cannot be told.  
 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
 with carbuncles doth shine ;  
 With jasper, pearls, and crysolite,  
 surpassing pure and fine.  
 Thy houses are of ivory ;  
 thy windows chrystral clear ;  
 Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,  
 where angels do appear.  
 Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
 thy bulwarks diamond square ;—  
 Thy gates are made of orient pearl,—  
 O God ! if I were there.  
 Within thy gates nothing can come  
 that is not passing clear ;  
 No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,  
 no filth may there appear.  
 Jehovah, Lord, now come, I pray,  
 and end my grief and plaints :  
 Take me to thy Jerusalem,  
 and place me among the saints :  
 Who there are crown'd with glory great,  
 and see God face to face.  
 They triumph all, and do rejoice,  
 most happy is their case.  
 But we who are in banishment  
 continually do moan ;  
 We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep,  
 perpetually we groan.  
 Our sweetness mixed is with gall,  
 our pleasures are but pain ;  
 Our joys are not worth looking on,  
 our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,  
such pleasure, and such play,  
That unto them a thousand years  
seem but as yesterday.  
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,  
thy joys when shall I see?  
Thy King sitting upon his throne,  
and thy felicity.  
Thy vineyards and thy orchards,  
so wonderfully rare,  
Are furnish'd with all kinds of fruits,  
most beautiful and fair.  
Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
continually are green;  
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers,  
as no where else are seen.  
There cinnamon and sugar grows;  
there nard and balm abound;  
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,  
what pleasures there are found.  
There nectar and ambrosia spring,  
the musk and civet sweet;  
There many a fine and dainty drug  
is trodden under feet.  
Quite thro' the street, with pleasant sound,  
the blood of life doth flow;  
Upon the bank, on ev'ry side,  
the Tree of Life doth grow.  
These trees each month do yield their fruit,  
for evermore they spring;  
And all the nations in the world  
to thee their honours bring.  
Jerusalem, God's dwelling place,  
full sore I long to see;  
O that my sorrows had an end,  
that I might dwell with thee!  
There David stands, with harp in hand,  
into the heavenly choir,  
A thousand times that man was blest  
who might this music hear.  
There Mary sings Magnificat,  
with tunes surpassing sweet;  
And all the virgins bear their part,  
fitting around her feet.  
Te Deum doth St. Ambrose sing,  
St. Austin doth the like;

Old Simeon and Zachary  
have not their songs to seek.  
There Magdalen hath left her moan,  
and cheerfully doth sing,  
With all blest saints, whose harmony  
through every street doth ring.  
Jerusalem, Jerusalem!  
thy joys fain would I see;  
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,  
and take me home to thee.  
O plant thy name in my forehead,  
and take me hence away,  
That I may dwell with thee in bles<sup>s</sup>, (sic,)  
and sing thy praises ay!  
Jerusalem, the happy throne,  
Jehovah's throne on high;  
O sacred city, queen and wife  
of Christ eternally!  
O comely queen, with glory clad,  
with honour and degree,  
All fair thou art, excelling bright,  
no spot is found in thee!  
I long to see Jerusalem,  
the comfort of us all;  
For thou art sweet and beautiful,  
no ill can thee befal.  
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,  
no darkness dare appear;  
No night, no shade, no winter foul,  
no time doth alter there.  
No candles need, no moons to shine,  
no glittering stars to light,  
For Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,  
for ever shineth bright.  
A Lamb unspotted, white and pure,  
to thee doth stand in lieu  
Of light so great; the glory is,  
thy heavenly King to view;  
He is the King of kings, beset  
in midst his servants right,  
And they his happy household all  
do serve him day and night.  
There, there the quire of angels bright,  
there the supernal fort  
Of citizens, who hence are freed  
from danger's deep resort.

*Appendix.*

There be the prudent prophets all,  
th' Apostles, fix and fix,  
The glorious martyrs in a row,  
and confessors betwixt.  
There doth the crew of righteous men  
and matrons all confest,  
Young men and maidens who here on earth  
their pleasures did resist.  
The sheep and lambs that hardly 'scapt  
the snares of death and hell,  
Triumph in joy eternally,  
whereof no tongue can tell ;  
And though the glory of each one  
doth differ in degree,  
Yet the joy of all alike,  
and common as we see.  
There love and charity do reign,  
and Christ is all in all,  
Whom they most perfectly behold,  
in glory spiritual.  
They love, they praise, they praise, and love,  
they holy, holy, cry ;  
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,  
but laud continually.  
O happy thousand times were I,  
if, after wretched days,  
I might with listening ears conceive  
these heavenly songs of praise,  
Which to th' eternal King are sung,  
by heavenly wights above :  
By sacred souls and angels sweet,  
to praise the God of love !  
Oh, passing happy were my state,  
might I be worthy found  
To walk upon my God and King,  
his praises there to sound.  
And to enjoy my Christ above,  
his favour and his grace,  
According to his promise made,  
which here I interlace :  
" O Father dear," said he, " let them,  
whom thou hast given of old  
To me, be there where so I am,  
my glory to behold,

Which I with thee, before the world  
was laid, in perfect ways  
Have had, from whence the blessed sun  
of glory doth arise !  
Again, if any man will serve,  
then let him follow me ;  
That where I am, be thou right sure,  
there shall my servant be.  
And still if any man loves me,  
him loves my Father dear,  
Whom I do love, to him myself  
in glory shall appear."  
Lord, take away my miseries,  
that there I may be bold,  
With thee, in thy Jerusalem,  
thy glory to behold ;  
And so in Zion see my King,  
my love, my Lord, my all—  
Whom now as in a glass I see,  
then face to face I shall.  
O blessed be the pure in heart,  
their Sovereign they shall see !  
O ye most happy heavenly wights  
which of God's household be !  
O Lord, with speed dissolve my bonds,  
those gins and fetters strong ;  
For I have dwelt within the tents  
of Kedar overlong !  
Yet once again I pray thee, Lord,  
to guard me from all strife ;  
Thus to thy hill I may obtain,  
and dwell there all my life.  
With cherubin, and seraphin,  
and holy souls of men,  
To sing thy praise, of Lord of hosts,  
for evermore. Amen.

## THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN

ON THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.

Ha ! yon burst of crystal splendour !  
Sunlight, starlight, blent in one ;  
Starlight set in arctic azure,  
Sunlight from the burning zone !

<sup>1</sup> Vide " Hymns of Faith and Hope," by Horatius Bonar, D.D.

Gold and silver, gems and marble,  
All creation's jewelry.  
Earth's uncovered waste of riches—  
Treasures of the ancient sea.  
Heir of glory,  
What is that to thee and me?

\* \* \* \*

What to that for which we're waiting,  
Is this glittering earthly toy?  
Heavenly glory, holy splendour,  
Sum of grandeur, sum of joy.  
Not the gems that time can tarnish,  
Not the hues that dim and die,  
Not the glow that cheats the lover,  
Shaded with mortality.  
Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

Not the light that leaves us darker,  
Not the gleams that come and go,  
Not the mirth whose end is madness,  
Not the joy whose fruit is woe;  
Not the notes that die at sunset,  
Not the fashion of a day;  
But the everlasting beauty,  
And the endless melody.  
Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

City of the pearl-bright portal;  
City of the jasper wall;  
City of the golden pavement;  
Seat of endless festival.  
City of Jehovah, Salem,  
City of eternity,  
To thy bridal-hall of gladness,  
From this prison would I flee.  
Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

Ah! with such strange spells around me,  
Fairest of what earth calls fair,  
How I need thy fairer image,  
To undo the siren snare!  
Left the subtle serpent-tempter  
Lure me with his radiant lie;

As if sin were sin no longer,  
Life were no more vanity.  
Heir of glory,  
What is that to thee and me?

Yes, I need *thee*, heavenly city,  
My low spirit to upbear;  
Yes, I need thee—earth's enchantments  
So beguile me with their glare.  
Let me see thee, then these fetters  
Break asunder, I am free;  
Then this pomp no longer chains me;  
Faith has won the victory.  
Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

Soon where earthly beauty blinds not,  
No excess of brilliance palls,  
Salem, city of the holy,  
We shall be within thy walls!  
There, beside yon crystal river,  
There, beneath life's wondrous tree,  
There, with nought to cloud or sever,—  
Ever with the Lamb to be!  
Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

It may be interesting to some of our readers if we quote a letter from a Syrian gentleman who remarked that the translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress" into Arabic had done more good in Syria than any book, except the Bible; the parabolical mode of instruction of our Saviour being the natural form of expression in that country.

"You desire me," he writes, "to relate to you a few facts connected with the Arabic Pilgrim's Progress; I shall try to do so in this note, in the fewest words possible.

"The book was first translated for the 'Church Missionary Society,' by a first-rate Arabic scholar, a native of Mount Lebanon, and printed at their Arabic printing press, at Malta. It was extensively read, wherever the Arabic language was spoken.

"Soon after the breaking up of the mission

*Appendix.*

at Malta, it became scarce, and another edition was called for.

"The American Missionaries, in Syria, had the book then re-translated, (by another native of Mount Lebanon,) and, by the help of the first translation, made of it a very good *new* edition. They put this new copy into the hands of one of the best Arabic scholars and poets (a native of Mount Lebanon also), who corrected it and saw it 'through the press.'

"The book has now become a classical one. It is read in all the American schools throughout Syria. Copies of it have gone into Arabia, Mesopotamia, India, Egypt, and the Coast of Barbary.

"During my first visit to England, I had the curiosity to go to Blackwall, to see the Niger Expedition, which was then fitting up for the heart of Africa; and on going into the first cabin of one of the steamers, I saw all its shelves filled with Arabic books. On asking the Missionary (Muller), who was then accompanying the expedition, why they took Arabic books with them, he answered me, that the Arabic was the medium of communication with the natives: and that the Arabic characters were used in all the interior of Africa, even when the language spoken by the tribes was not Arabic. Many copies of the Pilgrim's Progress were on the shelves.

"The book being full of figurative language, and allegorical expressions, has had a great hold on the mind of the simple people in the East.

"I was spending, not many years ago, a short time at Hafsbaya, a town in Anti-Lebanon, several thousand feet higher than the level of the sea. I took a ride one fine afternoon to the top of the hills that overlook the town and country. As I wandered amongst the vineyards, admiring the beauty of the bold and majestic scenery, the 'Watchman' came down, and asked me to go up and sit with him in his bower; adding, that the view from it was the best in the neighbourhood.

"I must, however, explain to you what a

'watchman' and a 'bower' are. The vineyards in Syria cover many acres of land. The vines either lie on the ground, are supported by poles, or run up, and twine themselves round high trees. The fields being very extensive, and the land quite cheap, there are, of course, no hedges to the vineyards; the bear, the hyæna, the fox, and the dog, are very fond of grapes—and the visit of any of these animals to a vineyard costs the owner a basket of grapes. Although strangers are never molested if they help themselves to the grapes *as they pass by a vineyard*, yet the people of the village are not allowed that privilege. To watch them, over tame and wild depredators, town and forest visitors, the owners appoint a 'Watchman,' during the season of the grapes.—See Isaiah v. 1, 2.

"The 'Watchman' selects a large tree, generally an oak, on the top of the highest hill. He then lays poles on the centre of the branches of the tree, and ties them with cords, &c. and placing boards over these poles, and then covering the whole with other branches, he spreads his mat and bed on the boards, and in this bower he eats, drinks, watches, and sleeps, day and night.

"These men have such a good ear, affisted by a clear sky and pure atmosphere, that they can hear the least sound, and with a rifle, they are, indeed, not to be despised. By such a 'watchman' I was invited, and into such a bower I ascended.

"As I sat on the bed, admiring the scenery that was before me, I looked round me and saw some Arabic books, one of which was well used. I took it up; it was the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' 'You may well ask,' said Nicola to me, 'why this book is well used, more so than the others. You know that on becoming a Protestant what persecution I endured—how often I was hunted down, like a wild beast—how my wife deserted me for her father's house—how my two daughters were taken to my brother's home, to prevent their being contaminated by my principles. Well, this book

was a comfort to me during my troubles. The man who wrote it seemed to have had just such a person as me before him. Then, in my solitude, nothing is more cheering than to read it early at morn and late at night. Such a book was never made for *you* men, who live in cities—who are ambitious, rich, and luxurious; but *I* who live in this tree, for three months in the year—I see the sun rise in majesty in the morning, and go down in power in the evening; I see the moon appear in glory, and set in splendour—with Anti-Lebanon for my habitation—and Lebanon, Hermon, and Iulan round about me: while the Jordan, taking its source at my feet, winds its way into the lakes of Huleih, Tiberias, and Lot, till they all vanish in the distance. I have need of such a book—I can understand it!"

"Poor Nicola asked me, two years after, to go and see him at home. There were his wife, and two daughters. 'We live now,' said he to me, 'together, and in peace; but the people often cause us trouble. They are always trying to throw discord amongst us. You know my daughters can now read; and they often read the Pilgrim's Progress.'

"I called frequently at the cell of an old monk at Beirut, to pass an hour in disputation and friendly talk—and often saw him read the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' 'I am still of opinion,' he would say to me, 'that it is better not to marry. See what trouble this man had with his wife and family. I am alone—I have no trouble, because I have neither wife or children—I read this book during the long winter evenings and feel quite delighted to think that your Protestant friends have at least one good book to offer us. I really think that our friends, the Roman Catholic Priests, are wrong; for, in forbidding their people in this country to read Protestant books, they should have made an exception of the Pilgrim's Progress.' I really loved the man because he was sincere in being attached to the doctrines of the orthodox church.

"Not far from him lived another monk, young, handsome, and intelligent. He is one of the few amongst the Clergy, in Syria, who have liberal and enlightened views; desire to see the old Churches shake off their sloth, and take up the cause of Evangelical religion and general education. I have often seen him read the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and heard him say, that if he had the influence and the power he would make all the people study it. I have just heard from a mutual friend that this good gentleman has been promoted to the Bishopric of Tarsus. My friend wishes me to write and congratulate him on this promotion.

"I am quite sure that this new bishop will behave like a true Christian, and will do much good in his new sphere of action. Dear Gerasimus! may you never forget the long conversations we often held together; and may you be like Paul of Tarsus, a blessing to that part of Syria.

"I have seen another man day and night turn over the leaves of this book. I had given him the first translation when it was first printed. I brought him the new edition as soon as it came out. I saw this old man read it to his old partner in life, during the long winter nights; and when I returned late from some evening party, I found him with the book in his lap, reading, (and smoking at the same time,) waiting for me. 'I could sit up,' he would say, 'the whole night reading it. I know the Arabic of the old edition is not so good as the new one; it has many defects, but I like it as an old friend. I like the new one for a change. This world is so full of wickedness—we live in sin, and the very breath we draw is so polluted with evil, that it is well we can, at home and alone, commune with the spirits of good men who have departed in peace.' This man was my own Father.

"ANTONIUS AMBUNY."

The following curious passage, extracted from a well-known periodical, shows the quaint form which the "allegory" sometimes took.

" Of the universal taste for allegory in the middle ages, we are furnished with a curious illustration by M. Jubinal, in his elegant publication of '*Les anciennes tapisseries historiées*,' in the specimen he gives from the tapestry of Nancy, said to have been taken from the tent of Charles le Téméraire in 1477. In the first compartment, three boon companions, *Dinner*, *Supper*, and *Banquet*, meet with a company of *bons vivants*, called *Bonne-Compagnie*, *Accoustumance*, *Passe-temps*, *Gourmandie*, *Friandise*, &c. whom they invite to their *bosquets*.

" In the second compartment they are represented at the hotel of *Dinner*; but at this performance *Supper* and *Dinner* take umbrage, and conspire against the *convives*: in the next compartment, whilst at *Supper's* hall the guests are suddenly attacked by the hired assassins, *Gout*, *Cbolic*, &c. but they make their escape, and are pursued by *Supper*, who bruises many of them with his club. They next repair to the hall of *Banquet*, where, in the midst of their festivities, they are suddenly attacked by a troop of ugly women, armed with sharp knives, named *Apoplexy*, *Paralysis*, *Epilepsy*, *Pleurisy*, *Dropsey*, &c. The feasters are now slaughtered without mercy, and only a few escape from the hands of the assassins. These fly for aid to *Lady Experience*, who decides that the two companions, *Supper* and *Banquet*, shall be separated.

" In the remaining portions of the tapestry, *Supper* and *Banquet* are made prisoners, and carried for judgment before *Dame Experience* and her counsellors *Galen*, *Ippocras*, *Avicenna*, and *Averrois*, who pass sentence of death upon *Banquet*, whilst *Supper* is condemned to have her arms bound, and never to approach the dwelling of *Dinner* nearer than three leagues. The last of the compartments represents the execution of the sentence."—*Gent. Mag. Dec. 1842.*

In an American newspaper, entitled "The Christian Advocate and Journal," dated Aug. 9, 1843, the following satire appeared on the modern fashionable facilities of getting to hear-

ven, called "The *Celestial Railroad*," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The writer supposes that in a dream he visits the populous city of *Desfruition*, from which the public-spirited inhabitants had recently established a *railroad* to the Celestial City. His curiosity induces him to visit the station-house, and there he had the good fortune to meet with a gentleman of the name of Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders.

The vehicle rattles through the city, and at a short distance passes over a bridge of elegant construction. On both sides are seen a great quagmire. This Mr. *Smooth-it-away* informs him is the famous *Slough of Despond*, and the bridge is that which the engineers have constructed across the bog, by throwing in, for a foundation, books of morality, French philosophy, and German rationalism, works of Plato, Confucius, and Buddha, to make the passage agreeable to pilgrims—"yet, in spite of Mr. *Smooth-it-away's* assurances of its solidity, (says the dreamer,) I should be loth to cross it in a heavy omnibus, if each passenger had as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself."

" The spacious station-house is erected on the site of the little wicket-gate, which old pilgrims recollect stood across the highway, and by its inconvenient narrowness was a great obstruction to the traveller of *liberal mind* and expansive stomach. It would have done Bunyan's heart good to see the number of passengers and the favourable change the community had undergone relative to the celestial pilgrimage. No more lonely ragged men, with huge burdens on their backs, hooted after by the whole city; but parties of the first gentry setting out for the Celestial City, as if the pilgrimage were a summer tour. The conversation was full of talk about politics, fashions, and amusements, and though religion was doubtless *the main thing at heart*, it was tastefully thrown into the background. An infidel would have found nothing to shock his sensibility.

A great convenience of this new method of

pilgrimage was, that our enormous burdens, instead of being carried on our shoulders, as of old, were all snugly deposited in the baggage-wagon ! The ancient feuds between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the *wicket-gate* have been appeased, and some of the Prince's subjects are employed about the station carrying baggage, collecting fuel, and feeding the engines.

"Greatheart refused to be *breaksman*, (stoker,) but went to the Celestial City in a *buff*; and so the directors chose a more accommodating man, whom you will probably recognise at once." The locomotive appears; and, to the astonishment of the dreamer, it is *Apollyon himself*, *Cbrifian's* old enemy, still breathing fire and smoke through his nostrils, induced to become the company's chief conductor.

They overtake two old-fashioned pilgrims, trudging it on foot, whom they laugh at, and *Apollyon* envelopes them in an atmosphere of scalding steam.

The *Interpreter's House* is not one of the company's stations; and the passengers were glad to pass so quickly by the cross and sepulchre, where *Cbrifian* lost his burden, for they possessed such a rich collection of favourite habits that they exulted in the safety of their baggage, which they hoped would not be out of fashion in the polite circles of the celestial world!

To facilitate the passage of the Hill *Difficulty*, a spacious tunnel has been constructed through the heart of this rocky mountain, and the materials from the heart of the hill have been employed in filling up the Valley of *Humiliation* !

"A wonderful improvement indeed!" said one of the passengers, "yet I should have been glad to visit the Palace *Beautiful*, and be introduced to those charming young ladies *Prudence*, *Piety*, and *Cbarity*, and the rest." "Young ladies!" cried Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, as soon as he could speak for laughing, "why, my dear fellow, they are old maids, every one of them—prim, starched, dry, and angular—and not one of them, I will venture to say,

has altered the fashion of her gown since the days of *Cbrifian's* pilgrimage.'" So the traveller consoles himself for the disappointment.

"*Apollyon* was now putting on the steam at a prodigious rate, anxious to get over the ground where he had so disastrously encountered *Cbrifian*. Consulting Mr. Bunyan's road-book I found we were fast approaching the Valley of the *Shadow of Death*, into which doleful region I trembled to plunge at the present accelerated speed, and I told my apprehensions to Mr. *Smooth-it-away*; but he assured me it was as safe as the best railroad in Christendom. At this moment we shot into the dreaded valley, and my palpitations were calmed on finding that the engineers, to dispel the gloom and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine, had collected the inflammable gas into pipes, and thus established a quadruple row of lamps along the whole passage! But this radiance, hurtful to the eyes, glared upon the visages of my fellow passengers; and, as compared with natural day-light, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood. Here the fear of running off the track, beside which was the bottomless pit, made my heart quake—for the noise of the train reverberated like thunder through the valley, and soon there followed a tremendous shriek, careering along the valley, as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it: but this proved only to be the whistle of the engine to announce our arrival at a station !

"Rattling onward again, we at length made our escape from the valley and its lurid lights, at the end of which is the cavern where, in John Bunyan's time, dwelt two cruel giants, called *Pope* and *Pagan*. But these old troglodytes are no longer there, and the cave is now occupied by another terrible giant, a German by birth, called the giant *Transcendentalist*; but as to the form or features of this huge miscreant, neither he for himself, nor anybody for him, has ever been able to describe. As we rushed by the cavern's mouth we caught a hasty glimpse of him—he looked much like

